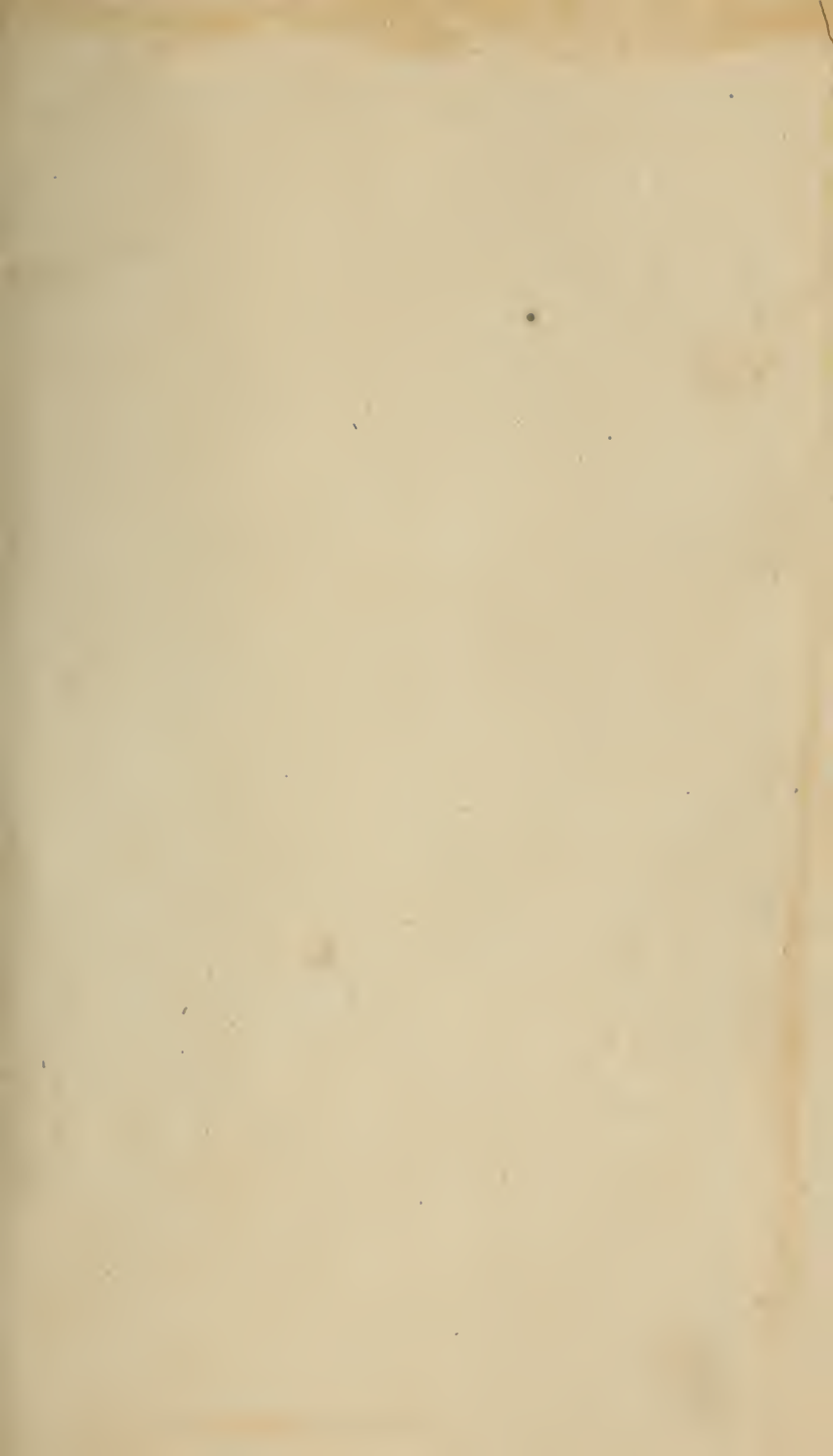


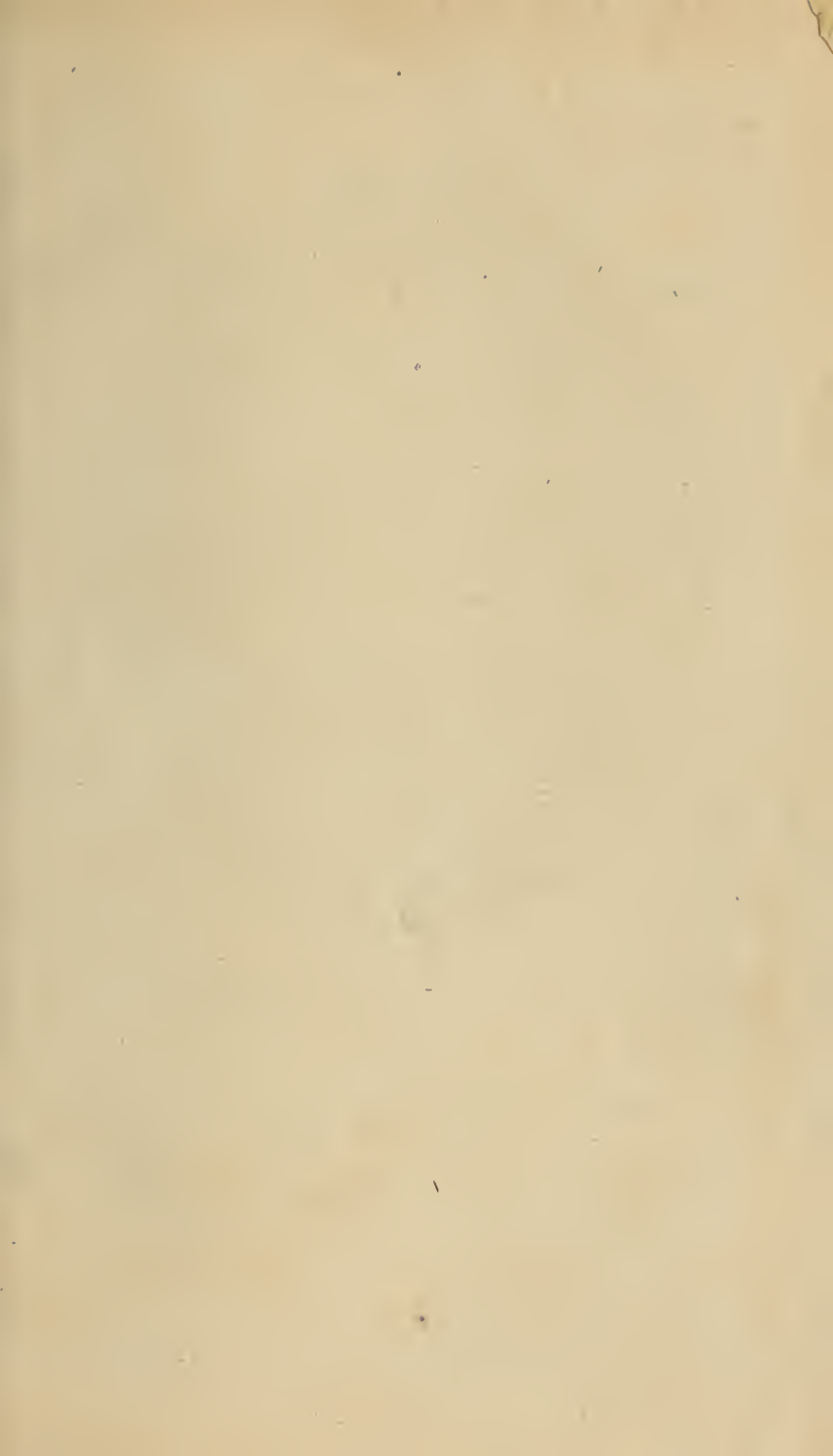


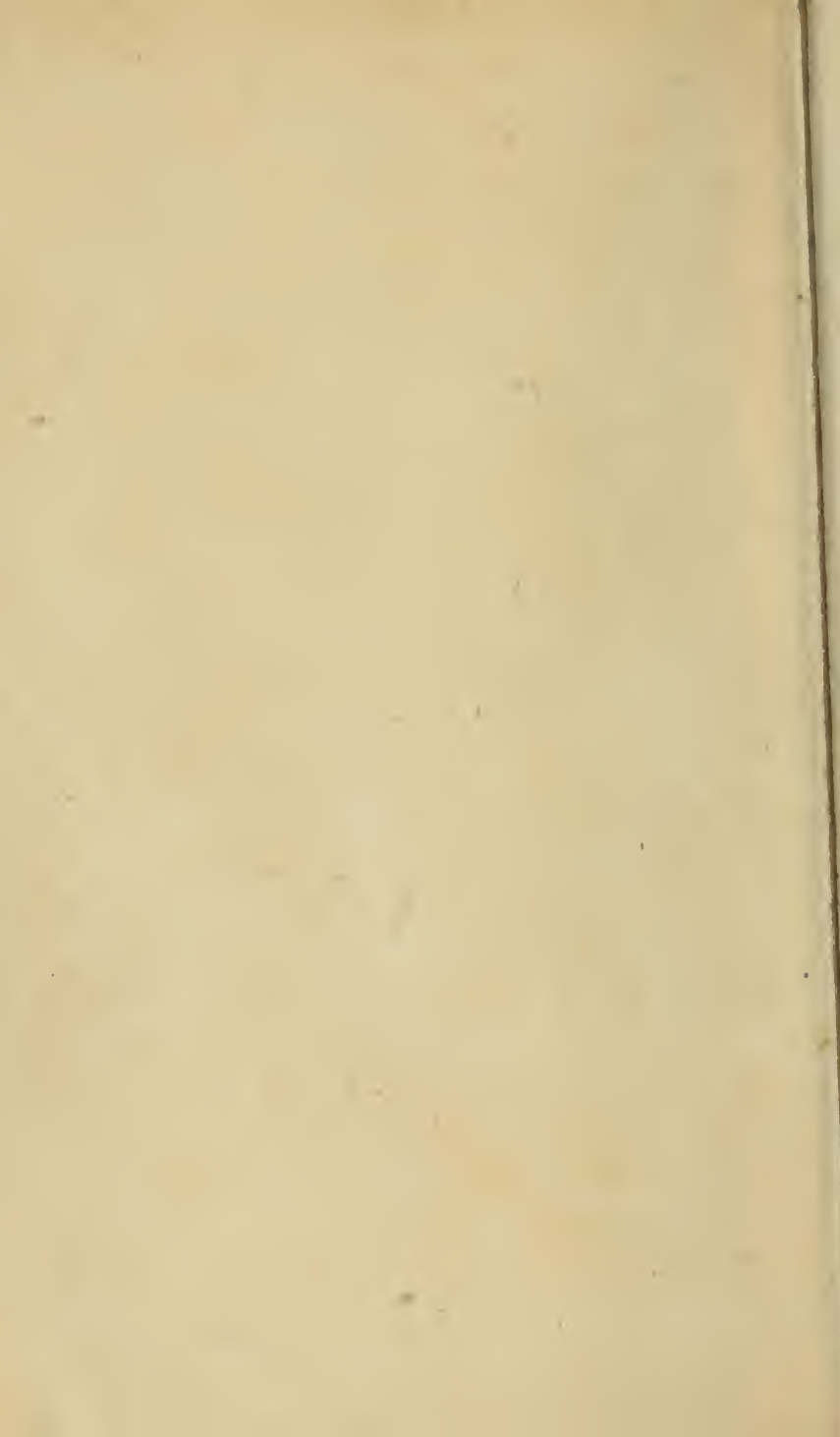
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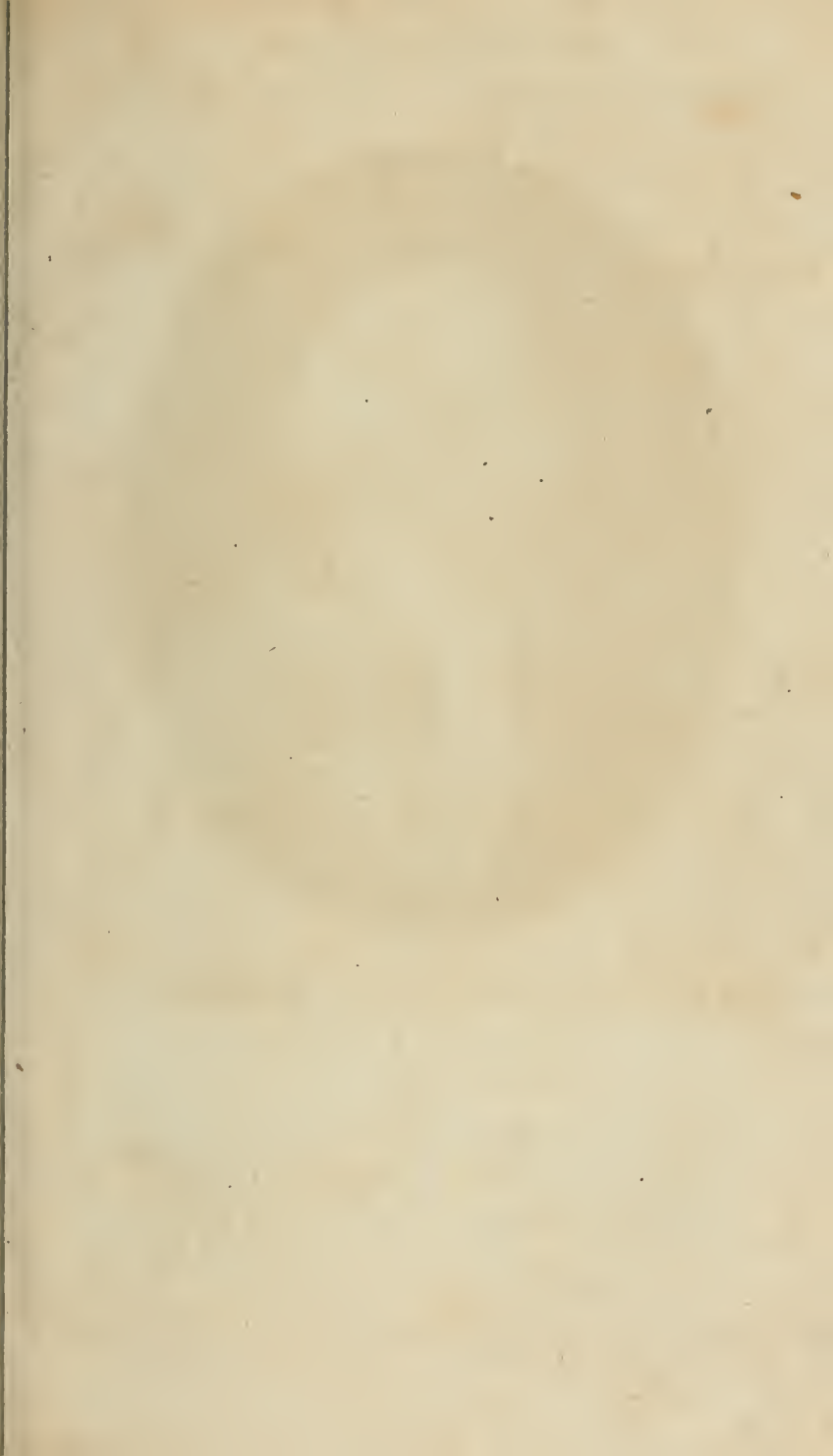




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JOHN HOOLE.

Published by Vernor & Hood, "Per." 1. 1798.

ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES,

BY JOHN HOOLE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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THE
TWENTY-SIXTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO, Richardetto, and Aldiger, meet an unknown warrior, who joins their party. They attack the troops of Maganza and the Moor, and defeat them. Rogero and Marphisa signalize their valour. The prisoners, Malagigi and Vivian are set at liberty. The warriors reposing themselves after the battle, Malagigi explains to the rest the mystical sculpture on the fountain made by Merlin. Hippalea arrives, and gives an account to Richardetto and Rogero of her losing Frontino, which was taken away by Rodomont. Rogero departs to revenge the affront. Arrival of Rodomont, Mandricardo, and Dorahs: Mandricardo jousts with all the knights, and overthrows them: His battle with Marphisa. Rogero returns to the fountain. Strange dissensions amongst the warriors. Rogero claims his horse of Rodomont; and Mandricardo wrangles with Rogero for the device on his shield. Rodomont, Mandricardo, and Rogero fight: Marphisa takes part with Rogero. Malagigi, fearing for the safety of Richardetto, attacked by Rodomont, causes, by his magic art, a demon to enter the horse of Dorahs, which, carrying her away, she is immediately followed by Mandricardo and Rodomont, who are afterwards pursued by Rogero and Marphisa.

THE
TWENTY-SIXTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE generous dames, of ancient time, despis'd
The charms of wealth, and virtue only priz'd :
In this our age we see the female train
Scarce bend a wish to aught but sordid gain.
Yet those who, blest with inbred goodness, shun 5
That love of gold which has the sex undone,
Living, content and peace may justly claim ;
And, dead, should find the meed of endless fame.
For ever, sure, must Bradamant be prais'd,
Who not her thoughts to power or riches rais'd, 10
But lov'd, whate'er bespoke the noble mind,
Grace, courage, honour, in Rogero join'd ;
And well deserv'd a knight of such desert
Should bear her image in his constant heart ;
And for her sake those valorous deeds achieve, 15
Which after-ages scarcely could believe.

Rogero, with the two, as late I told,
With Aldiger and Richardetto bold,

(The knights of Clarmont) bright in steel array'd,
Prepar'd to give the brother-prisoners aid. 20
I told you how a warrior cross'd the field,
Of fearless gesture, bearing on his shield
The bird that from its ashes springs to birth,
And (strange to tell) but one appears on earth.

Soon as the knight unknown, advancing, view'd 25
Where each brave chief prepar'd for combat stood,
Eager he burn'd to prove, in martial deed,
How far their valour with their looks agreed.
Is there amongst you one who dares (he cries)
With me in single fight dispute the prize? 30
With spear or sword in rough encounter meet,
Till one shall fall, while one retains his seat?

That man were I---(thus Aldiger reply'd)
With thee the sword to wield, the spear to guide:
But (as thyself shalt see) far other task 35
Bids us refuse what courage bids thee ask;
A task, that scarce permits these few short words,
Much less the time to run at tilt affords.
Behold, where station'd here we three prepare,
At least six hundred men in arms to dare, 40
That by our love and valour may be freed
Two wretched friends, to cruel bonds decreed.

He said; and to the brave unknown reveal'd
The cause at full that brought them to the field.

Well hast thou urg'd such reasons as suffice 45
For just excuse, (the stranger thus replies)
And sure three knights you seem whose dauntless worth
Scarce meets its equal through the spacious earth.
With you I sought, erewhile, to run the course
On equal terms, for proof of either's force: 50

But since on others I shall see your might
Far better try'd—I claim no more the fight:
But this I claim---my arms with yours to wield,
With yours to join this helmet, lance and shield,
And trust to prove, when on your side I stand, 55
Not undeserving of so brave a band.

Some here may wish to learn the warrior's name,
Who thus, a fearless candidate for fame,
Would with Rogero and his fellows meet
The dreadful hazards of their hardy feat. 60
SHE then (no longer ne this champion call)
Was bold Marphisa, from whose hand his fall
Zerbino suffer'd, sworn by her to guard,
Gabrina foul, for every ill prepar'd.

The good Rogero, and each noble lord 65
Of Clarmont's house, receiv'd with one accord
The proffer'd aid of her, whom all esteem'd
Of manly sex, as by her dress she seem'd.

Not long they stay'd, ere Aldiger beheld,
And show'd his friends at distance on the field, 70
A banner rais'd, that to the breezes flow'd,
And round the banner throng'd a mingled crowd.
When now advanc'd, so near in sight they drew,
That by their Moorish garb the warriors knew
The hostile band; amid the shouting throng 75
They saw the hapless brethren borne along
On two low steeds, expecting to behold,
For sums of wealth their persons chang'd and sold.

Then thus Marphisa—Wherefore such delay,
When these are present, to begin the fray? 80

Rogero answer'd---Of th' invited train
 To crown the banquet, many guests remain,
 Nor yet arriv'd---we form a solemn treat,
 And all must join to make the feast complete,
 Soon will the rest attend---While thus he said, 85
 His bold compeers the remnant foes survey'd:
 The traitors of Maganza's line advance,
 And all is ready to begin the dance.

There swarm'd the numbers of Maganza's crew,
 With groaning mules in loaded wains, that drew 90
 Gold, vests, and precious wealth; while here were seen
 The captive brethren, with dejected mien;
 Who slowly rode, in shameful shackles bound,
 With lances, swords, and bows, encompass'd round;
 And Bertolagi (cause of either's grief) 95
 Was heard conferring with the Moorish chief.
 Not Buovo's son, nor he* of Amon's strain,
 The traitor present, could their wrath contain.
 At once his spear in rest each warrior took;
 And each, at once the proud Maganzan struck. 100
 One through his helm the deadly wound impress'd;
 One drove the thrilling weapon through his breast.
 As Bertolagi by these knights was slain,
 Like him so perish all, that wrong maintain.

At this Marphisa with Rogero fir'd, 105
 No other signal for th' attack requir'd;
 And ere her spear she broke, the martial maid
 Low on the ground three warriors breathless laid.
 The other impious chief was worthy found,
 From fierce Rogero's spear to meet his wound: 110

* Richardetto.

He fell; and, by the same dire weapon slain,
Two more were sent to Death's relentless reign.
An error now amidst th' assail'd was bred,
That wide and wider to their ruin spread:
Those of Maganza deem'd themselves betray'd 115
By the fierce Saracens; the Moors, dismay'd
By frequent wounds and deaths on every hand,
With treacherous murder charg'd Maganza's band;
'Till fell reproach to mutual carnage rose,
With spears in rest, drawn swords, and bended bows.

Now here, now there, by turns Rogero flew 121
On either troop; now ten, now twenty slew.
As many by the virgin's weapon kill'd,
In divers parts lay scatter'd o'er the field.
The rider from his saddle lifeless fell, 125
Whene'er descended either trenchant steel;
Helmet and corslets yielded where it came;
As crackling scerewood to destroying flame.
If e'er you saw, or e'er have heard the tale,
How, when fierce factions in the hive prevail, 130
As to the standard in the fields of air,
The buzzing legions for the fight prepare,
Amidst them oft the hungry swallow pours,
Rends, kills, or scatters, and whole troops devours:
So think Marphisa, so Rogero rag'd; 135
Alike by turns each dastard troop engag'd.
But Richardetto, nor his kinsman chang'd
The slaughter thus; nor thus alternate rang'd;
The band of Saracens untouch'd they leave,
While all their furies to Maganza's cleave. 140
Rinaldo's brother, to the dauntless mind
That fits a knight, had mighty prowess join'd;

And now the hatred he Maganza bore,
 Gave twofold vigour to his wonted power :
 'This fir'd the base-born son of Buovo's bed, 145
 Who, like a lion, his resentment fed :
 Through helm and head his weapon took its course,
 And both gave way before the crashing force.
 What soul but here had caught the martial ire ?
 What breast but here had glow'd with Hector's fire ? 150
 Here, with Marphisa and Rogero join'd,
 The choice, the flower of all the warrior-kind.
 Marphisa, as she fought, oft turn'd her eyes,
 And view'd her comrades' deeds with vast surprise ;
 She prais'd them all ; but good Rogero rais'd 155
 Her wonder most, him o'er mankind she prais'd :
 Sometimes she deem'd that Mars had from above
 Left his fifth heaven, the fights of men to prove.
 She mark'd his dreadful sword, that never fail'd,
 Against whose edge no temper'd steel avail'd ; 160
 The helm and cuirass strong it pierces through,
 It cleaves the rider to the seat in two,
 And sends, divided, in a crimson tide,
 The corse in equal parts on either side,

Ver. 163. *And sends, divided in a crimson tide,*

The corse in equal parts on either side,

Nor, deaden'd there, &c.] These passages remind us of

the wounds given by knights-errant in romances, so often ridiculed by Cervantes, and for which Ariosto is, with these authors, liable to the censure of extravagance. The host, who, like Don Quixote, is intoxicated with reading romances, makes the following eulogium on those performances, in answer to the priest who had recommended history. "Before God, your worship should have read what I have read concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods."

Jarris's Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. iv. C. v.

Nor, deaden'd there, its dreadful fury stays, 165
But with his wretched lord the courser slays.
From many a neck his falchion lops the head ;
Oft o'er the hips, sheer through the body sped,
It parts the trunk : now five the rapid steel
Severs at once---and more I fear to tell, 170
Lest truth should falsehood seem : but Turpin fam'd,
Who knew the truth, and what he knew proclaim'd,
Leaves men to credit or reject his page,
Which blazons deeds unknown in this degenerate
age.

Alike appear'd Marphisa's martial ire, 175
Her foes all frozen, and herself all fire !
While she no less attracts Rogero's gaze,
Than he before might claim the virgin's praise :
And as she deem'd him Mars, so, had he known
His partner's sex, to equal wonder won 180
Of her great deeds, he sure had styl'd the fair
The dread Bellona, patroness of war !
Caught each from each, their kindling ardor rose,
Dire emulation for their wretched foes !
On whom they thus their mutual prowess show'd, 185
On nerve, on bone, on limbs all drench'd in blood.
Full soon the might of these resistless four
Dispers'd each camp, and broke their strongest power.
Who hop'd to 'scape, his limbs from armour freed,
And stript in lighter vesture urg'd his speed. 190
Happy the man whose courser swiftest flies,
No common pace his safety now supplies ;
While he, who wants a steed, laments the harms
That more on foot attend the trade of arms.

The field and plunder to the conquering band 195
 Were left; nor guard, nor muleteer remain'd.
 There fled Maganza's force, here fled the Moor,
 Those left the prisoners, these their wealthy store.
 With joyful looks, and with exulting mind,
 The noble kinsmen hasten'd to unbind 200
 Vivian and Malagigi, whilst a train
 Bore heaps of treasure from the loaded wain;
 Vases of silver wrought, (the victor's prize)
 And female vests that flam'd with costly dyes;
 Viands, on which their hunger might be fed, 205
 With generous wines, and all-sustaining bread.

Each helm unlac'd, the noble warrior-maid
 Appear'd confest: her golden locks display'd
 Her hidden sex, and on her lovely face
 Bright shone the charms that female features grace. 210
 With rapture, all the generous virgin view'd,
 And now to learn her glorious name they su'd:
 She, with her friends, to mild deportment us'd,
 Complacent heard, nor what they wish'd refus'd.
 On her, whose deeds so late their wonder rais'd, 215
 Each ardent knight with eye insatiate gaz'd:
 She on Rogero; him alone she heard,
 With him alone she stood, with him conferr'd.

Ver. 207. the noble warrior-maid

Appear'd confest.....] So Britomart disarms in
 Spenser.

With that her glittering helmet she unlac'd,
 Which doft her golden locks that were upbound
 Still in a knot, unto her heels down trac'd.

Fairy Queen, Book III. C. iv. St. 13.

Both poets compare their respective heroines to Bellona.

But now the pages call'd her to repair
 Where, by a fountain's side, the feast to share, 220
 In the cool shelter which a hill display'd,
 Her friends repos'd beneath the grateful shade.
 This fountain, rais'd with art, was one of four
 Which Merlin made in France by magic lore ;
 Of purest marble was the structure bright, 225
 With dazzling polish smooth, and milky white ;
 Here Merlin, by his skill divine, had brought
 Expressive forms in rising sculpture wrought.
 Thou would'st have said they seem'd in act to strive,
 And breathe, and move--- in all but speech alive ! 230
 There, sculptur'd, from the woods a monster came,
 Of fearful aspect, and of mingled frame :

Ver. 231. *There, sculptur'd, from the woods a monster came,---*]
 Most of the commentators have explained this monster to mean
 Avarice, which had over-run all the Christian world, and brought
 scandal on the professors of the faith. Sir John Harington, who
 lived in an age of allegory, says, that Ariosto describes this vice very
 significantly ; he makes " her ugly, because of all vices it is most
 hateful ; ears of an ass, being for the most part ignorant, or at least
 careless of other men's good opinions ; a wolf in head and breast,
 namely, ravenous and never satisfied ; a lion's grisly jaw, terrible
 and devouring ; a fox in all the rest, wily and crafty." See notes to
 Sir John Harington's translation of this book.

Lavezuola, a commentator, extols this description of Ariosto, as
 far superior to Dante, who simply represents Avarice in the form of
 a lean and hungry wolf.

E una lupa, che di tutta brame,
 Scontra carca con la sua magrezza,
 E molte genti fè già viver grame.

Inferno, Cant. I.

.....Inflam'd with every fierce desire,
 A famish'd she-wolf like a spectre came,
 Beneath whose gripe shall many a wretch expire.

Hayley.

An ass's ears, a wolf's stern front he wore,
 With ravening teeth as long undrench'd with gore;
 A lion's rending paws: in all the rest 235
 His shape and hue the wily fox express'd.
 With rage untam'd he travers'd Gallia's land,
 Spain, Italy, and England's distant strand:
 Europe and Asia had his force o'er-run,
 And every clime beneath the rolling sun. 240
 Where'er he pass'd the wounds or deaths he dealt,
 The low, the proud, and every station felt:
 But most the last--his fellest wrath he pour'd
 On king, on prince, on potentate, and lord.
 The Roman court his worst of furies knew, 245
 There popes and mitred cardinals he slew.
 This beast the hallow'd seat of Peter soil'd,
 And with lewd scandals the pure faith defil'd.
 Before the monster's rage in ruins fall,
 Each strong-built fort, and well-defended wall. 250
 To honours e'en divine he dares pretend;
 He makes th' insensate crowd in homage bend;
 Bids servile tongues his impious glories swell,
 And boasts to keep the keys of heaven and hell.

Mr. Upton thinks, that by this monster is characterised Superstition, as ignorant, ravenous, cruel, and cunning. See his note to Fairy Queen, Book I. C. viii. St. 48.

The different explanations prove the uncertainty that often attends allegorical description, though I cannot but think, from many circumstances, that Ariosto means to represent Avarice. Spenser, whose work is one continued allegory, would sometimes be totally unintelligible, but that he generally gives the names to his personified characters.

Ver. 254. *And boasts to keep the keys, &c.*] It is not easy to say how far Ariosto meant to carry his satire, but a Protestant commen-

Behold a warrior near, who round his hairs 255
 The sacred wreath of regal laurel wears :
 Three youths beside, whose kingly vestments hold,
 Inwrought with silk, the fleur-de-lis of gold :
 With these a lion the like signal shows ;
 And all combin'd the raging beast oppose. 260
 Of one the name is graven o'er his head,
 The name of one is in his garment read.
 Behold the chief, who to the hilt has gor'd
 The monster's bowels with his crimson'd sword :
 Francis the first of France--and' near him stands 265
 Great Maximilian, lord of Austria's lands ;
 The emp'ror Charles (the fifth that bears the name)
 Has pierc'd his ravenous throat with deadly aim.
 Henry the Eighth of England next succeeds,
 Pierc'd by whose shaft in front the savage bleeds : 270
 Leo the Tenth, the name yon lion bears,
 Who fastening on his ears the monster tears :
 Close and more close these four the foe invade,
 And others now advancing join in aid.
 Pale terror seems to fly from every place, 275
 While, ready to retrieve each past disgrace,
 The nobles, though but few, united strive,
 And the dire pest at length of life deprive.
 Marphisa with the knights impatient sought
 To know the chiefs at full, whose arms had wrought 280

tator might very easily deduce from this passage a severe reflection on the sale of pardons and indulgences, in order to feed the avarice of the Romish clergy.

Ver. 271. *Leo the Tenth*,---] Pope Leo X. here figured under the similitude of a lion, in which manner the poet often speaks of him ; a kind of punning allusion to his name.

A deed so brave, by whom the beast lay dead,
 That far and wide such desolation spread;
 Since the fair fount, with figures sculptur'd o'er,
 The names discover'd, but reveal'd no more.

On Malagigi Vivian turns his eyes, 235

Who near in silence sat, and thus he cries:

'Tis thou must speak what all request to learn,

For in thy looks thy knowledge I discern:

Say, what are those, whose weapons, well employ'd,

Have, with yon lion's aid, the beast destroy'd. 290

Then Malagigi—Think not you behold

A past event in story'd annals told;

Know first, the chiefs you see are yet unborn,

The chiefs whose deeds the marble fount adorn.

Seven hundred years elaps'd, their matchless worth 295

Shall gladden, in their age, the wondering earth:

Merlin, the magic sage, this fountain made,

What time the British realm king Arthur sway'd.

From hell this monster came to plague mankind,

When lands were first by stated bounds confin'd; 300

When commerce, weights, and measures first began,

When written laws were fram'd 'twixt man and man.

As yet his power no distant realm attain'd,

But various countries long unhurt remain'd:

He troubles, in our age, full many a place, 305

And spreads his mischiefs through the human race.

Since first on earth appear'd th' infernal beast,

We see, and still shall see, his bulk increas'd

Beyond the worst of plagues; not that so fam'd

In ancient page, terrific Python nam'd, 310

Ver. 310. ——— *terrific Python*—] Python was a monstrous serpent, said by the ancient poets to have been engendered from the slime

Can equal this !---What carnage shall be spread !
 In every part what baneful venom shed !
 Whate'er the sculpture shows his rage exceeds ;
 Unutterable and detested deeds !
 Long shall the groaning world for mercy sue 315
 When these, whose names are read, these chosen few,
 Whose fame must shine like Phœbus' beams display'd,
 At utmost need shall bring their glorious aid.
 Not one shall more the cruel beast appall,
 Than Francis, whom the Franks their sovereign call. 320
 He first of men !--with happy omens led,
 The crown scarce settled on his youthful head,
 Shall cross th' opposing Alps, and render vain
 Whate'er against him would the pass maintain ;
 Impell'd by generous wrath t' avenge the shame 325 }
 Which from the rustic folds and sheep-cotes came,
 With sudden inroad, on the Gallic name.
 To Lombardy's rich fields he then descends,
 The flower of Gallia on his march attends.
 Th' Helvetian power he routs, as never more 330
 To raise its pride to what it rose before :

of the earth after the deluge. He was killed by the darts of Apollo ; in commemoration of which event were instituted the Pythian games.

Ver. 320. *Than Francis,--*] The poet, in this allegory, celebrates the liberality of the most magnanimous king Francis I. the successor of Lewis XII. who, for the unbounded generosity of his disposition, may not only be said to have deeply wounded, but in a manner destroyed, the monster Avarice. He was a munificent patron of art and genius.

Ver. 326. *Which from the rustic folds and sheep-cotes came--*] The poet means the Switzers, who, at that time followed no employment in their own country but that of shepherds and herdsmen.

Then to the church's scandal, to the stain
 Of either camp, of Florence and of Spain,
 He storms the castle, which till then was held, 334
 Through strength of bulwark, never to be quell'd.
 Where'er he wields his weapon, prostrate lies
 Each hostile standard, or before him flies:
 Nor fosse nor rampart can his force oppose,
 And strongest walls in vain the town enclose.
 This glorious chief shall every gift possess 340
 By Heaven decreed the happiest prince to bless:
 As Caesar brave; his prudence far renown'd,
 As his at Thrasymene and Trebia found:
 Him Alexander's fortune shall attend:
 On every deed in vain our toil we bend, 345 }
 Unless good fortune our designs befriend.

Thus Malagigi spoke, and new desire
 In every knight was kindled to inquire
 The names of other chiefs, whose arms could quell
 The dreadful beast by whom such numbers fell. 350
 There, midst the first, was read Bernardo's name,
 Whom Merlin's sculpture chronicled to fame:

Ver. 336. *Where'er he wields, &c.*] He means the emperor Charles V. whom he compares to C. sar for his valour, to Fabius Maximus for his prudence, and to Alexander the Great for his success.

Ver. 351. ----- *Bernardo's name,*] This Bernardo was surnamed Divitio, though he was generally called Bibiena, from the town of that name near Florence, where he resided. He attached himself to the fortune of Giovanni di Medici, afterwards Leo, and was by him created cardinal of Santa Maria, in Portico. He wrote the comedy called Callandra, and caused it to be represented at Rome by the young nobility, in honour of Isabella duchess of Mantua. He died at no advanced age, having conceived hopes of obtaining the popedom on the decease of Leo.

By him shall Bibiena gain renown,
 With neighbouring Florence, and Sienna's town.
 No foot shall step before Giovanni's place; 355
 Ghismond or Ludovico's deeds efface.
 Francisco see, nor from his generous sire
 Brave Frederico shrinks: an equal fire
 His kinsmen feel: alike each dauntless look:
 Ferrara's there, and here Urbino's duke: 360
 From one of these brave Guidobaldo sprung,
 Pursues his sire, with love of glory stung:
 With Ottobon there Sinabaldo drives
 The raging beast, and each for conquest strives.

Ver. 355,6.--*Giovanni* --- *Ghismond* --- *Ludovico*---] Three cardinals, Giovanni Salviati, one of the most ancient and illustrious families of Florence; a man of profound learning and virtue. Ghismondo Gonzaga, created cardinal by Julius II. The third was Ludovico of Arragon, likewise a cardinal.

Ver. 357. *Francisco* see, ---] Francisco Gonzaga, second of the name, and fourth marquis of Mantua: he succeeded to the possessions of his father Frederic at eighteen years of age, and fought against Charles VIII. of France; he was a general of consummate skill and intrepidity, and Charles, enamoured of his worth, in vain endeavoured to corrupt his faith, and detach him from the Venetians.

Fornari.

Ver. 358. ----- *Frederico*---] Frederico Gonzaga, son of Francisco, after the death of his father, was by Leo X. made captain general of the Roman church, and of the republic of Florence. He was magnificent, liberal, just, and a great patron of virtue and learning.

Fornari.

Ver. 360. *Ferrara's there, and here Urbino's duke:*] Alphonso of Este, and Francisco Maria delle Rovere.

Ver. 361. - --- *Guidobaldo* ---] Guidobaldo the second, afterwards duke of Urbino, son of Francesco Maria.

Ver. 363. ---*Ottobon*---*Sinabaldo*---] Of these names were two noble youths, brothers of the family of Elischi at Genoa. Ottobon was an ecclesiastic. These retired into voluntary exile, that they might not, by a private enmity which they had incurred, draw a war

Lewis of Gazalo, with speeding art, 365
 Warns in the monster's neck the feather'd dart:
 His dart and bow had Phœbus' gift supply'd,
 When Mars the falchion girded to his side.
 See two Hippolitos of Este's breed;
 Two Hercules, and next of kindred seed 370
 Another Hercules, and near him shine
 A third Hippolito: this last the line
 Of Medicis: the first Gonzaga's race:
 All these with equal warmth the monster chase.

upon their country. There were likewise two pontiffs of the same name. One was Innocent IV. first called Sinibaldo of Genoa, of the family of the Elischi. He ordered the cardinals to wear a red hat, and was a liberal and munificent pontiff. The other, Adrian IV. before called Ottobon, nephew of pope Innocent IV. of the same family and country, created cardinal by his uncle. He was a man of great ability and application, but lived only forty days after he came to the papal chair.

Fornari.

Ver. 365. *Lewis of Gazalo*—] Luigi Gonzaga, surnamed Rodomont for his valour, was the son of Ludovico Gonzaga, and called Gazalo from a castle which he held. This person is farther spoken of in the succeeding notes.

Ver. 369. -----*two Hippolitos*—] One, to whom the poet dedicates his book; the other, son of Alphonso duke of Ferrara, likewise a cardinal.

Fornari.

Ver. 370. *Two Hercules*,—] Hercules, the father of Alphonso duke of Ferrara, and his son afterwards duke of Ferrara.

Fornari.

Ver. 371,2. *Another Hercules*—*a third Hippolito*—] Hercules Gonzaga, cardinal of Mantua: Hippolito of the honoured family of Medicis, cardinal of St. Lovenza. He died by poison, much lamented for his many virtues.

Fornari.

Not Julian's son above his sire prevails, 375
 Nor in his brother's steps Ferrantes fails:
 Unconquer'd Dorea shows an equal mind:
 By none Francisco Sforza left behind.
 See two appear, whose blood illustrious flows
 From noblo Avolo, whose banner shows 380
 The rock which whelm'd beneath Typhœus bore,
 Typhœus fell with serpents cover'd o'er.
 Scarce one so prompt as these in noble deed,
 Scarce one so prompt to make the monster bleed.

Ver. 375. *Not Julian's son---*] The brother of Lorenzo of Medicis was called Julian, and lost his life in a popular insurrection; but his death was afterwards severely revenged by the Florentines. His son was Pope Clement VII. born a few days after his father's death.

Fornari.

Ver. 376. *---Ferrantes---*] Ferrantes Gonzaga, brother to the duke of Mantua, at one time viceroy of the island of Sicily, and afterwards lieutenant of the duchy of Milan, and general of the army for the emperor.

Fornari.

Ver. 377. *Unconquer'd Dorea---*] See Book xv. note to ver. 218, where his character is displayed at large.

Ver. 378. *---Francisco Sforza---*] He means the second Francisco Sforza, son of Ludovico il Moro, who, having married the daughter of Christiern king of Datia, and sister to Charles V. obtained the duchy of Milan.

Fornari.

Ver. 379. *----two appear, whose blood illustrious flows*
From noble Avolo --] This noble family of the Avoli came from Spain, well known at Toledo, and of great repute and antiquity.

Fornari.

See here Francesco of Pescara fam'd, 385
 And there Alphonso see of Vasco nam'd.
 Where is Gonsalvo next, whose acts shall raise
 The Spanish realm with never-dying praise?
 Of him would Malagigi gladly tell,
 Whom none, in this intrepid band, excel. 390
 William of Monserrato's name is read,
 With those who come the monster's blood to shed,
 While midst the chiefs that thus th' assault maintain,
 Lo! some are wounded there, some here are slain.
 Thus in discourse, the banquet of the mind, 395
 Their hunger fled, on carpets rich reclin'd, .

Ver. 385. -- *Francesco of Pescara*---] Marquis of Pescara, and son of Alphonso. He was a great commander, and prosperous in every undertaking, except at Ravenna, where, receiving many wounds, he was taken prisoner; but fortune from that time was ever favourable to him. To the study of arms he joined the embellishment of letters; and while prisoner with the French, addressed to his wife Victoria an elegant dialogue on love. At last, after many victories obtained over the French, his strength being wasted with fatigue, he died in the flower of his age, covered with laurels.

Fornari.

Ver. 386. -- *Alphonso---of Vasco*---] Cousin to the before-named Francesco, and no less an ornament to the house of Avoli.

Fornari.

Ver. 387. ----*Gonsalvo*---] Gonsalvo Ferrantes was born at Cordova in Andalusia, of an ancient and noble family. By his assistance Ferdinand conquered the city of Granada, and the kingdom of Naples. He gained the title of Great, and at last died of a fever in the seventy-second year of his age, in the year 1515.

Fornari.

Ver. 391. *William of Monserrato*---] He means William the third marquis of Monserrato. He was rich in every accomplishment of mind and body, and gained many victories in France. He died in the flower of his age.

Fornari.

Beside the fount in bowery shades they lay,
And careless pass'd the sultry hours away;
While Malagigi, and while Vivian drest
In shining steel, kept watch to guard the rest. 400

Now unaccompany'd behold a dame,
With looks impatient, to the fountain came:
Hippalca was she call'd, from whom the hand
Of ruthless Rodomont Frontino gain'd:
Him all the live-long day pursu'd the maid, 405
With threats to move him, or with prayers persuade;
But when she found nor threats nor prayers succeed,
Direct for Agrismont she bent her speed,
Since there she heard (but how, remains untold)
Rogero stay'd with Richardetto bold. 410

The place full well she knew, the ready way
As well she knew that near the fountain lay.
She came, and sudden there Rogero view'd;
But as Love's prudent envoy, well indu'd
With cautious thought, whatever chance might fall, 415
And prompt to change at meet occasion's call;
Soon as her lady's brother she beheld,
She check'd her bridle, and her haste repell'd,
And midst the warriors coldly passing by,
On young Rogero cast a stranger's eye. 420

Then Richardetto rose to meet the dame,
And ask'd her whither bound, and whence she came.
She then with heavy cheer, and eyes yet red
From many a falling tear, thus, sighing, said;
But spoke so loud, that brave Rogero's ear, 425
Who stood beside, might every accent hear.

Late, at your sister's charge, o'er hill and plain
I led a generous courser by the rein,

In the swift race, and fields of battle prov'd,
 Frontino call'd, and much the steed she lov'd. 430
 Full thirty miles I unmolested pass'd,
 And hop'd secure to reach Marseilles at last;
 To which ere long she meant to bend her way,
 And bade me there for her arrival stay
 A few short days—and such my fond belief— 435
 I thought the world knew not so bold a chief
 To seize the beast, when I, t' oppose the deed,
 Should say—"Rinaldo's sister owns the steed."
 But vain my thoughts have prov'd, since yester's sun
 A Pagan hand by force Frontino won; 440
 Nor, when he heard his noble owner's name,
 Restor'd the courser, or allow'd the claim.
 With many a curse, with many a fruitless prayer,
 Him I pursu'd; nor yet have left him far,
 Where his stol'n courser, and his boasted might, 445
 Can scarce defend him, closely press'd in fight
 By one who seem'd to challenge all his skill,
 And may, I trust, avenge the wrongs I feel.

She said; and scarcely thus her speech could close
 Ere, starting from his seat, Rogero rose, 450
 And, turning swift to Richardetto, pray'd
 (The sole reward he ask'd for welcome aid
 But late bestow'd) that he alone might go,
 And with the damsel seek her daring foe,

Ver. 431. *Full thirty miles--*] In the xxiiid Book, Ariosto says ten miles only.

Ver. 447. *By one who seem'd, &c.*] After Rodomont had taken Frontino from Ippolita, she followed him till he met Mandricardo, with whom she left him engaged in single combat; to which circumstance she here alludes. See Book xxiv.

The haughty Saracen, whose lawless force 455
Had from her guidance reft the warrior horse.

Though Richardetto deem'd it ill became
A courteous champion, at another's claim,
To quit the deed that on his honour lay;
Yet, now compell'd, he gave unwilling way 460
To good Rogero's suit, who bade adieu,
And with Hippalca from the rest withdrew;
Who, left behind, all silent with amaze,
Scarce found a tongue his valourous acts to praise.

Meantime at distance now from listening ears, 465
Hippalca to th' impatient knight declares
Her tender greeting, in whose gentle breast
His matchless virtues ever liv'd imprest,
Which late before her faithful lips had told,
But Richardetto's sight her speech control'd: 470
She said, the Pagan, as he seiz'd the steed,
This vaunt had added to his lawless deed:
" Since 'tis Rogero's, I more gladly make
This courser mine, which, if he would retake,
Tell him, whene'er he dares assert his right, 475
I ne'er shall seek to hide me from his sight;
That Rodomont am I---whose dauntless name,
Where'er I go, my noble deeds proclaim."

Rogero heard, and by his features show'd
What deep resentment in his bosom glow'd: 480
Frontino much he priz'd, and more he lov'd,
As sent from her whose deeds her truth had prov'd:
He deem'd this outrage done in foul despite,
To stain the name and honour of a knight;
And shame were his, unless his arm with speed 485
From Rodomont redeem the generous steed,
And on the Sarzan's head avenge th' ungentle deed. }

The dame Rogero led with eager pace,
 To bring him with the Sarzan face to face :
 They journey'd till they reach'd a double way : 490
 One, down the plain ; one, up the mountain lay ;
 And either to the neighbouring valley brought :
 Where Rodomont with Mandricardo fought :
 Short was the uphill path, but rough to tread :
 Longer, but smooth, the path that downward led. 495
 Hippalca took the first, in zeal to gain
 The lost Frontino, and revenge obtain.
 The king of Algiers, with the dwarf, the dame,
 And Tartar knight, the way less rugged came.
 These knights, who sought but late each other's life, 500
 With Doralis, the lovely cause of strife,
 In friendship rode, descending to the plain,
 And reach'd the fountain where the noble train,
 Where Malagigi, and where Vivian stay'd ;
 Where Aldiger and Richardetto laid, 505 }
 With bold Marphisa rested in the shade.

Marphisa, at each noble knight's request,
 Had cloth'd her person in a female vest,
 With rich attire and costly ornament,
 By Bertolagi to Lanfusa sent ; 510
 And though but rare appear'd the martial maid
 Without her cuirass, helm and beamy blade ;
 Yet, at their suit, she now her mail unbrac'd,
 And shone a dame with every beauty grac'd.

Soon as the Tartar had Marphisa seen, 515
 He purpos'd from her knights the dame to win,
 And, in exchange for Doralis, bestow
 Her youthful beauties on his rival foe,
 As if the lover should such terms approve,
 To sell a mistress, or transfer a love ! 520

With joy he view'd Marphisa's mien and face,
That worthy seem'd the bravest knight to grace ;
And sudden every chief he there beheld
He call'd to joust, and dar'd them to the field.
Vivian and Malagigi, ready drest 525
In helmet, plate, and mail to guard the rest,
Upstart'd from their seats, prepar'd to fight
With each advancing chief; but Sarza's knight,
Who came not thither in the jousts to run,
Stood still, and left the champions one to one. 530

First Vivian, with a heart unus'd to fear,
Firm in the rest declin'd a ponderous spear :
The Pagan monarch with superior force
Appear'd well vers'd in every dreadful course :
Each aim'd his weapon, where he deem'd the blow 535
Might surest take---full on his helm the foe
From gallant Vivian's hand receiv'd the stroke ;
But he nor fell, nor bow'd beneath the shock.
The Pagan king his tougher spear impell'd,
Which broke, like ice, the plates of Vivian's shield ; 540
Hurl'd from his seat, amid the flowery way,
Stretch'd on his side the hapless warrior lay.

Then Malagigi, rous'd at honour's call,
In haste advanc'd t' avenge his brother's fall ;
But unadvis'd his haste---so ill he far'd, 545
He less aveng'd him than his fortune shar'd.
The third brave brother, eager for the fight,
Before his kinsman on his courser light
Leaps clad in arms, the Saracen defies,
Throws up the reins, and to the trial flies. 550
Fierce on the Pagan's temper'd helm, below
The vizor's sight, resounds the forceful blow :

Shiver'd in four, the spear to heaven ascends :
 Firm sits the knight, nor in the saddle bends.
 The Tartar champion, in the furious course, 555
 On Aldiger's left side with cruel force
 His weapon drove—The shield oppos'd in vain,
 And less the cuirass could the stroke sustain :
 Through his white shoulder pass'd the ruthless steel,
 And wounded Aldiger began to reel ; 560
 Then falling, on the flowery turf lay spread,
 All pale his features, and his armour red !

Next Richardetto to th' encounter press'd,
 And coming, plac'd so huge a spear in rest,
 And prov'd how justly (often prov'd before) 565
 The name of Paladin of France he bore.
 Well on the Pagan knight his spear he bent,
 Had favouring fortune answer'd his intent,
 But headlong on the ground he lay o'erthrown,
 His falling courser's fault, and not his own. 570

No knight appearing more whose venturous hand
 With Mandricardo in the joust might stand,
 The Pagan deem'd his arms had won the dame,
 And where she sate he near the fountain came,
 And thus began—Thou, damsel, art my prize, 575
 If in thy cause no other champion rise
 To rein the steed—thy charms revert to me,
 For so, 'thou know'st, the laws of arms decree.

Marphisa, raising with indignant pride
 Her haughty looks—Thy judgment errs (she cry'd) 580
 I grant the plea (nor should thy right decline)
 That I by laws of war were justly thine ;

Ver. 562. *All pale his features, &c.*] Literal from the Italian.
 Rosso sù l'arme e pallido nel volto.

Did I, of these thy spear to earth has thrown,
One for my lord, or for my champion own.
I own no lord, to none have subject been, 585
And he who wins me, from myself must win.
I wield the buckler, and the lance sustain,
And many a knight by me has press'd the plain.
My arms and steed!—The fiery virgin said,
And, at her word, the ready squires obey'd. 590
Stripp'd off her flowing robe, in vesture light
She stands with well-turn'd limbs reveal'd to sight;
Beauty and strength uniting in her frame,
All save her face the God of war proclaim.
And now with plate and mail encompass'd round, 595
Her sword she girts, and, with an active bound,
Bestrides her steed, which, govern'd by her hand,
Rears, turns, and wheels subservient to command.
Now boldly she the Pagan prince defies,
Wields her strong lance, and to th' encounter flies. 600
Penthesilea thus, in battle prov'd,
'Through 'Trojan fields to meet Achilles mov'd.

Close to the grasp, like brittle glass, were rent
The crashing spears; but neither rider bent
One foot, one inch—then fir'd with generous rage, 605
To prove how well her daring foe could wage
A closer fight, Marphisa bar'd the sword,
And rush'd intrepid on the Tartar lord.
The Tartar, who the dame unhurt espies,
Blasphemes each element, and threats the skies; 610
While she, who hop'd his shield to rend in twain,
Accuses heaven in no less angry strain.

Each wields the gleaming sword, while batter'd round,
Their jointed arms like beaten anvils sound.

Alike in arms of fated steel attir'd, 615
 Arms never more than on this day requir'd :
 So strong the helm, the cuirass, plate, and greave,
 No point could pierce them, and no edge could cleave.
 The strife had lasted till the setting light,
 Nor yet th' ensuing day had clos'd the fight, 620
 But Rodomont rush'd in their rage to stay,
 And chide his rival for ill-tim'd delay.

If war thou seek'st (the king of Algiers cry'd)
 First let us two our late dispute decide.
 Thou know'st (he said) our truce was made to give 625
 Our monarch succour, and his camp relieve ;
 Nor must we, ere our friends are freed from harms,
 Engage in jousts, or mix in fiercer arms.
 Then to Marphisa, with a courteous air,
 He turn'd, and show'd the regal messenger, 630
 And told her how from Agramant he came,
 To ask their swords to save the Moorish name ;
 And hop'd, at his request her valour won,
 Would aid the cause of king Troyano's son :
 By this 'twere better far, with generous aim, 635
 To lift to heaven the pinions of her fame,
 Than by low brawls defeat the great design,
 Against the common foe their strength to join.

Long had Marphisa wish'd, with sword and lance,
 To prove, in equal field, the peers of France, 640
 Who fought for Charles ; and hence the dame agreed
 To assist their sovereign at his greatest need, }
 Till from the Christian powers the camp was freed. }

Meanwhile Rogero, with the guiding maid,
 The rugged path that up the hill convey'd, 645

Pursu'd in vain, for when the vale they gain'd,
 No longer there fierce Rodomont remain'd.
 Rogero thence, to reach the fount that stood,
 By Merlin rais'd, with eager speed pursu'd
 The late-worn track that in the turf he view'd. 650 }
 He will'd Hippalca then, without delay,
 Should Mount Albano seek, that distant lay
 A day's short journey---but a different road
 The traveller to Merlin's fountain show'd.
 He bade her trust in him, nor trust in vain, 655
 His arm, ere long, Frontino would regain ;
 To her he gave the tender lines to bear,
 Which late, at Agrismont, his anxious care
 Had penn'd to ease the dear expecting maid,
 And hither, in his breast conceal'd, convey'd. 660
 To this he added many a gentle charge,
 To speak his love, and plead his cause at large.
 All these Hippalca promis'd to retain ;
 Then bade adieu, and turn'd her palfrey's rein.
 Swift on her way the trusty envoy goes, 665
 And Mount Albano sees at evening close.
 Rogero then the Sarzan prince pursu'd,
 With anxious speed, till near the fount he view'd
 The king, with Mandricardo at his side,
 And Doralis in peace and friendship ride. 670
 Now to the place in haste Rogero drew,
 And by Frontino well his rider knew :
 Low o'er his spear the youth impatient bent,
 And to the chief a stern defiance sent :

Ver. 666. *And Mount Albano sees, &c.*] He returns to Hippalca,
 Book xxx. ver. 548.

But less the suffering patience Job of old 675
 Display'd, so full in hallow'd pages told,
 Than Rodomont that day, who curb'd his pride,
 His wonted fury, when to fight defy'd.
 Deaf to the combat ! he, whom danger's charms
 Had ever fir'd, who joy'd to mix in arms ! 680
 Ne'er till this day, nor since, the Sarzan knight
 Was ever known to shun the proffer'd fight ;
 So much the wish to aid his king distress'd,
 The ruling passion of his soul suppress'd.
 So fix'd he stood, that had his prescient mind 685
 The certain issue of the strife divin'd,
 As sure a prize, as when the leopard draws
 The fearful hare within his ravenous paws,
 Ev'n then his prudence had declin'd the fray,
 Nor with a single blow prolong'd his stay. 690
 Even that Rogero, who the battle claim'd,
 That champion, high o'er other champions fam'd,
 The man he wish'd to single from mankind,
 And through the world had gladly rov'd to find,
 Now fail'd to rouse him to the listed plain ; 695
 And him Achilles had provok'd in vain ;
 So well his soul repress'd her wonted ire,
 So deep in embers slept the smother'd fire.
 He told Rogero why he shunn'd the fight,
 And ask'd his aid to guard their sovereign's right, 700 }
 As well beseem'd a true and loyal knight.
 The siege once rais'd, full leisure would remain,
 Among themselves their quarrels to maintain.
 I give consent (to him Rogero cry'd)
 To cease awhile our battle to decide, 705

Till Agramant is freed from hostile power,
 So thou to me Frontino first restore.
 Say, would'st thou have me till the camp's release
 Delay the combat and confirm the peace?
 (The combat claim'd, to prove thy deed has stain'd 710
 The name of knighthood, from a damsel's hand
 To take my steed) Frontino now resign,
 Else shall the powers of earth in vain combine
 To make me for one hour the fight decline. }

While thus Rogero from the Sarzan's hands 715
 Frontino, or the instant fight, demands;
 And he, resolv'd, to neither will accede,
 To give the battle, or restore the steed,
 Lo! Mandricardo, on a different side,
 New cause for contest in the field descry'd: 720
 He sees, for his defence Rogero bear
 The bird, that reigns o'er others prince of air,
 The argent eagle in an azure shield,
 Which once the Trojan knight* was seen to wield;
 Which now Rogero challeng'd as his due, 725
 Rogero, who his line from Hector drew.

Fierce Mandricardo at the sight inflam'd,
 With anger rav'd to view the bird he claim'd
 Usurp'd by other hands, and to his scorn,
 On other shields great Hector's eagle borne. 730
 Like him intrepid Mandricardo wore
 The bird that Ganymede from Ida bore,
 Such as he won it that tremendous day,
 When at the magic dome he seiz'd the dazzling prey.

* Hector.

Ver. 734. *When at the magic dome, &c.*] See note to Book xiv.
 ver. 240, for the history of this adventure.

Known is the tale, how from the fairy's land, 735
 This shield, with all the glorious arms, he gain'd,
 Those arms by Vulcan forg'd, with skill divine,
 To grace the knight of Priam's regal line.
 For this before, in mutual strife engag'd,
 Had Mandricardo and Rogero rag'd; 740
 Why then the conflict ceas'd, I leave to tell,
 Nor longer speak of what is known so well :
 Thenceforth till now they never met in field,
 But Mandricardo, when he view'd the shield,
 Stept proudly forth, and, with a threatening cry--- 745
 Lo! here, Rogero, I thy force defy.
 'Thou dar'st for thy device my eagle take ;
 Nor is this day the first my claim I make :
 'Think'st thou, as once my arm revenge forbore,
 I still shall pass thy usurpation o'er? 750
 Since neither threats, nor gentle means addrest,
 Suffice to drive this folly from thy breast,
 Soon shall I prove thou better might'st have weigh'd
 The charge I gave, and in good time obey'd.

As in the crackling wood, when breath inspires 755
 The sudden blaze to wake the sleeping fires ;
 So to his ear when first the challenge came,
 Rogero's anger burst to instant flame.

'Thou think'st t' o'erpower me now—(he cries enrag'd)
 But though another has my arms engag'd; 760
 'They soon shall win (thou to thy cost shalt see)
 From him Frontino, Hector's shield from thee.
 For this but late before I wag'd the strife,
 And late refrain'd to touch thy forfeit life.

Ver. 763. *For this but late before, &c.*] Boyardo tells us, that when first Rogero and Mandricardo met, a dispute ensued between them

As then no weapon at thy side I view'd : 765
 Those deeds were sport, but these must end in blood.
 Ill fate for thee yon argent bird to bear,
 Which thou usurp'st, and I with justice wear ;
 Deliver'd down to me, the rightful heir. }

'Tis thou usurp'st my right--and at the word, 770
 Stern Mandricardo grasp'd his dreadful sword,
 That sword, which once in fight Orlando drew,
 And late in madness midst the forest threw.
 Rogero then, whose unexampled mind
 From courteous lore had never yet declin'd, 775
 Soon as he saw his foe the falchion wield,
 Let fall his spear as useless on the field.

His sword, good Balisarda, then with haste
 His right hand seiz'd, his left the shield embrac'd ;
 But Rodomont between them spurr'd his steed : 780
 Marphisa interpos'd with equal speed.

This, one ; and that, the other knight repell'd ;
 By prayers implor'd them, and by force with-held ;
 While of the treaty Algiers' king complain'd,
 By Mandricardo twice so ill maintain'd ; 785
 First, when to win Marphisa's charms, he mov'd
 Against her knights, and well his valour prov'd ;
 And from Rogero now his shield to take,
 Could thus the cause of Agramant forsake.

If strife thou seek'st--then let our swords (he cry'd) 790
 A quarrel nobler far than these decide :
 With thee the combat done, my dauntless hands
 Shall answer him who now his steed demands :

for this shield of Hector, which Mandricardo had won at the Fairy's
 castle.

Orl. Innam. Book III. C. vi.

If from my sword thy life survives the fight,
Thou may'st with him dispute the buckler's right. 795
Far other may the chance of arms provide.

To Rodomont (fierce Mandricardo cry'd)
When, like some fount, that ne'er its current drains,
My dauntless vigour unimpar'd remains,
To meet Rogero, or a thousand foes, 800
With all the world, should all the world oppose.

Words follow words, and wrath new wrath supplies,
Now here, now there, increasing tumults rise.
Fell Mandricardo, whom new rage inflames,
With Rodomont, and with Rogero claims 805

At once the fight : unus'd affronts to bear,
Rogero spurns at peace, and breathes but war.
On either side Marphisa would restrain
The growing strife, that makes her labour vain.

As when, escaping from its broken shores, 810
The angry stream through various channels pours,
The peasant sees the waves the meads o'erflow,
And trembles for his promis'd crops below ;

While here his cares against the flood provide,
Through other breaches bursts the sounding tide : 815
Thus, while with Rodomont Rogero rag'd,
And Mandricardo in like strife engag'd ;

Where each aspir'd, his brother-chiefs above,
Himself in courage, strength, and skill to prove,
Marphisa strove to calm each restless soul, 820
No words can soothe them, and no art control.

If one a moment from the fight she drew,
She saw the other chiefs th' assault renew.
The dame, who sought to calm each furious peer,
Thus spoke—Attend, my lords, my counsel hear : 825

O ! let us yet these vain debates compose,
Till Agramant is freed from Christian foes.
If each will thus neglect his country's right,
Then I with Mandricardo claim the fight ;
To prove how well (for such his boast has been) 830
He from myself in arms myself can win ;
But if our king demands our better care,
Then let us hence, and every strife forbear.

Not one shall aid our king with readier speed
Than I--But let him first restore the steed, 835
(Rogero cry'd)--let him my words attend,
Restore the courser, or himself defend.
Here will I fall in glorious combat slain,
Or, with Frontino, victor quit the plain.
Then Rodomont--The first may well befall ; 840
The last for other force than thine may call--
Then thus pursu'd---Hear, what I now protest,
If further ill betide our king distress,
Yours be the blame, since here prepar'd I stand,
To act what duty and what fame demand. 845

Thus he--but little heedful of the word,
Rogero furious grasp'd his shining sword :
Like some wild boar with Rodomont he clos'd,
To shoulder shoulder, shield to shield oppos'd :
With sudden force the Sarzan prince he shook, 850
One foot the stirrup unawares forsook.
Defer the combat (Mandricardo cry'd)
Or if thou fight'st, with me thy arm be try'd.
He said, and now inflam'd with deeper spite,
Struck on the helmet of the youthful knight: 855
Low to his courser's neck Rogero bent,
Nor soon recovering rose, for swiftly sent

By Ulien's mighty son, the thundering steel,
With dreadful ruin on his head-piece fell :
Of adamantine proof his helm was made, 860
Else to his chin had cleft the reeking blade.
Rogero's hands unclos'd with sudden pain,
One lost the falchion, and one lost the rein ;
The startled courser bears him o'er the land,
And Balisarda glitters on the sand. 865

Marphisa, who that day in arms had stood
With brave Rogero, now the warrior view'd
By two at once in strife unequal prest,
And indignation fill'd her generous breast.
On Mandricardo, turning swift, she sped 870
Her unsheath'd falchion at the Tartar's head.
The king of Algiers on Rogero drives—
Frontino's won, unless some aid arrives.
But Richardetto and bold Vivian bring
Their friendly aid: while 'twixt the knight and
king 875

That spurs his steed, and this with ready sword
Supplies Rogero, now to sense restor'd.
T' avenge his late disgrace Rogero burns,
And swift on Algiers' king indignant turns.
So when by chance some ox a lion gores 880
At unawares, the generous savage roars
With fury more than pain, while round he flings
His lashing tail, and swift to vengeance springs.
On Rodomont's proud head Rogero pour'd
A storm of blows, and had his own good sword 885
Then arm'd his hand, the Afric knight had found
His helm, though tough, too weak to ward the
wound;

That helm, which once for Babel's king was wrought,
When with the stars an impious war he sought.
Discord, who now beholds with joyful eyes 890
Strife follow strife, on tumult tumult rise;
Exults that contest never more could cease,
By truce suspended, or compos'd by peace;
Secure of ill, her sister Pride she calls,
With her to seek again the cloister'd walls. 895

But let them hence---while we attend the fight,
Where, on the forehead of the Sarzan knight,
Rogero drove his weighty blade so well,
That backward on his steed the rider fell;
His harden'd scales behind, his haughty crest, 900
And clanking helm, Frontino's crupper press'd;
While thrice, and four times, here and there he reel'd,
And seem'd just falling on the grassy field:
Nor had his open'd grasp the sword retain'd,
But that a chain secur'd it to his hand. 905

With Mandricardo fierce Marphisa wag'd
A dreadful fight, that all his force engag'd.
Not less the Tartar fought with temper'd charms;
Their corslets well secur'd each breast from harms, }
And either equal seem'd in strength and arms. 910 }
At length Marphisa's courser wheeling round
In narrow circuit on the slippery ground,
Fell sidelong down, and while to rise he strove,
Fierce Mandricardo Brigliadoro drove
Against his flank, forgetting knightly lore, 915
And low to earth the struggling courser bore.

With grief Rogero saw the warrior-maid
In evil plight, nor long his help delay'd:

His arm at freedom, while the Sarzan foe
Was senseless from his late inflicted blow. 920
On Mandricardo swift the sword he sped,
The well-aim'd stroke had cleft the Tartar's head,
With Balisarda had his hand been arm'd,
Or the fierce Tartar's helm less strongly charm'd.
The king of Algiers, now recovering, view'd 925
Young Richardetto, whom he saw intrude
With daring aid the combat to molest,
When late his powerful arm Rogero press'd.
To him he turn'd, and came full well prepar'd,
His deeds of good with evil to reward : 930
But Malagigi, deep in magic taught,
A strange device to save his kinsman wrought.
Though wanting here his book, whose potent force
Could stop the sun in his meridian course,
His mem'ry yet those awful words retain'd, 935
Which the foul demons at his will restrain'd :
On Doralis he prov'd his magic slight,
And in her breast convey'd a subtle spright :
The beast, that Stordilano's daughter bore,
Receiv'd th' infernal angel, which the power 940
Of Vivian's brother from the realms of hell,
Where Minos sits, had drawn by fated spell.
The palfrey, late so gentle to command,
That only mov'd by her directing hand,
The sudden impulse of the demon found, 945
And thrice ten feet he vaulted from the ground ;
A dreadful leap ! yet though he seem'd to fly,
The fair one kept her seat, while from on high,
Trembling for life she gave a fearful cry. }

Now lighting on his feet, the frantic steed 950
Runs as the spirit drives, with furious speed ;
He bears the damsel, shrieking with affright,
And leaves behind the feather'd arrow's flight.

Rous'd at her voice, the son of Ulien stays
His arm from combat, and the fair surveys. 955
The fair he follows, rapid as the wind,
And Mandricardo spurs as swift behind.
The Tartar bent no more, with hostile arm,
To work Rogero or Marphisa harm,
Awaits not truce or peace, but where he views 960
Stern Rodomont and Doralis, pursues.

Meantime Marphisa from the earth arose,
(With rage and shame her generous bosom glows)
And burning for revenge, too late beheld
The Tartar champion distant on the field. 965

Rogero, when he sees th' unfinish'd fray,
Roars like a lion baffled of his prey.
Both knew 'twas vain to chase, with either steed,
Good Brigliadoro or Frontino's speed.
Rogero deem'd disgrace must stain his name, 970
In his Frontino to renounce the claim

The list untry'd---nor will Marphisa rest,
Till prov'd in fight the Tartar breast to breast.
The martial virgin and the knight agree
To follow those on whom they wish'd to see 975

Their full revenge, and, if unfound before,
They hop'd to find them with the Turkish power ;
Where, lest the siege might work the Pagans woe,
The knights would haste t' attack the Christian
foe.

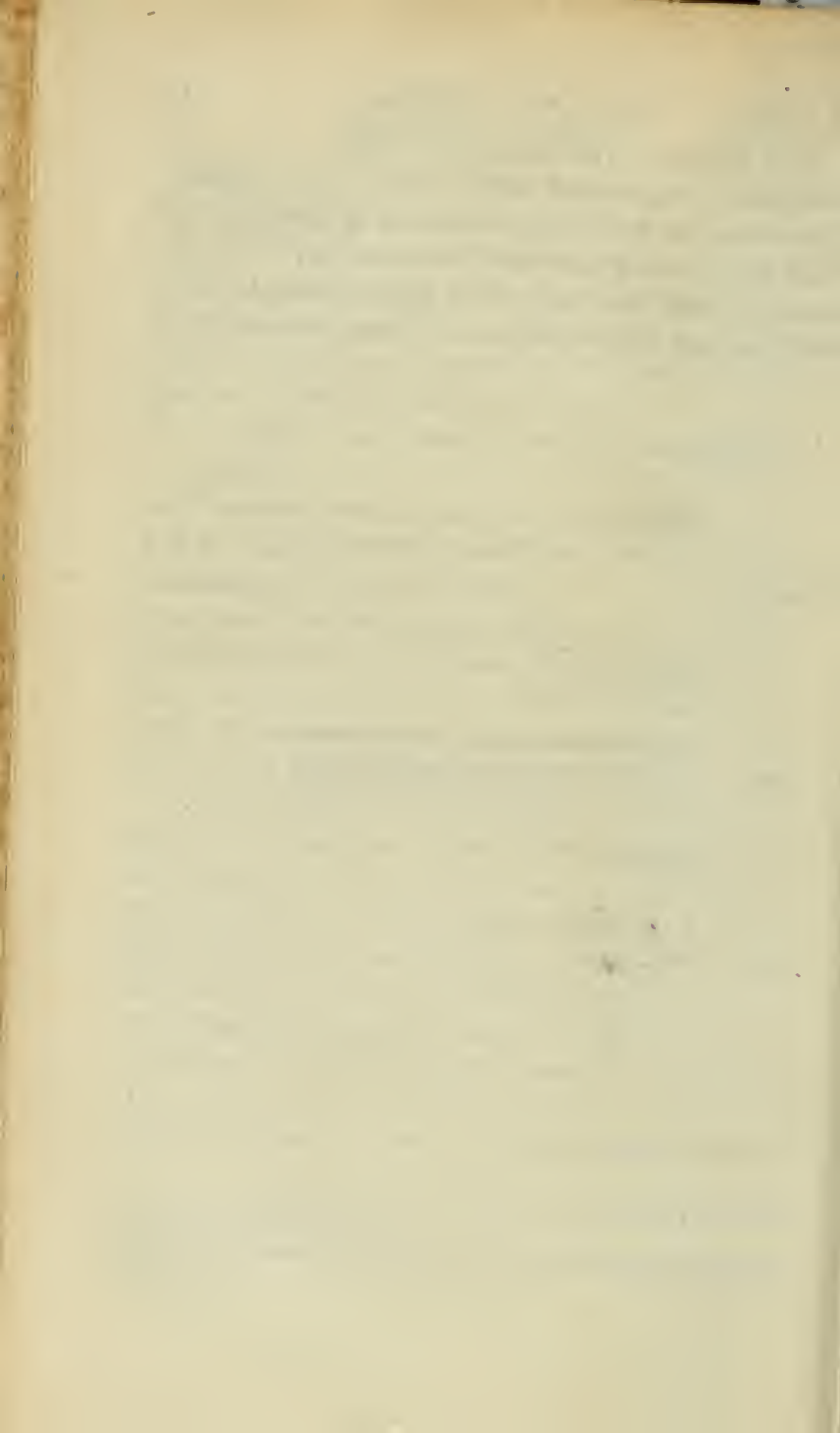
Rogero, ere he yet his friends forsook, 980
 A courteous leave of every warrior took ;
 And back returning to the fountain, came
 Where the lov'd brother of his beauteous dame
 Remain'd apart ; to him the gentle knight
 Firm friendship vows, in good or evil plight ; 985
 Then to his sister, by the youth conveys
 Fair thoughts and greeting, couch'd in cautious
 phrase ;
 Such cautious phrase, as may her fears remove,
 But no suspicion wake of secret love.
 To Malagigi, Vivian, then in few, 990
 To wounded Aldiger he bids adieu :
 While these, with good Rogero, change no less
 The grateful farewel, and their thanks express,
 Again renew'd, with future service vow'd,
 For ever due to aid so well bestow'd. 995
 Marphisa, eager Paris' walls to find,
 Scarce bent a thought on those she left behind :
 But Malagigi and good Vivian, prest
 By friendly zeal, with distant signs address'd
 The parting maid : her Richardetto view'd, 1000
 And with like greeting her retreat pursu'd ;
 While hapless Aldiger, with recent wound,
 Unwilling lay, reclin'd along the ground.

Ver. 995.—*aid so well bestow'd.*] Alluding to the delivery of Vivian and Malagigi, Book xxvi.

Ver. 1002. *While hapless Aldiger--*] We hear no more of Aldiger in this poem.

First Rodomont with Mandricardo fled;
Next these Marphisa and Rogero sped 1005
Their course to Paris—deeds transcending thought,
Shall in th' ensuing book to light be brought;
Deeds of those noble four, whose matchless hands,
With rout and death o'erthrew the Christian bands.

END OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH BOOK.



THE
TWENTY-SEVENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RODOMONT and Mandricardo, following Doralis, are drawn near the Christian forces, where they are met by Gradasso and Sacripant, and all together fall upon the camp of Charles. Rogero and Marphisa arriving next, join them in the attack. Great slaughter of the Christians, who are compelled to retire within the walls of Paris. The archangel Michael finds out Discord in the monastery, and sends her again to the Pagans. Dissentions renewed amongst the leaders. Agramant commands that the contending knights should draw lots for the order of the combat. The first lot falls on Rodomont and Mandricardo. Preparations for the lists. While the knights are arming, a debate arises between Sacripant and Mandricardo for the sword Durindana. Rogero again asserts his claim to the shield of Hector. Agramant and Marsilius endeavour to pacify them. Another quarrel breaks out between Rodomont and Sacripant for the horse Frontino, which is likewise claimed by Rogero. Brunello is forcibly carried off by Marphisa in the face of Agramant and his whole court. Agramant persuades Rodomont and Mandricardo to refer their title to Doralis to her own decision: they agree, and Doralis decides in favour of Mandricardo. Rodomont leaves the camp with indignation. His invective against women. He is received and hospitably entertained by a country host.

THE
TWENTY-SEVENTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

AMIDST the various gifts by Heaven assign'd,
With special grace to enrich the female kind,
Be this the praise, where most the sex aspires,
To counsel well when sudden need requires:
But seldom man mature advice supplies, 5
When time the means of long debate denies:
Good Malagigi wrought with fair intent,
And well it seem'd, but different was th' event:
For while he kept, by force of magic charms,
His kinsman Richardetto safe from harms, 10
The fiend, obedient to his potent word,
Convey'd the Tartar* prince and Sarzan lord
To distance far; nor then the sage foreknew,
What mischief hence on Christian Charles he drew.
Had time allow'd him leisure to reflect, 15
Some safer means had offer'd to protect

* Mandricardo and Rodomont.

His kinsman's life, nor would, in evil hour,
His spells have thus distress the Christian power :
Some wiser arts the demon had constrain'd,
To bear to furthest east or western land 20
Th' affrighted dame, for France no more to view,
Where both the lovers might her flight pursue.
But that malignant fiend, man's endless foe,
By Heaven's high justice doom'd to realms of woe,
Contriv'd what most the faithful would dismay, 25
Since his dread master ne'er prescrib'd his way.

The palfrey with the hidden demon, held
His rapid flight ; no crossing stream repell'd
His bounding course ; nor woods' entangled shade,
Nor fen, nor cliff, nor rock, his speed delay'd : 30
Till through the Franks and English camps he bore
(And all th' unnumber'd host that Christ adore)
Th' affrighted dame, and safely had restor'd
To her lov'd sire Granada's royal lord.
Meanwhile the son of Agrican pursu'd 35
The flying fair, and soon no longer view'd :
With him was Ulien's son, but either knight
Had lost her image from his straining sight :
Yet, by the track they follow'd still the chace,
As nimble hounds the goat or leveret trace : 40
Till either lover certain tidings gain'd,
That with her sire the princely dame remain'd.

Ver. 26. *Since his dread master--*] Since Malagigi had not prescribed the rout which the demon was to take, but left him to his own disposal, he took that course with the damsel which would draw Mandricardo and Rodomont towards the Christian camp, and consequently bring distress on Charlemain.

Take heed, O Charles!—What clouds thy sky deform!
 Hang o'er thy head, and threat the bursting storm!
 Not these alone, but king Gradasso stands 45
 With Sacripant, prepar'd to assault thy bands;
 While fortune, to complete thy ruin'd state,
 Has robb'd thee of each glorious lamp, that late,
 Of strength and wisdom beam'd thy purest light,
 And leaves thee now in long enduring night. 50
 Orlando now, estrang'd to every thought
 Of good or evil, roves with wit distraught,
 O'er hill and plain, unhous'd and naked lies
 In heat or cold, in fair or stormy skies!
 Rinaldo, scarce with better sense inspir'd, 55
 Has left his prince, when aid was most requir'd,
 Of fair Angelica the news to gain,
 In Paris lately sought, but sought in vain:
 An aged hermit, vers'd in magic art,
 (As once I told) had play'd a fraudulent part; 60
 And wrought th' unwary knight to fond belief,
 That she, so lov'd, was won by Brava's* chief.
 At this, with jealous rage and grief distrest,
 That ne'er before a lover's heart oppress'd;
 He enter'd Paris' walls, then voyag'd o'er 65
 (So chance decreed) to Britain's distant shore.

* Orlando.

Ver. 45.—*king Gradasso.*] The last we heard of Gradasso was at the enchanted palace of Atlantes, Book xii. from which place all the knights were released by Astolpho.

Ver. 59. *An aged hermit*—] See Book ii. ver. 89. where the hypocritical hermit deceives Rinaldo and Sacripant with a lying vision, and parts the battle between the two rivals.

The battle fought, in which such fame he won,
 The Moors besieg'd and freed the regal town,
 Paris again he view'd; each convent there,
 And every dome explor'd with fruitless care; 70
 He deem'd, with Brava's chief, the lovely maid
 To Brava or Anglante's seats convey'd:
 Now pass'd the hours; and thither hastes the knight;
 But there nor chief nor damsel meets his sight;
 And thence to Paris' walls he turns anew, 75
 In hopes, ere long, the Paladin to view:
 No Paladin he views: with rage he burns:
 Again to Brava and Anglante turns.
 Alike he journeys on by night or day,
 In morn's cool breeze, or noon-tide's sultry ray; 80
 And many a time one path repeated tries,
 The sun or moon, by turns, its light supplies.

But he, our ancient foe, through whom the hand
 Of hapless Eve transgress'd the high command,
 With livid eyes imperial Charles beheld, 85
 What time vain love had from the camp expell'd
 Albano's knight: he mark'd with horrid joy,
 What force might then the Christian powers annoy;
 And now together brought against their host,
 The flower of arms the Pagan world could boast. 90
 He fires the king Gradasso, fires the breast
 Of noble Sacripant; who, since releas'd
 From old Atlantes' castle, where they shar'd
 One common error, had companions far'd

Ver. 67.--*such fame he won, &c.*] See Books xvi. xvii. and seq.

Ver. 91.--*had companions far'd*] This seems to be a little slip of the poet's memory, as Sacripant and Gradasso did not leave the palace of Atlantes together; for Sacripant (see Book xii. ver. 250.)

Along the way : he these incites to aid 95

Their sovereign Agramant, and Charles invade.

Himself, by secret ways, their course attends,

And safely brings to join their Pagan friends.

Another fiend he bids with trusty speed,

Fierce Rodomont and Mandricardo lead,

Where late the demon urg'd the damsel's steed.

A third he sent, that to the Pagan crew,

Valiant Rogero and Marphisa drew ;

Nor yet so swiftly to the camp they pass'd,

But of the six, these two arriv'd the last. 105

Th' infernal angel who relentless sought

The Christian's loss, this subtle train had wrought,

Lest with Rogero Rodomont arriv'd,

The late contention for the steed reviv'd

Should cross his great design, for either knight 110

Might then renew his undecided fight.

The first brave warrior that together join'd,

Beheld in distant prospect to the wind

The banners wave, and saw the tents ascend,

Where those besiege the works, and these defend. 115

And now, the counsel held, the dauntless four,

In spite of Charles, and all his numerous power,

To raise the siege, with joint consent agree,

And Agramant from threatening ruin free.

when the ring had dispelled the illusion that so long detained him, had quitted the palace with Orlando and Ferrau, and followed the flight of Angelica ; but it appears (see Book xxii. ver. 111.) that Gradasso remained behind in the enchanted palace with Rogero, Bradamant, Iroldo, and others, till the enchantment was dissolved by Astolpho. Of this oversight of the poet the Italian commentators have taken no notice.

Compact and firm they bend their daring way, 120
Where deep encamp'd the Christian army lay;
While Africa and Spain aloud they cry,
Now Pagans known to every ear and eye.
Through all the host, to arms, to arms, resound
A thousand tongues; but ere their arms they found, 125
The hostile steel invades them unprepar'd,
And the first onset puts to flight the guard.
The Christian chiefs, while thus the tumult spread,
Scarce knew from whom, or why their soldiers fled:
Some deem'd this daring insult they sustain 130
From the fierce Swiss or hardy Gascon train:
But, while uncertain whence th' incursion came,
They call the troops of every clime and name.
Loud beats the drum; the trump its clangor pours;
The sky re-echoes, and the tumult roars! 135
Imperial Charles, amidst his gathering bands,
All, save his helmet, arm'd, intrepid stands.
He calls his Paladins, and bids them tell,
What sudden force could thus his legions quell.
By threats now these, now those he stays from flight,
And others he beholds (too cruel sight!) 141
With heads dissever'd by the furious blade,
With bosoms pierc'd, and bowels open laid;
While some return (escap'd from greater harms)
With bleeding limbs, with sever'd hands and arms. 145
Advancing still, he sees where, scatter'd round,
Unnumber'd wretches gasping bite the ground;
Dreadful to view! all weltering in their gore,
When leech or drugs shall ne'er avail them more.
Where'er this little band resistless came, 150
They left eternal monuments of fame;

While Charles with wonder, grief, and shame, beheld
The fearful carnage of so dire a field.

So one, who suffers by the thunder's force,
Explores the track of its destructive course. 155

These noble four the tents had scarcely gain'd,
Where Afric's monarch still entrench'd remain'd;
When on a different side, th' assault to aid,
Appear'd Rogero and the martial maid*.

Soon as the generous pair had darted round 160

Their skilful sight, to mark the camp and ground;
And saw how best the combat to maintain,
And raise the siege; they gave their steeds the rein.

As, when the mine is fir'd, the straining eyes
Scarce view the flame as through the train it flies, 165

'Till bursting forth, the fury levels all,
Tears the firm rock, and shakes the strongest wall.

So swift Rogero and Marphisa flew,
Such was their rage amongst the warring crew.

Aslant, direct, their furious blows they dealt; 170

Dissever'd scalps, lopt arms, and shoulders felt
The trenchant steel, while, for escape too slow,
Huge crowds divide before each gallant foe.

Whoe'er has seen o'er hill or vale a storm
Sweep fiercely on, with ruin part deform, 175

Part leave unhurt, may judge how, scatter'd wide,
This warlike couple pierc'd the martial tide.

Those, who from Rodomont's destructive hand
Had fled, and 'scap'd the first assailing band

* Marphisa.

Of four such warriors, gave their thanks to Heaven, 180
 That strength and swiftness to their feet had given.
 But now with weapons brandish'd at their breast,
 By bold Rogero and Marphisa prest,
 They see too late that him who stands or flies,
 What fate has sentenc'd, fate to shun denies. 185
 New danger follows one already past,
 Who 'scapes the first, must doubly pay the last.
 So fares it with the timorous fox, expell'd
 From ancient seats which once she safely held ;
 Whom for her thefts the village hinds conspire, 190
 To chase with vapour of the smouldering fire,
 Driv'n with her cubs upon the hound to run,
 And meet that death she hop'd in vain to shun.

At length Marphisa and Rogero gain
 The inmost trenches, whom the Pagan train 195
 Joyful receive with eyes on Heaven intent,
 In grateful thanks for aid so timely sent.
 No longer fear the meanest bosom knows,
 Each Pagan arm defies a hundred foes ;
 With one united voice, their chiefs they call, 200
 And burn with ardor on the camp to fall.
 The Moorish drum, the horn and timbrel blend
 Their rattling sounds that to the skies ascend :
 While streamers rais'd aloft, and banners join'd,
 With mix'd devices tremble in the wind. 205
 Not less the chiefs of Charles, with martial care
 The troops of Brittany and France prepare :

Ver. 180. *Of four such warriors---*] Rodomont, Mandricardo, Graddasso and Sacripant, who first attacked the camp of the Christians, and were afterwards joined by Rogero and Marphisa.

With these Italian, German, English, close
 Their martial lines, and fierce the battle glows !
 Stern Rodomont, of unresisted might, 210
 With Mandricardo, dreadful in the fight :
 Noble Rogero (virtue's constant stream)
 And king Gradasso, every nation's theme :
 Marphisa steel'd in arms, and with her join'd
 Circassia's* prince, who never lagg'd behind ; 215
 All these at once the king of France assail'd,
 And urg'd his vows, that nothing now avail'd.
 On John and Dennis (patron saints) he calls,
 But soon compell'd, retires to Paris' walls.
 Th' o'erbearing valour of this matchless train 220
 (The knights and dame), the muse, my lord ! in vain
 Attempts to paint, nor can describe in speech,
 What beggars fancy, and no words can reach.

Think then what numbers fell of life bereav'd,
 What loss that day unhappy Charles receiv'd ! 225
 With these Ferrau demands his share of fame,
 And with him many a Moor of gallant name ;
 For haste, what numbers in the Seine were lost,
 The bridge unequal for the flying host !
 Some wish, like Icarus, for wings to soar 230
 From death, that threats behind and threats before.
 What hapless Paladins were then enslav'd !
 Vienna's marquis†, and Ugero sav'd
 Alone from bonds : see Olivero stand,
 Near his right shoulder by a hostile hand 235
 The wound inflicted deep, while at his side
 Ugero's head pours forth a purple tide.

* Sacripant.

† Olivero.

If, like Rinaldo or Orlando lost,
 Brave Brandimart had left the Christian host,
 In exile then might Charles have led his life, 240
 Had Fortune giv'n him to survive the strife.
 Whate'er cool thought or strength of nerve supply'd,
 Intrepid Brandimart had vainly try'd;
 Till forc'd at length to give the tempest way,
 Slow he recedes, and scarce resigns the day. 245

Thus Agramant propitious Fortune view'd,
 And once again the siege of Charles renew'd.
 The cries of orphans, and the widows' moans,
 Sons for their fathers, fathers for their sons,
 From earth ascending reach'd th' empyreal height, 250
 Where Michael sate in realms of purest light.
 He heard; and looking down with sad survey,
 Beheld, the food of wolves and birds of prey,
 Stretch'd in their blood by thousands on the plain,
 Of every nation his lov'd people slain. 255

The blessed angel blush'd celestial red,
 To find his great Creator ill obey'd:
 To Discord late he gave his high command,
 To kindle strife amidst the Pagan band;
 Far different now, he sees the Pagans' hate 260
 All firmly join'd against the Christian state.
 As when some faithful envoy, who at large
 Receives commission for a weighty charge,

Ver. 256. *The blessed angel blush'd celestial red,*] Thus Milton makes his angel change colour,

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red.....

Paradise Lost, B. viii. ver. 618.

Chides his neglect, recalling to his thought
Some valu'd purpose, midst his zeal forgot, 265
And, ere he sees his lord, with eager care
Bends every power th' omission to repair :
The angel thus will not to God ascend,
Till future deeds his error past amend.
To where before in hallow'd cloisters plac'd, 270
He Discord met, he ply'd his wings in haste :
Again he found, where midst the monks she sate,
And at a chapter urg'd the dire debate :
Pleas'd with their strife she view'd with joyful eye,
Cast at each other, prayers and masses fly. 275
With holy wrath the heavenly angel burn'd,
Her by the locks he seiz'd, and seizing spurn'd ;
Then in his hand a crosier swift he took,
And on her head, her arms, and shoulder broke.
Mercy ! ah, mercy ! (loud the fury yell'd, 280
While close the heavenly nunciate's knees she held)
But Michael set not yet the fiend at large,
Till to the Saracens, with weighty charge,
He thus dismiss'd her---Hence ! nor more forsake
Yon hostile camp my heavier wrath to wake. 285
Though Discord, sorely bruis'd with back and breast
The livid marks of many a stripe confess'd,
Yet trembling more with fear of future harm,
From the strong power of that angelic arm ;
Her bellows swift she seiz'd with kindled fire, 290
And store of fuel that might well conspire
T' increase the flame, with which her ruthless art
Lights up fell strife, that rankling in the heart,
To Rodomont and Mandricardo spread,
With good Rogero : these the fury led 295

Before the king, for now each peril o'er
From Christian foes, their legions fear'd no more
A new assault from Charles' defeated power.

}

Their quarrels told, each to the monarch shows
The causes whence their late dissensions rose, 300
And begg'd his voice the contest to decide,
By whom in arms their claims should first be try'd.
Marphisa with the rest attention won,
Eager to end her combat late begun,
Which first the Tartar urg'd; nor would she yield 305
A day, an hour, her title to the field;
But with a generous warmth enforc'd her right,
To meet with instant arms the Tartar knight.
Not less would Rodomont conclude the strife,
That to himself or rival gives the wife; 310
The mighty strife, by joint consent delay'd,
To give their friendly camp and sovereign aid.
Rogero would annul his claim, and vow'd
That ill his honour Rodomont allow'd
From him the steed unjustly to detain, 315
And not in battle first the deed maintain.
More to perplex their broils the Tartar knight
Stept forth, and loud deny'd Rogero's right
To bear the bird with silver wings display'd:
And, as he spoke, such rage his bosom sway'd, 320
He dar'd the three at once to combat call,
By one sole trial to determine all:
Alike the rest in mingled fight had clos'd,
But that the king his high commands oppos'd.

King Agramant, that further strife may cease, 325
With prayers and soothing words entreats the peace,

In vain he sooths and prays---with deafen'd ear,
 Each knight refuses peace or truce to hear :
 And now his thoughts suggest the warriors' names
 Inscrib'd on lots shall fix their several claims : 330
 He bids four scrolls the written names disclose :
 One Rodomont, and Mandricardo shows :
 With Mandricardo one Rogero bears :
 Rodomont with Rogero one declares :
 One Mandricardo with Marphisa joins : 335
 These to be drawn, as fickle chance inclines,
 The king commands ; and lo ! the first that came
 Bore Sarza's king* and Mandricardo's name.
 Next, with Rogero Mandricardo stood :
 Rodomont and Rogero third were view'd : 340
 Last, Mandricardo with Marphisa join'd ;
 Which sore displeas'd the martial virgin's mind.
 Not better pleas'd his lot Rogero saw,
 Lest he*, decreed the foremost chance to draw,
 Should wage such conflict with the Tartar knight, 345 }
 Marphisa and himself might lose their right }
 To meet the son of Agrican in fight.

Not far from Paris' walls a tract of ground
 Was seen, a little mile in compass round ;
 Where, in theatric guise, the seats dispos'd, 350
 With gentle rise a middle space enclos'd.
 There once a castle stood, but now o'erthrown
 By wars and time no more the place was known.
 The lists were here design'd ; with busy care
 The workmen clear'd the ground and form'd a square

* Rodomont.

Of large extent, and fenc'd on either hand, 356
With two wide gates, as ancient rites demand;
And at the barrier's end, the lists to close,
On either side a fair pavilion rose.

Now came the day, when swords must fix the right,
Nam'd by the king, and wish'd by either knight: 361
Plac'd in the tent that to the west appears,
His giant limbs the king of Algiers rears,
There bold Ferrau and Sacripant assist,
With scaly hide to arm him for the list: 365
And where the eastern gate its valves expands,
With king Gradasso Falsirones stands,
These for the son of Agrican* employ
Their aid, to deck him with the arms of Troy.
High on a lofty throne, in royal state, 370
The king of Spain and king of Afric sate:
Next Stordilano and the peers were plac'd
Above the rest, in rank and honours grac'd.
Happy is he who on some rising height,
Or tufted tree can sit to view the sight! 375
Great is the press, and deep on every side,
Through all the camp, was pour'd the mingled tide.
Castilia's queen was present; many a queen
And princess fair, with noble dames were seen,
From Arragon, Castile, Granada's land, 380
And near the bound where Atlas' pillars stand.
There Stordilano's daughter, with the rest,
Appears in robes of various colour drest:
One vest was green, and one a paly red
Of soften'd dye, like roses newly shed: 385
A garb Marphisa wore, that might proclaim
(Succinct and simple) both the knight and dame.

* Mandricardo.

Like her apparell'd, near Thermodöon's flood,
Hippolyta with all her virgins stood.

Already in his coat of arms array'd, 390

That royal Agramant's device display'd,

The herald enter'd, in the list to draw

The bounds prescrib'd, and state the duel's law.

While now impatient throngs demand the fight,

While oft their murmurs chide, and oft invite 395

Each tardy champion; sudden in their ear

From Mandricardo's tent a noise they hear,

Loud and more loud, deriv'd from wrathful words

Between the Sericane and Tartar lords.

Soon as the king of Sericane had drest 400

The Tartar monarch in his martial vest,

He stood prepar'd to gird the sword, which, try'd

In battle oft, had grac'd Orlando's side,

When DURINDANA on the hilt he views,

And that device Almontes wont to use, 405

From whom, long since, beside a limpid brook,

This sword, while yet a youth, Orlando took.

He saw, and knew full well the famous sword,

That arm'd the hand of great Anglante's lord;

Which prize to gain he left his native shore, 410

With such a force as ne'er was seen before;

And, some few years elaps'd, Castilia view'd,

And France itself beneath his arms subdu'd.

He marvell'd now, by what strange means obtain'd

He saw this sword in Mandricardo's hand, 415

Then ask'd what chance had given the fatal blade,

And when and where he from the earl convey'd

The precious prize---The Tartar prince reply'd:

Erewhile in fight Orlando's force I try'd:

At length he feign'd a madness to conceal 420
 His dastard feelings, for he knew too well,
 While this he wore, he still his trembling life
 With me must risk in never-ending strife.

The beaver thus, who sees the woodland crew
 Near and more near his hunted steps pursue, 425
 Well conscious what they seek, behind him leaves
 The sought-for treasure, and his life reprieves.

Ere yet he ceas'd, Gradasso took the word :
 To thee, nor any, will I yield the sword.
 Justly I claim what long I toil'd to gain, 430
 My gold expended and my people slain !
 Some other weapon seek—nor deem it strange
 That this I challenge-----let Orlando range
 Frantic or wild, where'er this sword I hold,
 The sword is mine---thou, as thyself hast told, 435
 Found'st it far distant from its owner thrown,
 But, found by me, I claim it for my own.
 This falchion shall the right I plead maintain—
 The list shall be my judge---prepare to gain
 This sword by force, if this thou seek'st in fight, 440
 To wield on Rodomont ; since every knight
 Who uses arms, should win them by his might. }

At this the Tartar rais'd his daring head :
 What sweeter sound can reach my ears (he said)
 Than aught that speaks of war ?—But first, in field, 445
 To thee his turn the Sarzan prince must yield.
 Procure with me the foremost fight to wage,
 And let the second Rodomont engage :
 Doubt not I stand prepar'd for thee—for all---
 To answer thine and every mortal call. 450

Rogero then increasing strife to breed :
 Think not t' infringe the terms so late agreed.

Be Rodomont the first in list to join,
Or, if he change, his fight must follow mine.
Grant what Gradasso pleads, that in the field 455
A knight must win his arms who arms would wield.
Shalt thou my bird with argent wings display,
Till from my grasp thou rend'st the shield away?
Lo! here I stand t' abide the lot's decree;
The first to Rodomont—the next to me! 460
If thou persist our treaty to confound,
I spurn all order, and despise all bound:
Nor will I for a moment wave my right,
But call thee forth this instant to the fight.
Let each of you be Mars, (then made reply 465
Fierce Mandricardo) each his prowess try:
What arm shall dare forbid me here to wield
The trusty falchion or the glorious shield?
Then fir'd to wrath, with steely gauntlet bent,
At Sericana's king a stroke he sent, 470
Whose better hand at unawares it took,
And Durindana strait his grasp forsook.
Gradasso, bursting then with rage, beheld
The sword disputed from his hand compell'd.
Indignant shame, despite, and burning ire, 475
Flush'd all his face; his eyeballs sparkled fire:
Fierce for revenge a backward step he made,
And stood in act to draw the deadly blade:
But Mandricardo, ever unappall'd,
Him and Rogero to the battle call'd. 480
Come, both at once—come, Rodomont! (he cry'd)
To make the third, and come all three defy'd.
Come, Spain and Afric! all of human race,
No flight shall e'er my glories past disgrace.

Thus he who nothing fear'd; and as he spoke, 485
 In his right hand Almontes' weapon shook,
 Firmly embrac'd his shield, for fight prepar'd,
 And good Rogero and Gradasso dar'd.

Leave him to me, and soon this sovereign steel,
 (Exclaims Gradasso) shall his frenzy heal. 490

Not so (Rogero cries) to me resign
 Yon boasting chief----the combat first is mine.
 Go thou---the fight is mine---by turns they cry'd---
 Then all at once each other loud defy'd.

Nor this nor that would yield; and now enrag'd 495
 All three at once a medley war had wag'd;

When numbers present as the warriors clos'd,
 With ill advice amidst them interpos'd;
 And to their cost had soon his fortune known,
 Who for another's safety risks his own: 500

Not all the world their souls to peace had won,
 But lo! the Spanish monarch, with the son
 Of great Troyano came, whose presence quell'd
 Their frantic rage, and each in reverence held.

Now Agramant demands, what sudden cause 505
 To new contention thus each warrior draws.

Th' occasion known, he strives with every art
 To calm the rage of stern Gradasso's heart;
 That he to Mandricardo might afford

One single day the loan of Hector's sword, 510 }
 Till the dire fight was wag'd with Sarza's lord.

While Agramant with soothing words addrest,
 Assays by turns t' appease each angry breast,
 New sounds of tumult in the western tent,
 From Rodomont and Sacripant were sent. 515

Circassia's monarch stood with Sarza's knight,
 (As late we told) to arm him for the fight,

And with Ferrau had on the champion brae'd
 Those arms which once his proud forefather grac'd.
 And now they came to where the courser stood, 520
 Who dash'd around the whitening foam, and chew'd
 The golden bit: this steed, Frontino nam'd,
 Was that whose loss Rogero's wrath inflam'd.
 Meanwhile the generous Sacripant, whose care
 Must such a champion for the list prepare, 525
 Observ'd the gallant steed with nearer view,
 When soon his marks and faultless limbs he knew,
 And own'd his Frontaletto, for whose sake
 He went on foot, nor other steed would take:
 Stol'n by Brunello, on that fatal day, 530
 When from the fair* he bore her ring away;
 When Balisarda and his horn he reft
 From great Anglante's earl with impious theft;
 When from her side Marphisa's sword he bore,
 And with his plunder reach'd Biserta's shore; 535
 Then gave Rogero Balisarda fam'd,
 With this good courser, since Frontino nam'd.
 Each certain proof the fierce Circassian weigh'd,
 Then turning to the Sarzan king, he said:
 Know, chief! this steed is mine---by fraud purloin'd 540
 Before Albracca---numbers left behind
 Could witness what I tell---behold my sword
 Shall full conviction of the truth afford.
 But since together for awhile we far'd
 In friendly sort, and mutual converse shar'd; 545

* Angelica.

Ver. 532. ---- *his horn he reft* ---] This horn was won by Orlando from Almontes, when he slew him at the fountain.

See *Aspramont*.

And since thy want I know---to thee I yield
My generous courser for the listed field,
My right acknowledge first; else hope in vain
To keep a steed which only arms can gain.

Stern Rodomont, than whom no prouder knight 550
E'er wielded weapon in the list of fight,
Thus answer'd---Had another's lips declar'd
Such ill-judg'd words as Sacripant has dar'd,
He to his cost might find 'twere better far,
'That speechless born he breath'd the vital air; 555
But as thou urgest, for the friendship late
Between us held, in this I wave debate,
To bid thee now (and heed what I advise)
Defer awhile thy arduous enterprize,
Till thou hast mark'd the issue of the fight, 560
This day, between me and the Tartar knight,
When his example shall thy prudence wake,
To beg me as thy gift this steed to take.
With thee 'tis courteous to be brutal (cries
Fierce Sacripant, with lightening in his eyes) 565
But mark me plainer now---henceforth take heed
How far thou dar'st usurp my trusty steed:
I here forbid thee, while this better hand
Can, grasp'd aloft, the vengeful sword command.
If other means should fail, unarm'd I fight, 570
And stand with tooth and nail to guard my right.

Cries, threats succeed, and ire enkindles ire:
Less swift through stubble runs the blaze of fire.
Fierce Rodomont complete his armour wears,
But Sacripant nor helm nor cuirass bears, 575
Yet seems (so well he knew his sword to wield)
Securely fenc'd as with a covering shield:

Though Rodomont excell'd in nerve of fight,
No less in skill excell'd Circassia's knight.
Not with more swiftness turns the kindling wheel, 580
When from the stone is ground the whitening meal,
Than Sacripant, with hand and foot untir'd,
Turn'd, chang'd, and parry'd still as need requir'd.
Their swords Ferrau and Serpentino drew,
And midst the chiefs themselves undaunted threw: 585
Then Isolero, king Grandonio came,
And many nobles of the Moorish name.
Such was the tumult, such the noise combin'd,
That reach'd the tent where both the princes join'd,
Essay'd to calm Rogero's wrath in vain, 590
The Tartar lord and king of Sericane.

Now to king Agramant, perplex'd in thought,
A messenger unwelcome tidings brought,
That Sacripant, with Rodomont engag'd,
A cruel battle for his courser wag'd. 595
Then thus the king bespoke the lord of Spain :
Amidst these new alarms, thou here remain,
Lest aught should worse among these chiefs befall,
While I attend where yonder tumults call.

When Rodomont his royal lord beheld, 600
He stay'd his weapon, and his fury quell'd :
Not with less awe Circassia's prince retir'd,
When Agramant appear'd ; who now inquir'd,
With kingly looks, and with majestic tone,
From what new cause this sudden strife was grown. 605
The whole declar'd, he sought with fruitless care
T' appease each warrior, and the breach repair.
Unmov'd, Circassia's monarch still deny'd
The king of Algiers longer should bestride

The generous steed, unless by fair request, 610
 For that day's use he first his lord address'd.
 But Rodomont, as wont, with fell disdain
 Reply'd---Nor thou, nor Heaven, so far shall gain,
 That, what this arm can on myself bestow,
 I ever to another's gift will owe. 615

The king inquir'd of Sacripant his right
 To urge such claim, and if by force or slight
 He lost the steed: the prince the truth display'd,
 And, as he spoke, a blush his shame betray'd.
 He own'd how well the subtle thief had wrought, 620
 Who marking, while he sat entranc'd in thought,
 Four stakes beneath his saddle plac'd, and drew
 The courser thence, ere aught his rider knew.

Amidst the train appear'd Marphisa bold,
 Who, while his courser's loss the warrior told, 625
 In colour chang'd, for on the self-same day,
 A robber's hand* had borne her sword away.
 Advancing near, her eyes confess'd the steed,
 On which Brunello once with light-foot speed,
 Escap'd pursuit: brave Sacripant she knew, 630
 Till then unfound; she mark'd the mingled crew
 That crowded near, when numbers there appear'd,
 That oft these thefts from base Brunello heard.
 All turn'd to him, by whom they knew abus'd
 The knight and dame, and by their looks accus'd. 635

* Brunello.

Ver. 620. *He own'd how well the subtle thief, &c.*] This ludicrous and extravagant incident is taken from Boyardo. The passage is wittily ridiculed by Cervantes, where Sancho, while asleep, loses his ass, which is stolen from him by Gines de Passamonte in the same manner.

Of each Marphisa ask'd, nor fail'd to find
 That this was he whose hand her sword purloin'd.
 She learnt, for this and many an impious cheat,
 For which he well deserv'd a noose to meet,
 By Agramant the shameless wretch was prais'd, 610
 And (strange to tell) to regal honours rais'd.
 Marphisa felt her former wrath to wake,
 Determin'd, for her injur'd honour's sake,
 On the foul thief a just revenge to take. }

Now by her squire she bade her helm be lac'd, 645
 Her other shining arms already brac'd
 Her martial limbs, for never yet the maid
 Ten days was seen, but bright in mail array'd,
 Since her fair person, brave beyond compare,
 She first inur'd the weight of steel to bear. 650
 Then, with her helmet clos'd, she went and found
 Brunello seated midst the peers around.
 Him, when she saw, the dame with furious heat
 Seiz'd by the throat, and dragg'd him from his seat;
 Easy, as grip'd within his hooky claws, 655
 The ravenous eagle some weak chicken draws,
 And bore him thus before Troyano's heir,
 Then deep engag'd to heal intestine war.
 Brunello, fearing worse might yet befall,
 Ceas'd not to weep, and loud for pity call. 660
 His cries were heard amidst the mix'd alarms
 Of shouts and tumults from the camp in arms.
 For mercy now he sues, now aid demands :
 Near as he drew, thick crowd the gazing bands :
 To Afric's king the dame her prisoner took, 665
 And thus address'd him with an haughty look :

This wretch, thy vassal, by my hand ere long
Aloft suspended, shall atone the wrong
My honour felt—for know his shameful theft,
Him of his horse, me of my sword bereft. 670
Should there be one who dares my purpose blame,
Forth let him stand, and what he thinks proclaim:
To prove my justice, I his might defy,
And in thy prescence give his tongue the lye.
Since some may urge, ill-chosen time I take, 675
When civil broils so many murmurs make;
When discord kindles now, with dire alarms,
The bravest warriors of the camp to arms;
Three days I respite his determin'd fate,
Meanwhile would any friend prolong his date, 680
Let such appear—if not ere then releas'd,
I give him to the birds a welcome feast.
But three miles distant by the wood's lone side,
To yonder tower behold my course I guide:
Without companion shall I there retire, 685
Save two, a damsel and a faithful squire,
If any dare this wretch's cause befriend,
There let him come, I there his arms attend.

She said; and waiting no reply, pursu'd
Her destin'd way to reach the neighbouring wood; 690
Brunello on her courser's neck she cast,
And in his locks the martial virgin fast
Her hand secur'd, while loud he shriek'd and pray'd,
Invoking every friend by name for aid.

Ver. 670. ----- *me of my sword* --] This is told in Boyardo. See Book xviii. note to ver. 732.

King Agramant, amid these tumults tost, 695
 Where thought itself to find a clue was lost,
 Above the rest more sorely now displeas'd,
 Beheld Brunello by Marphisa seiz'd :
 Not that he still the treacherous caitiff lov'd ;
 Who (some few days elaps'd) his anger mov'd. 700
 Ere since the ring's late loss, the king resolv'd
 Brunello's fault, and oft his death resolv'd.
 But now he deem'd a monarch's sacred name
 Too boldly scorn'd, and red with conscious shame,
 He stood prepar'd to follow, with his hand 705
 T' avenge th' affront that regal power sustain'd :
 But grave Sobrino, present, soon inclin'd,
 To better thoughts the prince's wrathful mind.

Ver. 695. *King Agramant, amid these tumults---*] Nothing can be better worked up than the confusion in the camp of the Pagans, from these dissensions among their leaders. Cervantes humourously makes Don Quixote, in the midst of the quarrels at the Inn, thus allude to the above passage of Ariosto: " Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it? In confirmation whereof, I would have you see, with your own eyes, how the discord of Agramant's camp is passed over, and transferred hither among us. Behold how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle-- here again for the helmet; and we all fight, and no one understands another. Come, therefore, my lord judge, and you, master priest, and let one of you stand for king Agramant, the other for king Sobrino, and make peace among us, &c."

See *Jarvis's* Don Quixote, Vol. I. B. iv. C. xviii.

Ver. 707. *But grave Sobrino, &c.*] This is the first appearance of Sobrino in Ariosto. His character is continued from Boyardo, where he makes a figure in the council held by Agramant, to debate on the intended invasion of France, and endeavours to dissuade the king from that expedition. Sobrino appears to be the Nestor of the poem.

It ill beseem'd, in such a cause (he said)
 So great a king, of sovereign kings the head, 710
 To wage a fight, where, should his arms succeed,
 More blame than honour must attend the deed :
 When men would say—" Much has our king obtain'd,
 Who scarce hard conquest o'er a woman gain'd !"
 Great is his danger, small his praise must prove 715
 Who dares against her arm to combat move.
 'Twere best to leave Brunello to his death :
 Or if a word could save the culprit's breath
 From threaten'd noose, that word we should withhold,
 And leave the course of justice uncontrol'd. 720
 Thou canst (he added) to Marphisa send,
 That she his sentence may to thee commend
 As king and judge—and first thy promise plight,
 The hangman's hand shall do her honour right.
 But should she this refuse--the contest cease, 725
 Leave him to her--and rest the maid in peace :
 So still to thee her love be firmly ty'd,
 Hang up Brunello, and all thieves beside.

Sobrino's words the monarch's warmth assuage,
 Who listens to his counsel just and sage ; 730
 Nor only leaves himself at large the maid,
 But wills that none should her retreat invade ;
 For public good, his feelings he suppress'd,
 And hop'd, by his example o'er the rest,
 To soothe to concord each contending breast. 735 }
 But Discord laugh'd aloud, who knew no fear
 Of peace or friendship ever more to hear :
 Now here, now there, she travers'd o'er the plain,
 Nor could the tumult of her joy contain :

No less exulting, stalk'd her sister Pride, 740
 Who constant fuel to the fire supply'd,
 And, with a shout that reach'd the firmament,
 The sign of victory to Michael sent.
 At that dread voice, at that tremendous sound,
 The Seine ran back, and Paris trembled round; 745
 Through Arden's sable groves the echoes spread,
 And savage beasts in gloomy coverts fled:
 Blaia, and Arli, Rhone's far-winding shore,
 The Alps, and mount Ghibenna heard the roar:
 This Rhodan, Soane, Garouna, Rhine confess'd; 750
 While mothers clasp'd their infants to the breast.
 Each furious chief, demands the fight to wage,
 And each will foremost in the list engage:
 Their claims, so various, so perplex'd the noose,
 Apollo's self could scarce the bands unloose: 755
 Yet every art king Agramant would try,
 And first the Gordian knot of strife untie
 Between the African* and Scythian † lord,
 For beauteous Doralis, by both ador'd.
 The king, by turns would each to reason bend, 760
 As prince, as brother, counsellor, and friend:
 But when he saw, that neither would incline
 To truce, or peace, or her he lov'd resign;

* Rodomont.

† Mandricardo.

Ver. 744. *At that dread voice, &c.*] See Virgil.

Contremuit nemus, &c.

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

Æn. VII.

Young mothers wildly stare with fears possess,
 And strain their helpless infants to their breast.
 The woods all thunder'd.....

Dryden.

Fair cause of all their strife! he sought to find
Some middle course, to meet each rival's mind. 765
He meant the damsel should decide their loves,
And name the consort, whom her choice approves.
So, at her sovereign bidding, might they cease
From further strife, and firmly bind the peace.
Each knight agreed, for each his love believ'd 770
With mutual passion by the dame receiv'd.
The king of Sarza, who long time had su'd
To gain her hand, ere Mandricardo woo'd;
Accustom'd in her presence still to live,
With every grace that fits a maid to give; 775
Securely hop'd, her sentence would dismiss
His jealous pangs, and fix his future bliss.
Nor he alone, but thus each Pagan thought,
Who knew for her what deeds his arm had wrought,
In tournament and field---not thus (they cry'd) 780
Should Mandricardo by her doom abide.
But he who love's soft hours with her had led,
While Sol on worlds below his splendor shed;
Who knew what flame her gentle heart avow'd,
Laugh'd at the judgment of the erring crowd. 785
Before his sovereign lord each peer confirms,
With every solemn form, the stated terms,
Then to the dame appeals; with downcast eyes,
While her fair face the bloomy colour dyes,
She owns her bosom held the Tartar dear: 790
With wonder all the soft confession hear.
Fierce Rodomont, as if each sense was fled,
Scarce dares again exalt his drooping head;
But when his wonted fury had dispell'd
The first surprise and shame, that silence held 795

His falt'ring tongue, he call'd the doom unjust,
 And, snatching from his side his surest trust,
 Before the king and camp the blade he draws,
 And swears, that this shall win or lose the cause;
 Not the light breath of woman's wayward will, 800
 Who what they least should value, favour still.

Swift Mandricardo answers to his call:
 Act as thou wilt---I stand prepar'd for all.
 Yet ere thy ship the harbour safely gains,
 A mighty tract of sea unplough'd remains. 805
 But Agramant here interpos'd, and blam'd
 The Sarzan prince, who 'gainst all order claim'd
 The fight anew---so far the king prevails,
 He makes this rising fury strike her sails.

Now Rodomont, indignant to sustain 810
 A two-fold shame before this princely train:
 First from his king, to whom his pride gave way,
 And next his dame, in one ill-omen'd day,
 No longer there will dwell, but from the band,
 That late in battle own'd his guiding hand, 815
 Two squires alone he takes, and, swift as wind
 Departing, leaves the Moorish tents behind.
 As when the surly bull, o'ercome in fight,
 Resigns his heifer for the victor's right;

Ver. 818. *As when the surly bull,--*] See Virgil.

Nec mos bellantes una stabulare, sed alter
 Victus abit, longeque ignotus exulat oris,
 Multa gemens, ignominiam, plagamque superbi
 Victoris, tum quos amicit inultus amores;
 Et stabula spectans regnis excessit avitis.

Georg. Lib. III. v. 224.

Nor, when the war is o'er, their rage expires;
 To distant vales the vanquish'd wretch retires;

For woods and barren sands he leaves the mead, 830
 Where once he us'd the numerous herds to lead :
 Loudly he roars, as night or day returns,
 While still his breast with inbred fury burns.
 So struck with rage, with frenzy and despair,
 Goes Algier's king, rejected by the fair. 835
 Him good Rogero had prepar'd with speed
 To follow, and regain his faithful steed ;
 But soon recalling to his generous mind
 The list with Mandricardo next design'd,
 He checks his rein, and turns to claim the fight 840 }
 Ere king Gradasso next assert his right }
 To Durindana, with the Scythian * knight.
 Yet much he griev'd to see, before his eyes,
 Frontino lost, an undisputed prize.
 Though once his battle with the Tartar fought, 835
 Not long his generous steed shall rest forgot.
 But Sacripant, whom no such cause detain'd,
 For whom no other strife or list remain'd ;
 In haste the course of Rodomont pursu'd,
 And soon had join'd him, but a chance withstood ; 840
 A sudden chance that cross'd him in the way,
 And kept him wandering all the live long day.
 By fortune fall'n amidst the Seine he found
 A hapless maid, who in the stream had drown'd,

* Mandricardo.

Weeps his disgrace, his conquering rival's boast.
 Yet more the fair, that unreveng'd he lost ;
 And oft with pensive looks, as he retreats,
 The parting exile views his ancient seats.

Warton, ver. 290.

Ver. 841. *A hapless maid, --*] This adventure, just touched
 upon here by Ariosto, is no where else mentioned by him, or by
 Boyardo.

But that he came to give her timely aid, 815
Leapt in the flood, and her to land convey'd.
He sought his steed, but loosen'd from his hand
The steed awaited not his lord's command:
All day he fled, and scarce with setting light,
Resign'd his bridle to the weary'd knight. 850
Two hundred miles o'er hill and plain he pass'd,
But where he found stern Rodomont at last,
And how they met, I shall not here record,
With small advantage to Circassia's lord.
How there he lost his steed, and how he fell, 855
In captive bonds---I hasten now to tell,
How fir'd with wrath, before the princes sham'd,
Against his mistress and his king inflam'd;
Far from the camp the king of Sarza went,
And how on both he gave his anger vent. 860

Where'er the Saracen in frenzy griev'd,
The ambient air his burning sighs receiv'd.
In pity Echo from her cavern mourn'd,
And to his plaints, in plaintive notes return'd.

O female sex! he cry'd) whose worthless mind, 865
Inconstant, shifts with every changing wind;
O faithless woman! perjur'd and unjust,
Most wretched those who place in thee their trust!
Not all my service try'd, my love exprest
By thousand proofs, could in one cruel breast 870
Secure a heart, so soon, alas! estrang'd
From truth like mine, and to another chang'd.

Ver. 856. *In captive bonds---*] In another part, mention is made of Sacripant being vanquished by Rodomont at the bridge; but no particular account is given of that incident.

Nor have I lost thee now, because my name
 Is deem'd eclips'd by Mandricardo's fame:
 Nor know I what my source of woe to call--- 875
 But thou art woman---that comprizes all!
 O sex accurs'd!—by God and Nature sent,
 A deadly bane to poison man's content!
 So hateful snakes are bred, the wolf and bear
 So haunt the shades; so murr'd by genial air 880
 Swarm gnats and wasps, the venom'd insect train,
 And tares are bred amidst the golden grain.
 Why could not Nature (fostering nurse of earth!)
 Without thy aid, give man his happier birth?
 As trees, by human skill engrafted, bear 885
 The juicy fig, smooth plum, or racy pear?
 But, ah! can Nature aught that's perfect frame,
 When Nature bears herself a female name?

Ver. 877. *O sex accurs'd!*] This exclamation of Rodomont against the female sex, may recall to the mind of the reader the reflections of Adam on the transgression of Eve, particularly these lines:

.....O! why did God,
 Creator wise, who peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine,
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind.....

Par. Lost, Book X.

But it must be frankly acknowledged, that the passage of Ariosto is, as too usual, debas'd by ludicrous images and expressions.

Ver. 888. *When Nature bears herself a female name?*] Surely the poet has carried this conceit to the utmost, that Nature, being herself a female, and consequently imperfect, could produce nothing perfect.

Yet be not hence with empty pride o'er-run,
 To think, O woman! man is born your son. 890
 On prickly thorns appears the blooming rose;
 And from a fetid herb the lily grows.

Insidious, cruel sex! whose faithless mind
 No love can influence, and no truth can bind;
 Ingrate and impious, plagues of human kind! 895 }

Complaining thus, the king of Sarza rode,
 Now murmur'd low, now rais'd his voice aloud,
 Heard far and wide; with undistinguish'd blame,
 At once involving all the female name.

Rash! unadvis'd! though some our anger raise, 900
 For three found ill, a hundred merit praise.

What, if amidst the fair I yet have lov'd,
 Not one, perchance I met, that faithful prov'd:
 Shall I the whole with general censure blot,
 And not accuse my own unhappy lot? 905

Such was my chance---if, midst a hundred, one
 Were faithless found, on her my choice must run.
 But still I trust, ere life with years decay,
 Ere creeping age shall change these locks to grey,
 Some happier hour may yet my hope renew, 910
 And see my love repaid with love as true.

Should e'er such future bliss my vows befall,
 That faithful she will make amends for all:

Ver. 902. *What, if amidst the fair, &c.*

Ere creeping age shall change these locks to grey.] The

attachment of Ariosto to the fair sex, has been shewn in the account of his life, and appears in various parts of his works, and this passage in particular, among many others, seems to prove that his love had been divided by a number of objects, though, at the same time, it likewise seems to prove that he had been rather unsuccessful in the fidelity of his mistresses.

While to the height her honours I rehearse,
With pen or tongue, in prose, or numerous verse. 915

The Saracen, who thus his mistress blam'd
As ill advis'd against his king exclaim'd ;
And oft he wish'd some storm of adverse fate
Might fall unlook'd, to overwhelm his state ;
To make each wretched house in Afric mourn, 920
And to the lowest stone each pile o'erturn ;
That Agramant, expell'd his realm in grief,
Might rove a mendicant without relief ;
Till once again his prowess should restore
The exil'd monarch to the regal power ; 925
And in his proof of loyal duty show,
What to a faithful friend a friend must owe ;
A faithful friend, whose merits should receive,
(Though worlds oppos'd) whate'er his prince could give.

The Pagan thus, as troubled passions wrought, 930
Now on his king, now on his mistress thought :
He spurr'd his steed, but ne'er to sleep address'd
His watchful eyes, nor gave Frontino rest :
Next day his course to Sonna's banks he sped,
(That to Provence with winding current led) 935
For Africa once more to cross the main,
And see his long forsaken realms again.
He view'd the river, fill'd from side to side
With barks and vessels floating on the tide ;
That from afar, with all provisions stow'd, 940
To Pagan bands convey'd the welcome load.
The country round was subject to the Moors,
From Paris' walls to Acquamorta's shores ;
A pleasing tract ! and all from plain to plain,
Stretch'd on the right, that reach'd the bounds of Spain.

Now from the ships remov'd, the busy crowd 946
 On many a beast and wain the burthens stow'd :
 From different parts the banks were cover'd round
 With well-fed herds, that graz'd the verdant ground ;
 And near the river divers huts were kept, 950
 Where all night long the hinds and drivers slept.

The king of Algiers here, surpriz'd by night,
 When damps and gloom succeed departing light ;
 Yields to a country host (there born and bred)
 Who begg'd him for his guest at board and bed. 955
 His steed dispos'd ; rich plenty crown'd the board,
 With Greekish wines, and wines of Corfû stor'd.
 In all the rest a Moor the Pagan show'd,
 But in his drink preferr'd the Gallic mode.
 The host, with welcome looks and sumptuous fare, 960
 Would every honour for his guest prepare ;
 Whom by his garb and mien he well divin'd,
 A knight of prowess high, and noble kind.
 But he, at variance with himself (whose heart,
 As if divided from its better part, 965
 Still to his mistress turn'd) with pensive look
 There sate, nor with a word the silence broke.
 Our jolly host, who better could advance
 His private good than any host of France ;
 Who midst a land with foreign foes o'er-run, 970
 Preserv'd his chattels, goods, and house his own ;

Ver. 958. *In all the rest a Moor, &c.*] By the law of Mahomet, his votaries are forbidden the use of wine : but the poet, who meant Rodomont for a character of impiety, makes him pay no attention to the dictates of his own religion, and only observe the customs of a Moor when they did not combat his passions.

Had call'd, in honour of his noble guest,
 His friends and kindred to partake the feast.
 Of these none dar'd to speak, but gaz'd with awe,
 While mute and sad, the Saracen they saw; 975
 Who sate with head cast down in mournful wise,
 As if he fear'd to meet a stranger's eyes.
 Thus long he mus'd, till from his bosom broke
 A sigh, when sudden as from sleep he woke;
 Prepar'd to speak, his drooping lids he rais'd, 980
 And round the board with look compos'd he gaz'd;
 Then ask'd his host, and next to each apply'd,
 If any there the marriage state had try'd,
 And slumber'd with a consort at his side. }

He said; the host, and every guest he found 985
 In wedlock's law to female partners bound.
 He next inquir'd, if each believ'd his spouse
 Had duly kept her matrimonial vows:
 When, save mine host, they one and all declar'd,
 'That none with them their wives' affections shar'd. 990

To this the host---Each, as he will, believes,
 But sure am I---that each himself deceives:
 For this your credulous, uxorious mind,
 I can but call you each with dotage blind;
 And so no less must say this noble knight, 995
 Unless he means to tell you black for white.
 For as to enrich the world has Fate prefer'd
 A single Phoenix (rare and only bird!)
 So, is it said, one only man through life:
 Is giv'n to 'scape the falsehoods of a wife: 1000
 Each will himself that happy mortal call,
 That husband sole, who bears the palm from all!

Yet how can each the boasted treasure own,
 When through the sex no two chaste wives are known?
 Like you I thought, and still perhaps had deem'd 1005
 All women virtuous, that were so esteem'd;
 But, that a gentle squire, in Venice bred,
 And late for my good fortune hither led,
 Such stories told, all which full well he knew,
 As from my thought the fond deception drew. 1010
 Francis Valerio was he call'd, whose name
 Shall ever place in my remembrance claim.
 Right was he learn'd in women, and could well
 The frauds of marry'd and unmarried tell:
 Tales new, and tales long since, of every kind, 1015
 He told, with these his own experience join'd;
 He fully prov'd, of high or low degree,
 How vain the hope a virtuous dame to see.
 Should ever one seem chaster than the rest,
 'Tis that her art can veil her frailties best. 1020
 From those (of which such numbers would he tell,
 That scarce the third in my remembrance dwell)
 One story fix'd within my mind remain'd,
 And there engrav'd has still its place maintain'd;
 Which, all that hear, shall like myself receive, 1025
 And every falsehood of the sex believe;
 And if it please thine ear, I, noble knight,
 To their confusion will the tale recite.

Ver. 1011. *Francis Valerio*--] Gian' Francesco Valerio, a Venetian gentleman, a great enemy to women: he lived in intimacy with the poet, and is mentioned by him with particular kindness at the beginning of the xlvth Book, and is here likewise, by a poetical anachronism, made to live in the time of Charlemain, and from his hatred of women, Ariosto puts into his mouth this severe tale against the sex.

What better (cry'd the Pagan) canst thou find,
To suit the present temper of my mind, 1030
Than stories, where examples may display
That worthless sex, accustom'd to betray?
Yet ere thou speak'st, against me take thy place,
So shall I better hear thee face to face.

But, in the ensuing book, we see declar'd 1035
What tale for Rodomont mine host prepar'd.

END OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH BOOK.

THE
TWENTY-EIGHTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RODOMONT hears from his host the tale of Astolpho and Jocundo, a severe satire upon the female sex. The characters of women further discussed. Rodomont leaves his host, and pursues his intended journey for Algiers, but meeting with a pleasing spot, he takes possession of a chapel which the Christians had deserted, and resolves to fix his residence there. The arrival of Isabella and the hermit with the dead body of Zerbino.

THE
TWENTY-EIGHTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

YE dames ! and ye to whom each dame is dear,
To this unhallowed tale refuse an ear ;
A tale mine host has caught from lying fame,
To stain the lustre of the female name :

Ver. 1. *Ye dames ! &c.*] This celebrated tale, one of the severest satires that was ever written upon the female sex, has been imitated by several authors, particularly by the witty Fontaine, the prior of France.

Boileau has compared this tale of Fontaine with the *Joconde* of M. Boüllion, and not only given the preference to the former, but endeavours to shew, that for the pleasantry of narrative, Fontaine is superior to the Italian author ; at the same time he candidly speaks thus of Ariosto. “ Donnez, si vous voulez, à l’Arioste toute la gloire de l’invention, ne lui denions pas le pris que lui est jestement dû, pour l’elegance, la netteté et la brevité inimitable avec laquelle il dit tant de choses en si peu de mots ; ne rabaissons point malicieusement, en faveur de notre nation, le plus ingenieux auteur des derniers Siecles.” *Dissertation sur la Joconde de M. Fontaine.*

It must be confessed, that several parts of this tale are highly exceptionable in the original for licentiousness of idea and language ; yet, if we compare the passages with other writers of the early times, we shall find that Ariosto is by no means entitled to exclusive censure. A general grossness then prevailed among the poets, particularly of the humorous kind, as our own Chaucer will sufficiently

Yet such a tongue alike in vain essays 5
 To blot with censure, or exalt with praise :
 In blaming others, fools their folly show,
 And must attempt to speak when least they know.
 Pass o'er this part unread, the story stands
 Unhurt without it, nor the page demands ; 10
 What Turpin told before, I but rehearse,
 No envy prompts, no malice points the verse :
 My better lines your matchless worth have shown,
 My loyal faith to all your sex is known.
 To seal this truth a thousand proofs I give, 15
 That still in you, and you alone, I live.
 Then pass, or with a careless eye survey
 Th' opprobrious tale, the fable of a day.
 But to resume my task--when every guest
 A due attention in his looks express'd, 20
 Mine host oppos'd against the Pagan sate,
 And thus began his story to relate.

Where Lombardy extends her fruitful plain
 The young Astolpho held his peaceful reign,
 His brother's heir--renown'd for every grace 25
 Of manly person, and the charms of face.
 Scarce could Apelles, Zeuxis, or a name
 More fam'd in art, have sketch'd a lovelier frame.
 Thus fresh in blooming youth the monarch shone,
 Fair in all eyes, but fairer in his own. 30

prove ; and Spenser, in a later age, will scarcely incur less condemnation. The account of Hellenor among the Satyrs, is equal for indelicacy to any parts of Ariosto. To this we may add, that the poets of a much more refined time have given themselves such unjustifiable liberties, that the severe eye of decency may find numerous passages to expunge in Prior, Dryden, and even Pope himself.

Much less he priz'd his state of kingly power,
His numerous armies, his exhaustless store
Of wealth and friends, in which he far excell'd
Each boasted prince that near dominion held,
Than beauty's gift, whose full perfection rais'd 35
His form o'er every youth for beauty prais'd.
Amongst the train that in their prince's sight
Paid daily homage, was a Roman knight,
Faustus his name, whom dear the king esteem'd,
And oft with him would boast how high he deem'd 40
His person's charms, and bade him boldly tell
If one he knew to match, much less excel,
Such manly grace; Thus he in vaunting pride:
And, as he little thought, the knight reply'd,
O king! (said Faustus) doubtless few there are 45
Whose beauty can with Pavia's lord compare:
But one I know may urge so bold a claim,
My brother he, Jocundo is his name:
Set him apart, your charms all charms efface:
His equal yours, or boast superior grace. 50

Astolpho with surprise these words receiv'd,
And scarce such unexpected truth believ'd;
Then felt a wish within his bosom rais'd
To see this youth unknown, so highly prais'd;
And Faustus urg'd his sacred faith to plight, 55
To bring this wonder to his prince's sight.

Great king (the knight return'd) with truth I fear,
Hard is the task to bring Jocundo here:
Pleas'd with his humble lot assign'd by Fate,
Scarce is he known to pass the city's gate; 60
He lives content with his paternal store,
Nor squanders that, nor seeks to gather more;

And he as distant Pavia's towers would deem,
 As some the banks of Tanais' icy stream;
 But most I dread the attempt the youth to tear 65
 From her whose love partakes his joy and care;
 Th' enamour'd husband from a wife to draw,
 Whose every wish to him is more than law.
 Yet, gracious king, thy servant shall obey,
 And prove each art to speed him on his way. 70

The king adds royal gifts to earnest prayers,
 And for his embassy the knight prepares.

On wings of zeal observant Faustus flew,
 And soon Imperial Rome arose in view:
 Then to his brother's humble roof he went, 75
 Told the king's wish, and gain'd his slow consent;
 Implor'd the wife, and check'd each rising sigh
 With thoughts of mighty gifts and honours high,
 And for his sake besought her to comply. }

At length Jocundo fix'd the parting day, 80
 And steeds and servants hir'd, and fair array
 To deck his manly form, for oft the grace
 Of costly vest improves a beauteous face.
 Meanwhile with heaving breast and flowing tears,
 The dear companion of his life appears; 85
 Vows that his absence she shall ever mourn,
 And never live to see his wish'd return.

Cease, my lov'd spouse, (the tender husband cries,
 While equal sorrows trickle from his eyes)
 Cease thy dear complaints, so Fortune speed my way, 90
 As but two months I my return delay,
 Nor Pavia's proffer'd crown should bribe my longer stay. }
 Ah, me! (she sigh'd) and must I then sustain
 Such length of absence, such an age of pain?

Ah! no, the grave will first my portion be, 95
 These fading eyes no more their lord shall see:
 Then welcome death!--To sorrow thus a prey,
 Food she rejects, and groans the night away;
 Touch'd with her grief he lifts his eyes to Heaven,
 Oft sighs, and oft repents his promise given. 100

Now from her lovely neck a cross she drew,
 Thick set with precious gems of various hue,
 Which once a pilgrim of Bohemia bore
 When sick, returning from Judæa's shore;
 Her sire the drooping stranger entertain'd, 105
 And at his death the hallow'd relic gain'd.
 This cross she begg'd him at his neck to wear,
 And in his mind her dear remembrance bear.
 With joy the youth is seen the pledge to take,
 Not for memorial, but the giver's sake; 110
 Since neither time nor place his faith could move,
 Nor fortune, good or ill, disperse his love;
 Nor could her image from his thought depart,
 Or death's strong grasp divide it from his heart.

On that black evening, which fore-run the day 115
 That her lov'd consort summon'd on his way,
 Increasing grief her tender soul oppress'd,
 And oft she fainted on her husband's breast.
 Not once they clos'd their eyes; no tongue can tell
 How oft they kiss'd, how oft they bade farewell; 120
 Till breaking from her soft embrace he fled,
 And left her drown'd in sorrow on the bed.

Scarce two short miles he journey'd, ere his mind
 Recall'd the treasure to his care consign'd,
 The precious cross, which in his thoughtless haste, 125
 He left behind beneath his pillow plac'd.

Ah me ! (he cry'd) how fitly shall I frame
A fair pretence to mitigate the blame ?
Well may my wife my loyal truth suspect,
Her gifts and love repaid with such neglect. 130
He knew 'twere vain, with cold excuse to send
A menial servant, or a nearer friend :
Himself in person must return to prove
His faith untainted, and her doubts remove.
He rein'd his steed, and cry'd, my Faustus, go 135
Tow'rds Pavia's court with gentle steps and slow,
I must again to Rome, but short my stay,
Soon shall my speed o'ertake you on the way ;
No other can supply my wants---He said ;
Then bade adieu, and turn'd his courser's head : 140
Alone he cross'd old Tyber's yellow stream,
What time the shade retir'd from Phœbus' beam :
When, hastening home, he found the darling fair
Fast lock'd in sleep (so poignant was her care !)
The curtain with a cautious hand he drew, 145
And view'd, what little there he thought to view ;
For, lo ! his chaste, his faithful spouse he found
In wanton sheets, with amorous fetters bound,
Clasp'd by a youth, in whose adulterous face,
He knew the author of his foul disgrace : 150
A low-born hind defil'd his master's bed,
Whose hand had rear'd him, and whose bounty fed.
Think what amazement chill'd his curdling blood,
As fix'd in stupid gaze he speechless stood :
Ne'er may your soul, by sad experience, know 155
The cruel anguish of Jocundo's woe.
Rage urg'd him on to draw the sword, and take
A just revenge ; but Love, that still could wake,

For this ingrate, soft feelings in his breast,
 Spite of himself the threatening stroke repress'd. 160
 All-powerful Love, that from his anger sav'd
 Her forfeit life, so far his heart enslav'd,
 He fear'd to chase the slumber from her eyes,
 And with the shock her tender soul surprise.
 Silent the room he left, with silent speed 165
 The stairs descended, and regain'd his steed ;
 Goaded by grief, he goads his fiery beast,
 And joins his brother ere the hour of rest.

All mark'd his change of cheer, his mournful look,
 'That some near anguish at his heart bespoke ; 170
 Yet none, amidst so many, e'er divin'd
 The secret cause that rankled in his mind :
 All knew he left them to return to Rome,
 But he had made a trip to Cuckoldom.
 Each deem'd that love lay festering in his thought, 175
 But none could tell how love his sorrow wrought.
 His brother deem'd he mourn'd his consort, left
 Of comfort and society bereft :
 But he had different motives to complain,
 Her too much company had caus'd his pain. 180
 He sighs, he weeps, while Faustus to his grief
 (The cause unknown) can yield no kind relief :
 In vain he seeks the healing balm to pour,
 What hand can heal, that cannot probe the sore ?

Ver. 174. *But he had made a trip to Cuckoldom---*] The Italian is,
gito era a Corneto :.....

Corneto, the name of a place near Rome. The word likewise means Cuckoldom ; but the humour of the original arising from the double meaning of the word, could not be preserved in the same manner in the translation.

The healing balm is rankest venom found, 185
Which more inflames, and wider makes the wound.
His consort's once-lov'd name distracts his breast,
His appetite is gone, and lost his rest;
While those fair features, that so late might claim
The prize of beauty, seem'd no more the same: 190
With deep-sunk eyes, and large projecting nose,
With wither'd flesh, a skeleton he shows;
And, bred from grief, a fever on the way
At Arbia, and at Arno forc'd his stay,
Till lost those charms that once such fame had won, 195
Like gather'd roses fading in the sun.

Though Faustus, touch'd with deep regret, perceiv'd
His brother's woeful state, no less he griev'd
To think the prince, to whom his faith he ow'd,
Should doubt his truth for praise so ill bestow'd. 200
He promis'd one of matchless form and face,
And one he brings depriv'd of every grace:
Yet with Jocundo, still he journey'd on,
Till now they enter'd Pavia's regal town:
But, fearful of disgrace, the Roman knight 205
At first declin'd to meet Astolpho's sight,
Till to the king by letter he reveal'd
That dire disease, and some distress conceal'd,
Prey'd on his brother's ruin'd health, defac'd
His rosy bloom, and laid each beauty waste. 210
Astolpho, gracious prince, well pleas'd to hear
The man he long'd so much to see was near,
Resolv'd his noblest welcome to extend,
And greet Jocundo as his dearest friend.
No envy in his generous breast was known, 215
To find a beauty that excell'd his own;

Since, but for pale disease, full well he knew
His rival's charms must every charm subdue.
Superb apartments to the youth he gives,
And only in Jocundo's presence lives : 220
His wishes to prevent all means applies,
And every way to do him honour tries ;
While he, unblest, in langour wastes his life,
Lamenting still the falsehood of his wife :
Nor song, nor dance, nor music's sprightly strains 225
Can drown remembrance, or assuage his pains.

In these apartments of the regal dome,
An ancient hall was next his lonely room,
The room where oft retir'd in grief he pines,
And shows, and games, and company declines ; . 230
Broods o'er the deed that robb'd his soul of rest,
And adds new scorpions to his tortur'd breast ;
Yet, strange to tell, a balsam here he found,
Of sovereign power to close his rankling wound.

Far in the hall, where artificial night, 235
With windows ever clos'd, expell'd the light,
A chink appear'd, and through the mouldering flaw,
Whence came a feeble ray, he thought he saw
What few would hear, and fewer would believe,
Nor from another would himself receive. 240
There, through the opening chink, reveal'd was seen
The secret chamber of Astolpho's queen ;
A sacred privacy to all deny'd,
But those in whom the fair could well confide :
Here oft Astolpho's beauteous consort sate, 245
Forgetful of her lord and regal state ;
And here he view'd a dwarf of hideous face,
And shape uncouth, the wanton fair embrace.

Struck with the sight, yet doubting what he view'd,
As in a trance awhile Jocundo stood : 250

But, when convinc'd, no longer could he deem
The sight th' illusion of an idle dream.

Ye gods ! (he cry'd) can she resign her charms
To the rude clasp of such a lover's arms ?

A queen, whose lord with every gift is crown'd, 255
In form unrivall'd, as in worth renown'd !

Reflection that before so pain'd his heart,
Now took, by slow degrees, his consort's part.
What though she sought a young gallant to find,
Her fault was but the fault of all her kind : 260

Whose favours none could ever singly prove,
And if desire of change her breast could move,
At least no monster had enjoy'd her love. }

Next day, returning at th' accustom'd hour,
He found the lover's busy'd as before : 265

Still fearless of surprise, the dwarf and dame
The king dishonour'd with the deed of shame.

Day following day their mutual vigour proves,
And Sunday was no Sabbath to their loves.

Yet most he marvell'd that the fair complain'd, 270
And thought th' ill-shapen cub her charms disdain'd.

One morn, when to the friendly chink he came,
He found, dissolv'd in tears, the amorous dame :

Who twice already, by her trusty maid,
Had call'd the dwarf, and still the dwarf delay'd. 275

Again she sent : her maid these tidings brought ;
The dice, my lady, take up all his thought ;

And rather than forego his gain at play,
He dares your gracious summons disobey.

At this strange sight Jocundo chang'd his cheer, 280
No more his cheeks receive the falling tear;
Joy lights his eyes, the clouds of grief are o'er,
And what his name imports, he looks once more;
His manly front resumes its wonted grace,
And angel beauty brightens in his face. 285

The king, his brother, all the court confess
The wondrous turn; but none the cause can guess.
If from the youth the monarch long'd to know
What sudden comfort had assuag'd his woe,
Not less the youth the secret wish'd to tell, 290
And to the king his injuries reveal;
Yet will'd he should for such atrocious fact,
Like him no vengeance from his wife exact:
Then by a sacred vow the prince he ty'd,
Whate'er his ear receiv'd, or eye descri'd, 295
Though the dire truth depriv'd his soul of rest,
Though in th' offence fell treason stood confess'd,
That, soon or late, he never would engage
The guilt to punish, but restrain his rage,
Nor let a single word or deed evince 300
The crime detected by an injur'd prince.

The king, who little dreamt his wrongs sustain'd,
By solemn plighted vow himself restrain'd.
Jocundo then began the cause to show,
Whence sickness, sprung from soul-consuming woe, 305
Prey'd on his health; and how his wife, debas'd
To sordid lust, had with his slave disgrac'd

Ver. 283. *And what his name imports,--*] The word *Giocundo* in the Italian, signifies cheerful, jocund.

Her husband's bed ; how, near his death, he found
An unexpected salve to close the wound.

And know, O monarch ! to my secret grief 310

Thy palace has supply'd the strange relief ;
For while I mourn'd my fortune, chance disclos'd
A nightier far to equal fate expos'd.

He said, and to the place the monarch drew,
That gave his hideous rival to his view, 315

Whose charms had taught his faithful wife to yield,
And now was ploughing in another's field.

There needs not here an oath t' enforce belief,
If stiffen'd at the sight with rage and grief
The monarch stood, while scarcely he repress'd 320

The mingled passions struggling in his breast :
As one distraught of every sense he far'd,
With open lips for issuing words prepar'd :
But soon, remembrance of his vow repell'd
The rising tempest that within rebell'd. 325

Then to Jocundo—Say, what course remains ?
Direct me, brother, since thy will restrains
My just resentment, and forbids this hand
To take the just revenge my wrongs demand.

Faith, (said Jocundo) let us these forsake, 330
And prove if others more resistance make ;

With every art assail the wedded fair,
And plant on other's brows the fruits we bear.
What woman shall our form and rank disdain
When such base paramours can grace obtain ? 335

Grant that sometimes our youth and beauty fail,
The power of riches ever shall prevail :
Nor let us here return, till female smiles,
Won from a thousand, crown our amorous toils.

Long absence, while in foreign lands we roam, 340
To prove that virtue, to our cost at home
So fully prov'd, may sovereign balm impart
To sooth the anguish of an injur'd heart.

The king assents, and for th' intended way
With speed prepares, impatient of delay. 345
Through fruitful Italy their course they bend,
Two pages only on their steps attend.

And now they left the soft Italian land,
To visit Flanders, France, and Albion's strand.
Free to their love they found each melting fair, 350
And found the loveliest oft the kindest were :
And while on some they costly gifts bestow'd,
To other's bounty equal gifts they ow'd.

With siege of warm entreaty some they won,
And others pray'd themselves to be undone. 355

Here one short month, there two the lovers made
Their amorous stay, and every proof essay'd,
While, like the virtuous wives, each female ty'd
In nuptial fetters, with their suit comply'd.
At length both tir'd, where both alike pursue 360

Increasing dangers with adventures new,
Conscious what mischiefs oft on those await
Who knock too frequent at their neighbour's gate ;
Now deem'd it best to seek some generous fair,
Whose charms, by turns, might either's passion share,
For each had try'd, and try'd in vain, to prove, 366
A female constant to his single love.

Since still some other must partake my bed,
The place be yours, my friend (the monarch said).
Of all the sex this certain truth is known, 370
No woman yet was ere content with one.

Then let us with some gentle friend enjoy
A bliss, unmix'd with jealousy's alloy ;
So shall our moments roll in sportive ease,
Nor shall our love disturb another's peace. 375

What better fortune can a woman claim
Than two such husbands to return her flame ?
And while to one no wife will constant prove,
Yet surely two must gratify her love.

Thus spoke Astolpho ; and the Roman youth 380
Approv'd what then he deem'd the voice of truth.
At length the Spaniard's ample realm they gain'd,
Where what they sought, Valenza's seats contain'd ;
A daughter of their host, of low degree,
Of manners mild, of features fair to see ; 385
On her they fix'd---for on her blooming face
The spring of youth diffus'd its earliest grace.
With her the sire a numerous offspring rear'd ;
And thoughts of pining poverty he fear'd :
He saw his means small portion could provide, 390
And few, he knew, would take a dowerless bride :
Hence, to their wish, he yields without delay
His daughter's charms, the solace of their way,
And on their love and plighted faith relies,
To treat with tender care their gentle prize, 395
They take the damsel, and in friendship prove
The amorous warfare of alternate love.
The Spanish region thence they travers'd o'er,
And pass'd the realms of Syphax to explore.

Ver. 399. *The realms of Syphax*.--] By the realms of Syphax the poet means part of the kingdom of Africa.

At noon they from Valenza took their way ; 400
Zattiva clos'd the labours of the day.

The strangers here, as strangers ever do,
Proceed the wonders of the place to view :
Where many a costly dome demands their praise,
And reverend lanes their admiration raise. 405

Meantime the damsel sees, from room to room,
All ready for her lords' returning home :
Some spread the couch, some tend and feed with care
The weary'd steeds, and some the meal prepare.

It chanc'd, that busy'd thus the fair one spy'd 410
A youth, who oft had slumber'd by her side
In happier days, when with her father plac'd,
He liv'd a menial by her bounty grac'd.

Each other well they knew, but fear'd to speak,
Lest squint suspicion on their words should break. 415
But, all the rest retir'd, the lovers meet,

And, from discovery safe, each other greet.
The youth demands her whither she was bound,
And which, of either lord, her favour found ?
Flammetta own'd the truth, for such the name 420

The damsel bore ; from Greece her lover came.
Ah, me ! (he cry'd) when Fortune seem'd to give
The long'd-for day with thee in joy to live,
My dear Flammetta seeks a foreign shore,
And wretched I must ne'er behold her more. 425

Thou go'st—and others have thy charms possess'd,
Sweet love is turn'd to poison in my breast :
In vain I hop'd, while still I strove to save
My pittance, earn'd by what each stranger gave,
With thee my slender fortune to divide, 430
And from thy father's hand receive my beauteous bride.

The sorrowing fair-one clasp'd him to her breast
And mourn'd his fruitless suit so late addrest.
Sore wept the crafty Greek, and, with a sigh,
Can'st thou, inhuman, let thy lover die? 435
Give me, at least, ere we for ever part,
T' allay the flame that preys upon my heart;
One moment past in thy belov'd embrace,
Will make me death without complaining face.
Not less my wish (the amorous girl replies, 440
Consenting passion sparkling in her eyes)
But how, with spies surrounded, can we prove
Our mutual warmth, and give a loose to love?
Ah! (said the Greek) too well convinc'd I know,
Did half my ardor in thy bosom glow, 445
Thy wit would ev'n this night some means employ,
To snatch at least a momentary joy.
In vain (she answers) much-lov'd youth, you sue,
Since I each night repose between the two.
Weak is th' excuse (the plaintive Greek rejoin'd) 450
For if thou feel'st my woe, thy gentle mind
Will yield relief, and spite of all, remove
Whate'er may seem t' oppose the suit of love.

Awhile she paus'd; then, smiling bade him come,
While all were slumbering, to the wish'd-for room; 455
Describ'd the way, and taught what course to take,
How, undiscover'd, his return to make.

Well pleas'd he heard, and when the drowsy god
Had laid on every eye his potent rod,
He seeks her door, with long and silent strides; 460
The door admits him: slowly in he glides:
Firm on his hindmost foot awhile he stays,
The other, rais'd, with cautious stealth essays

A forward step ; and wide his hands are spread,
On either side to find th' expected bed. 465
He reach'd the feet, and made his artful way
Beneath the covering where Flammetta lay.

Soon as the Greek, the night's short blessing o'er,
Returning seeks the way he came before,
And Phœbus' beams to light the east begin, 470
Flammetta rising lets the pages in.

Now with his friend the king prepares to jest :
Brother (he cry'd) it fits thee sure to rest :
Some leisure must recruit your weary spright,
Tir'd with the watching of so long a night. 475
Jocundo then replies in taunting vein :
Repose be yours, since you the toil sustain.
You use my words---fair rest betide your grace,
As to the huntsman weary'd in the chace.
I, (said the king) I would in truth have try'd 480
The lover's suit, but found my suit deny'd.
Again Jocundo thus---Your slave am I,
'Tis yours to break, or with our terms comply.
But such dispute or taunts there needed none,
You might have chid my love, and claim'd your own.

Words follow'd words, replies succeed replies, 486
Till oft repeated jests, grown serious, rise
To harsh debate : they call the girl to clear
The doubtful truth : the girl, with conscious fear,
Steps trembling forth, commanded to reveal 490
What each alike seem'd earnest to conceal.
Declare (with stern regard the monarch cry'd)
And fear not evil shall thyself betide,
Which of us two, so long in love's delight
Usurp'd with thee the pleasures of the night? 495

Impatient both await the girl's reply,
 And hope her words will fix on one the lyce:
 Flammetta, lowly prostrate on the ground,
 Of life despairing since her fault was found,
 Implor'd forgiveness, and with tears confess'd, 500
 That, urg'd by love, which long had sway'd her breast,
 Some pity on a faithful swain to take,
 Who years had sigh'd, and sigh'd but for her sake,
 That night she gave the tender frailty way,
 In hopes one error would alike betray 505 }
 Each noble lover that beside her lay.

Thus she: Jocundo and the king amaz'd,
 Long, on each others face in silence gaz'd:
 Ne'er had they heard, nor through the world believ'd
 Two like themselves by female guile deceiv'd. 510
 Now sudden mirth the place of wonder took,
 And either's side convulsive laughter shook
 With peals so loud, that scarcely could they breathe,
 But sunk exhausted on the couch beneath.
 So much they laugh'd, their bosoms ach'd with pain, 515
 Nor could their eyes the gushing tears restrain:
 At length they said--What man shall hope to stay
 His wife from wandering the forbidden way?
 Since we, in one same bed, so closely join'd,
 Between us both in vain this lass confin'd? 520
 Were numerous as his hairs a husband's eyes,
 A wife's deceit would every watch surprise.
 A thousand women we before have try'd,
 Yet found not one our amorous suit deny'd.
 A second thousand like the first would fall: 525
 But this last proof may well suffice for all.

Then cease we more to blame our mates, or find
 Their thoughts less chaste than those of all their kind ;
 And since they both are virtuous as the best,
 Let us return and live with them at rest. 530

This point resolv'd, they bade the lover come,
 (Call'd by Flaminetta) to receive his doom ;
 With many a witness present, for his bride
 They gave the girl, with ample gifts beside ;
 Then both return'd contented to their wives, 535
 And led in peace the remnant of their lives.

Here ceas'd mine host his story to relate,
 While every guest with mute attention sate :
 Nor yet the Pagan knight his silence broke,
 At length, the tale concluded, thus he spoke. 540
 What various frauds, of every artful naine,
 The wily heart of womankind can frame !

Ver. 537. *Here ceas'd mine host---*] This is copied by Spenser, in his account of the Squire of Dames, with no less severity on the fair sex, where the squire relates, that travelling through the world in search of a chaste woman, he finds only three to reject his suit, thus humourously characterized by the poet.

The first that then refused me (said he)
 Certes, was but a common courtesane,
 Yet flat refus'd to have a-do with me,
 Because I could not give her many a jane :
 (Thereat full heartily laugh'd Satyrane)
 The second was an holy nun to chose,
 Which would not let me be her chapellane,
 Because she knew (she said) I would disclose
 Her counsel if she should her trust in me repose.
 The third a damsel was of low degree,
 Whom I in country cottage found by chance,
 Full little weened I, that charity
 Had lodging in so mean a maintenance :
 Save her, I never any woman found
 That chastity did for itself embrace, &c.

Fairy Queen, B. III. C. vii. St. 58.

Not all the power of human wit can tell,
The thousandth part in which the sex excel.

But one of graver years, and reverend mien, 545
And better judgment at the board was seen,
Who inly wroth to hear the beauteous race
Thus roughly treated by a tongue so base,
And, conscious of their worth, in secret burn'd,
And to the vile defamer thus return'd. 550

What cruel slanders every day supplies
Detested tales, but thine the worst of lies !
Whoe'er thy author be, though on his tongue,
In other points, ev'n gospel truths were hung ;
Not fair experience of the female kind, 555
But some offence late rankling in his mind
Urg'd him to speak ; his hatred of a few,
On all the sex such blame unjustly threw.
But let his wrath subside, and soon your ear
Would more their praises than their censure hear. 560
For one to blame, his lips might number o'er
A hundred women fam'd for virtuous lore :
Then cease to rail at all--if one has swerv'd
From honour's laws, which thousands have preserv'd.
And since thy friend Valerio other taught, 565
Not judgment sway'd, but passion warp'd his thought.
Say, which of you, in nuptial union ty'd,
Has never from his consort stept aside ;
Who, when occasion call'd, refus'd to taste
Forbidden pleasures, or his substance waste 570
On alien charms ; while, save the abandon'd crew
Of hireling loves, no women men pursue ?
Is there a husband will not leave his home
(Though fair his wife) for other joys to roam ;

B. XXVIII.	ORLANDO FURIOSO.	105
Let smiling love from wife or maiden try		575
With gifts to bend, what virtue would deny?		
To please the sex what lover will refuse,		
Or stop his ear when charming woman sues?		
And oft, I fear, from some injurious cause,		
The fair are led t' infringe the nuptial laws :	580	
Perchance, their beauty view'd with sated eye,		
They see their lords to foreign beauties fly :		
Love claims return---what we to others give,		
We claim in equal measure to receive.		
Could I a statute frame, each guilty wife,	585	
In sinful commerce found, should yield her life,		
Unless she clearly to the world could prove,		
Her consort had indulg'd unlawful love ;		
But this once prov'd, the dame absolv'd should be,		
From courts, and from her lord's resentment free :	590	
For CHRIST has taught---" To others never do,		
That which yourselves would wish undone to you."		
Yet still incontinence, if this we call		
Weak woman's crime is not the crime of all.		
But even in this our sex's guilt is most,	595	
Since not a man of chastity can boast :		
All crimes are his, and crimes of deepest dye,		
Usurious griping, pillage, blasphemy,		
And crimson murder ;---crimes, though rarely known		
To woman's sex, familiar to our own.	600	

Ver. 591. *For Christ has taught---*] The custom of introducing religious aphorisms, or allusions to texts of scripture, in compositions even of the familiar kind, was common with the writers of the early ages. Our Chancer abounds with such instances, and many may be found in Shakespeare; which passages were not then deemed exceptionable, nor, it is probable, gave offence to the nicest ear.

Here the just sage his weighty reasons clos'd;
 And many a fair example had propos'd,
 Of virtuous dames; but with averted ear
 The Pagan king, who loath'd the truth to hear,
 Aw'd him with threatening glance and brow severe.
 Yet while in dread the sage from speech refrain'd, 606
 The truth unshaken in his soul remain'd.

The Sarzan prince here bade the contest cease,
 Then left the board, and hop'd to rest in peace
 Till dawn of day: but all the sleepless night, 610
 He mourn'd his changeful mistress' cruel flight;
 And thence departing with the morning ray,
 Resolv'd by ship to take his future way;
 Yet, like a champion, who with prudent heed
 O'erwatches all, attentive for his steed, 615
 That steed so good, so fair, which late he bore,
 From Sacripant and from Rôgero's power:
 And conscious, that for two whole days he press'd
 Too far the mettle of the generous beast;
 He fix'd down Sonna's stream a bark to take, 620
 For speed, for ease, and for Frontino's sake.

He bade the ready boatman from the shore
 The cable loose, and stretch the dashing oar:
 Before the wind the vessel lightly glides,
 And the swift stream with swifter prow divides: 625
 But Rodomont in vain, on land or wave,
 From cruel care his anxious breast would save:
 He mounts his steed, it follows close behind,
 He sails the bark, it breathes in every wind!
 Now in his soul the fatal inmate dwells, 630
 And every hope or comfort thence expels;

While he, alas ! with cruel anguish pain'd,
 Conscious his inmost fort the foe has gain'd,
 Expects no friendly hand can aid impart,
 While self-consuming thoughts distract his heart. 635
 All day and night, the liquid road he press'd,
 His king and mistress rankling in his breast :
 In vain from shore or bark he hopes relief,
 Nor shore nor bark can sooth his rage of grief.
 Thus the sick patient seeks t' assuage his pain, 640
 While the fierce fever throbs in every vein ;
 From side to side, he shifts his place by turns,
 But unremitting still the fever burns.

Tir'd with the stream, again he sought the strand,
 And pass'd Vienna and Valenza's land. 645
 The walls of Lyons next the Pagan view'd,
 And where Avignon's bridge stupendous stood.
 These towns, and more, of semblance rich and gay,
 That 'twixt th' Iberian hills and river lay,
 Paid to the Monarch-Moor* and king of Spain 650
 Allegiance due, as lords of that domain,
 Won by their bands from Gallia's shrinking reign. }
 Thence on the right to Acquamort he bends,
 And strait for Afric's realm his course intends ;
 Till near a river he a town survey'd, 655
 Which Ceres once and purple Bacchus sway'd ;

* Agramant.

Ver. 648. *These towns, and more, &c.*] By the river, he means the Rhodan ; by the Iberian hills, he means the hill Jubaldo in Spain, by which he would infer that Agramant and Marsilius, after the last defeat of Charles, had made themselves masters of Catalonia, and from Narbona (Narbonne) to Paris.

Compell'd their favourite dwelling to forego
From cruel inroads of a barbarous foe :
Here smile the fields, there roars the surgy main,
And bright in vallies gleams the golden grain. 660
On this fair spot a chapel neat he found,
Built on a hill, and neatly wall'd around :
This, when the flames of war their horror spread,
The priest deserted, and with terror fled :
Struck with the site, as from the camp remov'd, 665
The hated camp and arms no longer lov'd,
The king resolv'd on this sequester'd shore
To fix his seat, nor dream of Afric more :
Pleas'd with this new abode and place of rest,
Algiers so lov'd was banish'd from his breast. 670
With their stern lord the squires attending dwell'd,
The walls himself, his train, and courser held ;
Not far his turrets proud Montpelier shows ;
And, near, another stately castle rose ;
Which seated on the river's gentle tide, 675
The town with stores for every need supply'd.
One day, while deep immers'd in pensive mood,
The king, as wont, a thousand thoughts pursu'd ;
Along a path-way through th' enamell'd green,
Approaching nigh, a lovely dame was seen : 680
An aged monk, with beard descending low,
Beside her came, with solemn steps and slow ;
A warrior-steed he led, that proudly bore
A weighty bier with sable cover'd o'er :
Bat who the monk, and who th' afflicted fair, 685
Or what the load, 'twere useless to declare :
All knew 'twas Isabella, hapless maid,
Who lov'd Zerbino's breathless corse convey'd :

Her in Provence I left, and at her side
This reverend sire, her comforter and guide ; 690
By whom confirm'd, she meant her future days
To dedicate for God's eternal praise.

Though on her cheek was spread a death-like hue,
Though to the winds her locks dishevell'd flew ;
Though sighs incessant speak her cureless woe, 695
And from her eyes unbidden fountains flow :
Though every mournful sigh too well express'd
The anguish harbour'd in her gentle breast ;
Through all her grief such beauties were descri'd
The Loves and Graces there might still reside. 700

Soon as the Saracen the mourner view'd,
Th' unlook'd for sight his haughty soul subdu'd ;
No more he blam'd, or loath'd that gentle race,
Whose charms inspire us, and whose virtues grace ;
While Isabella worthy seem'd to prove 705
The peerless object of his second love ;
And from his breast expunge Granada's dame,
As pity yields to pity, flame to flame,
The Pagan saw, and kindling at the view,
With eager step to meet the virgin drew ; 710
And with demeanour fair and mild address,
Enquire the cause that wrought her deep distress.
She told the sorrows of her secret breast,
And, how deny'd on earth a place of rest,
Her soul had fix'd to bid the world farewell, 715
And with her God in holy mansions dwell.

Loud laugh'd the Pagan, who nor God would know,
Nor own his laws, to every faith a foe !
He blam'd her erring zeal, to keep confin'd
Such beauty, form'd but to delight mankind : 720

The sordid miser, brooding on his store,
Thus hides (he cries) in caves his shining ore;
Whence nothing good he to himself derives,
And others of his useful wealth deprives :
Snakes, lions, bears are cag'd in fear of harms, 725
Not guiltless maids who breathe but love and charms.

The man of God, who such vain converse fears,
Like skilful pilot that the vessel steers,
Attends his charge, lest lightly drawn astray,
Her feet should wander from the rightful way : 730
And now the hoary sire with grace indu'd,
Prepares a splendid feast of holy food.
But the fierce Pagan, born with evil taste,
Rejects the dainties of the rich repast.
At length, when oft he chid, oft strove in vain 735
The preacher's hateful counsel to restrain,
His patience wasted, with vindictive ire
He rais'd his arm against that aged sire :
Yet lest our story should too long appear,
We, for your ease, will close the labours here, 740
And let this hapless monk th' example teach,
To curb the licence of ungovern'd speech.

THE
TWENTY-NINTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RODOMONT falls in love with Isabella, and endeavours to persuade her to break her vow : His behaviour to the hermit who opposes him. The fortitude of Isabella, and her device to preserve her chastity. Conflict between Rodomont and Orlando. Further account of the mad actions of Orlando. Medoro and Angelica, in their way to embark for India, meet with Orlando, when Angelica, with great difficulty, escapes from the madman's hands.

THE
TWENTY-NINTH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

BEHOLD the state of man's unstable mind,
Still prone to change with every changing wind!
All our resolves are weak, but weakest prove
Where sprung from sense of disappointed love,
When late the Saracen to wrath inflam'd, 5
On womankind with bitterest gall exclaim'd,
It seem'd as if no power could e'er control,
Far less expunge such hatred from his soul.
So much, fair dames, his words your bard provoke,
Which ill advis'd against your sex he spoke, 10
That never will I leave him, till his breast
Again has beauty's sovereign sway confess'd:
Still shall my verse condemn his slanderous speech,
That foully durst your spotless name impeach.
The shafts of rage he from his quiver drew, 15
And these, at all, without distinction threw:
But Isabella, with a single look,
At once his firmest resolution shook;

And now to her he chang'd his former flame,
Though yet to him unknown her country, race, or name.

Thus, as new passion fir'd his amorous thought, 21
With every eloquence of words, he sought
To shake the purpose of her steadfast will,
That would to God her virgin vow fulfil.

The hermit, as a fencing shield, to arm 25
Her chaste intent against all worldly harm;
By pious reasons, strong and duly weigh'd,
With all his power stood forth to guard the maid.

Not long the impious Pagan could endure
The holy sire, who preach'd in zeal secure: 30

He bade him, in good time, his cell regain,
And leave the damsel; but he bade in vain:

'Till rous'd at length, no longer he forbore,
But seiz'd his beard, whence by the roots he tore
The silver hairs; and, with dire rage impell'd, 35

With savage grasp his aged neck he held;
And, whirling round, some three miles thence he threw;
Swift tow'rd's the sea the wretched hermit flew!

What then befel him, little I relate,
For various tales are rumour'd of his fate: 40

Some say against a rock his limbs were thrown,
And piecemeal dash'd upon the craggy stone:

Some say, that midst the sea his death he found,
And, as he knew not how to swim, was drown'd

Ver. 37. *And, whirling round---*] No partiality for the poet can apologize for the extravagance of such passages as these: wherever they occur, the translator freely gives them up to the critic, as lawful game, and means this for a general declaration of his opinion on the subject.

Spite of his orisons—Some say, the hand 45
Of his good Saint convey'd him safe to land:
But he it as it may,---I pass it o'er,
Henceforth of him the story speaks no more.

When cruel Rodomont had thus remov'd
The talking hermit, oft in vain reprov'd, 50
With milder looks he turn'd, where at his side,
The damsel stood all pale and terrify'd;
Whom now in speech by lovers oft addrest,
He call'd his life, of every good the best;
His balm of hope, fair comfort, smiling joy, 55
With each endearment amorous tongues employ.
Courteous he seem'd, as if he would disarm
Her thoughts of fear, that any force might harm
Her virgin vow: those graces that inflam'd
His cruel heart, his wonted pride had tam'd; 60
And though his hand could pluck the fruit, he chose
T' abstain at distance, and but touch the boughs.
He fondly hop'd by slow degrees to find
Fair Isabella to his wish inclin'd:
While she, subjected to a tyrant's laws, 65
(Like some poor mouse within her foe's sharp claws)
Unfriended and forlorn, would rather dare
The worst of ills than what she fear'd to bear;
Still pondering on the means, if such could be,
Herself and honour from his power to free; 70
With her own hand determin'd to prevent
Her shame by death, ere his abhorr'd intent
Should make her wrong the knight, who, late entwin'd
By her lov'd arms, his parting breath resign'd;

Ver. 66. *Like some poor mouse, &c.*] Certainly too ludicrous an image on so pathetic an occasion.

To whom, with heart devout, the mourning dame 75
Had vow'd to dedicate her virgin name.

She mark'd, and trembling mark'd, th' unhallow'd fire
That warm'd the Pagan with impure desire.

What shall she do? How shape her dangerous course?

What way remains t' elude his brutal force? 80

Long time revolving in her fearful mind

A thousand schemes, at length, her thoughts design'd

One that might save her chastity from blame;

Which here we tell to her eternal fame.

The Pagan, by his words and deeds, confess'd 85

The lurking purpose of his impious breast:

Lost was the courtesy which first he show'd,

When fair his speech in gentlest accents flow'd.

To him the damsel—Would'st thou but ensure

My honour safe, a gift thou may'st procure, 90

Of far more worth than aught thou canst obtain

From what must fix on me eternal stain.

Scorn not a lasting prize, a prize to raise

O'er all the sons of war thy deathless praise.

A hundred and a hundred may'st thou find, 95

Fair dames the loveliest of our female kind;

But who, like me, are fated to bestow

Th' invaluable good thou to my hand may'st owe.

A herb I know, and late have seen, that boil'd

With rue and ivy, o'er a fire when pil'd 100

Ver. 89. --*Wouldst thou but ensure,*

My honour safe, &c.—] A similar story is told of a virgin in the time of Mirvan, the caliph, in the eighth century, and of another named Brasilla (the time uncertain) related by Francesco Barbaro, in his book concerning the choice of a wife.

Zatta.

With cypress-wood, will (strange to tell) produce,
By guiltless fingers squeez'd, a sovereign juice,
With which, thrice bath'd, the body will be found
One moon secur'd unhurt from flame or wound :
That month elaps'd the bathing we renew, 105
No longer time avails the powerful dew.
The proof of what I tell, thy wondering eyes
Shall witness soon---to thee a nobler prize
(Or much I err) than if this day had view'd
All Europe by thy conquering arm subdu'd. 110
In recompense for what I shall bestow
I ask but this---here plight thy solemn vow,
Ne'er from this hour by word or deed to harm
My virgin honour, or my fears alarm.

The damsel thus the Pagan's suit repress'd, 115
Who now with new desire of fame possess'd,
Vow'd all she ask'd, impatient to be made
Alike impassive to the flame or blade :
Resolv'd to curb his lust, till prov'd he view'd
The wondrous water with such spell indu'd, 120
Through which his limbs might scorn each weapon's
power,
As Cygnus or Achilles scorn'd before ;

Ver. 122. *As Cygnus or Achilles ---*] Ovid tells us, *Metam.* Book xii. that Cygnus, the son of Neptune, could not be wounded. The common story of Achilles is, that he was dipped in the river Styx by his mother Thetis, and thereby became invulnerable in every part except the heel by which she held him, and that he was at last shot by Paris at the altar, in the only vulnerable place, at the instigation of Apollo, during the ceremony of his nuptials with Polyxena, the daughter of Priam. This fable is certainly of much later date than Homer, and not countenanced in the poems of Virgil, Horace, or Ovid. Homer represents him as being wounded in the

But meant his compact should no longer bind :
 No fear, no reverence, in his impious mind,
 Of God or Saint—for breach of faith the worst 125
 Of Afric's sons, by perjur'd deeds accurs'd !

battle of the river, by Asteropeus, who was ambidexter, and threw two darts at Achilles at the same time.

At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance,
 (For both his dextrous hands the lance could wield)
 One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield ;
 One raz'd Achilles' hand, the spouting blood
 Spun forth.....

Pope's Iliad, B. xxi. v. 182.

Achilles was not slain in the temple, but fell in the field of battle, according to Homer, as appears by the conversation between that hero and Agamemnon in the shades.

O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!
 (Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd)
 Thrice happy thou, to press the martial plain,
 'Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
 In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
 Great and terrific even in death you lay.

Pope's Odys. Book xxiv. ver. 51.

Hesiod has no account of the modern fable of Achilles, nor any of the ancient Greek tragedians. Sophocles thus mentions his death, in the tragedy of Philoctetes, Act ii. Scene i.

Phil. Is then Achilles dead ?
Neop.He is, and not
 By mortal hands, but by Apollo's shaft
 Fell glorious*.

* See Dr. Francklin's elegant translation of Sophocles.

Ver. 125.the worst
 Of Afric's sons, by perjur'd deeds accurst--]

The ill faith of the Carthaginians was known to a proverb in the time of the Romans, *Punica fides*. Thus Addison in the mouth of Juba :

Our Punic faith
 Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.

O'er hanging cliffs, through vallies dark with shade,
 From towns and cities far the virgin stray'd,
 Collecting various herbs, while at her side
 The Pagan watch'd, and every motion ey'd. 130

Bion, who lived 187 years before Christ, in a fragment of an epithalamium on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, makes no mention of the immersion in the Styx; neither does Catullus in his poem on the same subject. Strabo, who died 65 years after Catullus, does not speak of this fable of the Styx, although he frequently alludes to the story of Achilles. Horace calls Achilles, "filius Thetidos Marinae," in three places. He speaks thus of his death—"abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem;" and mentions him frequently, but never as having been invulnerable.

Ovid gives no countenance to the story, though he particularly commemorates the death of Cygnus, slain by Achilles; and tells us, that the Grecian hero, to his great surprise, finding him invulnerable, was obliged to strangle him; that before his death he boasted to Achilles of his superior advantage derived from being the son of Neptune, alluding to this preternatural gift.

Nate dea (nam te fama prænovinus) inquit
 Ille, quid a nobis vulnus miraris abesse?
 (Mirabatur enim) non hæc, quam cernis equinis
 Fulva jubeis, cassis, neque onus cava parma sinistrae
 Auxilio mihi sunt: decor est quaesitus ab istis.
 Mars quoque ab hoc capere arma solet: removebitur omne
 Tegminis officium; tamen indistrictus abibo.
 Est aliquid, non esse satum Nereide, sed qui
 Nereaque, et natas et totum temperet æquor.

Mctam. Lib. xii. v. 86.

.....Goddess born!
 For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
 This helm and heavy buckler I can spare,
 As only decorations of the war:
 So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need:
 'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
 Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
 Your Sire is mortal, mine is Ocean's king.
 Secure of death, I could condemn thy dart
 Though naked, and impassible depart.

Dryden.

Such store provided now as seem'd to suit
 Her present purpose, or with leaf or root,
 Damp evening rose, when to their home they came,
 Where she, the paragon of virtuous fame,

The poet afterwards tells us, that Achilles was shot by an arrow from Paris, sent into the midst of the battle, but does not describe him as wounded in any particular part: speaking of Apollo standing by Paris, he says,

Dixit et ostendens sternentem Troia ferro
 Corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum:
 Certaue letifera direxit spicula dextra.

Met. Lib. xii. ver. 604.

He said, and show'd from far the blazing shield
 And sword, which but Achilles none could wield,
 And how he look'd a God, and mow'd the standing field. }
 The Deity himself directs aright
 Th' envenom'd shaft, and wings the fatal flight.

Dryden.

Virgil records the circumstance of his being slain by Paris, in the prayer of Æneas to Apollo, which Dryden translates with hasty inaccuracy, his mind being impressed with the popular fable.

Indulgent God! propitious power to Troy!
 Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
 Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
 Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part.

For which the original gives no authority: the words of Virgil are,

Phœbe, graves Trojæ semper miserate labores,
 Dardana qui Parisi direxti tela manusque
 Corpus in Æacide.....

Æn. vi. 6.

Thus faithfully rendered by Pitt.

Hear, Phœbus, gracious God! whose aid divine
 So oft has sav'd the wretched Trojan line,
 And wing'd the shaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,
 The shaft that laid the great Achilles low.

What yet remain'd of night, with seeming care 135
 Employ'd the powerful mixture to prepare,
 That bubbled o'er the blaze, while still the knight
 With due attention mark'd each mystic rite.

The story of Achilles being slain in the temple at his nuptials with Polyxena, seems to have been of later invention than his dipping in the Styx: the author of both these fables is unknown; but the first may be traced back, if not to the inventor, at least as early as the Augustan age, when Hyginus, the freedman of Augustus and friend of Ovid, relates the death of Achilles thus, and seems to speak of the incident of the heel as a current, but probably a vulgar story; and therefore not noticed by the Classic writers of the time, who closely adhered to the authority of Homer.

“Hectore sepulto, cum Achilles circa mœnia Trojanorum vagaretur, ac diceret se solum Trojam expugnâsse, Apollo iratus, Alexandrum Parin se simulans, talem, quem mortalem habuisse dicitur, sagitta percussit et occidit.”

“After the funeral of Hector, when Achilles was boasting before the walls of Troy that he singly would take the city, Apollo being incensed, took upon him the likeness of Paris, and wounding Achilles in the heel, in which he was said to be mortal, slew him.”

The histories now extant under the names of Dictys Cretensis, and Dares the Phrygian, both said to have been present at the siege of Troy, have the story of Achilles with all the modern circumstances; but these histories are suppositions, the originals being lost. Statius, who died 91 years after Christ, in his *Achilleid* mentions the circumstance of the river Styx. Thetis speaking to Chiron, says,

.....Sæpe ipsa, nefas! sub inania natum
 Tartara, et ad Stygiæ iterum fero mergere fontes.

Lib. I.

How oft this breast could hell's dire horrors brave,
 To plunge my offspring in the Stygian wave!

She says to her son, when she has taken him to Scyros:

Mox iterum campos, iterum Centaurica reddam
 Lastra tibi; per ego hoc decus, et ventura juventæ
 Gaudia, si terras, inimicæque experta maritum
 Te propter, si progenitum Stygis amne severo
 Arnavi (totumque utinam) cape tuta parumper
 Tegmina, nil nocitura animo.

Lib. II.

Now with his squires in sportive dice and play
 The king of Algiers pass'd the hours away, 140
 When from the kindled fire, the heat enclos'd
 In narrow bounds, to raging thirst dispos'd

Soon shalt thou view (when eas'd my present fears)
 Those shades, where Chiron watch'd thy playful years,
 Again thy own--By all thy hop'd for praise!
 By all the joys that wait thy youthful days!
 If for thy sake, a mortal's bed I chose,
 And bear, for thee, a mother's anxious woes;
 If Styx, by me, thy tender limbs could arm,
 (Why felt not every part the potent charm!)
 Here bear, a while secure, the female name,
 Nor think these robes can taint thy future fame.

Seneca, Plutarch, and Pausanias are silent on this head. Quintus Calaber, who lived about two hundred years after Augustus, and wrote a supplement to Homer's Iliad, represents Achilles as wounded by Memnon, king of the Æthiopians. Lactantius, in his argument to the xiith book of the Metamorphoses, refers to the vulgar tradition of the heel, which is the more singular, as no such circumstance occurs in his author: and Servius, in his note on the viith book of the Æneid, to the before cited passage has the like reference. In the edition of Virgil by Masuicius, the commentator on the same place, refers both to the story of the Styx and of Polyxena: and, speaking of the words here made use of by the poet, he adds: "Et bene ait direxti--quasi ad *solum vulnerabilem locum*." Dryden, in the preface to his translation of the Æneid refers to a passage of M. Segrain where the French writer is defending Virgil for giving his hero enchanted arms. "This accusation (says Dryden) must fall on Homer ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though *he was invulnerable without them*." He goes on thus: "In defence of Virgil--he has been more cautious than his predecessor or descendents, for Æneas was actually wounded in the xiith book of the Æneid." Thus far Dryden. But it is very extraordinary that so cool and judicious a critic as Segrain should take up this unclassical fable. Speaking of the enchanted arms given to the heroes of epic poetry or romance, he says, "Ces présens des Dieux, sont même une preuve de la valeur du prince, à qui ils sont faits; et il ne se trouve point que les méchans et les hommes médiocres aient obtenu des grâces pareilles, la providence ne les accorde qu'aux hommes rares qui méritent seuls, qu'elle les conserve

The lord and menials, who insatiate drain'd
 Two vases huge that Grecian wine contain'd,
 Which from some travellers the day before 115
 His squires had seiz'd, and to their master bore.
 Stern Rodomont till then to wine unus'd,
 Which to his sect the prophet's law refus'd,
 Extoll'd the heavenly liquor far above
 Celestial manna, or the drink of Jove; 150
 And blaming now his country's ancient rite,
 Huge bowls and goblets empties with delight:
 From hand to hand with foaming brimmers crown'd,
 The wine swift circles, and the head turns round.
 At length removing from the crackling flame 155
 The vase with herbs infus'd, the virgin dame
 To Rodomont began---What best may prove
 The words I speak, and every doubt remove,
 Experience, that can sever truth from lies,
 Instruct the learn'd, and make the vulgar wise, 160
 Not on another, but on me shall show
 The wondrous power this unction can bestow.
 Behold me now, while o'er my fearless head
 My neck and breast the potent charm I shed,

dans les dangers où leur courage les porte. Autrement il faudroit
 dire qu' Achille n'étoit pas vaillant, puis qu'outre un pareil secours
 d'armes forgés par Vulcain, sa mere avoit encore *ajoute des charmes*
qui le rendoient invulnerable."

To conclude this subject, in the discussion of which I hope I shall
 not have been thought tedious, though the first inventor of the story
 is unknown, it is undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, and has
 been occasionally made use of or rejected by different authors, but
 ought certainly never to be alluded to in any criticism or observa-
 tion on Homer, to whom the fable appears to be wholly unknown.
 But it is no wonder that a fiction of this kind, so consonant to the
 genius of romance, should be adopted by Boyardo and Ariosto.

Thy force, thy sword undaunted to receive ; 165
And prove if that can strike, or this can cleave.

She said ; and stooping as she spoke, display'd
Her neck uncover'd to the Pagan blade :
Th' unthinking Saracen, (whose wretched sense,
Wine had subdu'd, for which was no defence 170
From helm or shield) he, at the fatal word,
Rais'd his fell arm, and bar'd his murdering sword,
And, lo ! that head, where love was wont to dwell,
From her fair neck and breast divided fell :
Thrice from the floor the head was seen to bound, 175
And thrice was heard Zerbino's name to sound,

Ver. 176. *And thrice was heard, &c.* —] Corflambo, the giant's head in Spenser, speaks when cut off by Arthur.

Fairy Queen, B. iv. C. viii.

His head before him humbled on the ground,
The while his bubbling tongue did yet blaspheme.

“ Poetry deals in the wonderful, and nothing is so tame and prosaic as Sculiger's criticism on the verse of Homer, *Il. x.* which Spenser had in view, “ *Falsum est a pulmone caput avulsam loqui posse.*” It is false that a head can speak after separation from the lungs. Hear *Ovid. Met. v.* ver. 104.

Demetit ense caput ; quod protinus incidit aræ,
Atque ibi semianimi verba execrantia lingue
Edidit.....

The trenchant falchion lopt his head away,
The gory visage on the altar lay,
While on the lips imperfect accents hung,
And curses linger'd on the dying tongue.

“ And speaking of a lady's tongue, (which may be less wonderful) when cut off and flung upon the ground, he says, ‘ *terraque tremens ininmural.*’ ”

.. ...And treëbling murmurs on the ground.

For whose dear sake she found such way t' escape
 The Pagan's hand, nor fear'd in such a shape,
 T' encounter death to follow him she lov'd---
 Hail, spotless soul! for purest faith approv'd, 180
 Whose act has shown how dear thy plighted spouse
 By thee was held, how dear thy virgin vows:
 Fair Chastity, on earth now little heard,
 By thee to life and blooming years preferr'd.
 Go, blessed soul! depart in peace to Heaven! 185
 So to my feeble Muse such aid be given,
 As may with every grace the song adorn,
 And give thy name to ages yet unborn!
 Go hence in peace to Heaven, and leave behind
 Thy bright example still to womankind! 190
 At this stupendous deed, from purest skies
 On earth the great Creator bent his eyes,
 And said—Thy virtue merits more renown,
 Than hers whose death robb'd Tarquin of his crown:

So Homer, who is all wonderful, and the father of all poetical wonders, speaks of Dolon, whose head was cut off by Diomed. Mr. Pope's translation is admirable.

“ The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.”

Il. X. 10.

See *Upton's Notes* on Spenser.

Ver. 180. *Hail, spotless soul!*] On this passage Mr. Upton observes, that Ariosto, in admiration of the chastity and martyrdom of Isabella, breaks out into a most elegant apostrophe, which Spenser copies in his address to Florimel, when she is in prison tempted by Proteus.

Eternal thraldom was to her more lief
 Than loss of chastity, or 'change of love.....
 Most virtuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
 And crown of heavenly praise with saints above...
 But yet, what so my feeble muse can frame
 Shall be t' advance.....

Fairy Queen, B. iii. C. viii. St. 42.

Henceforth I mean for ever for thy sake, 195
 Amidst my Saints a great decree to make,
 Which by th' inviolable stream I swear,
 To every future age thy praise shall bear:
 Let every maid that holds thy name be blest
 With genius, beauty, virtue, o'er the rest 200
 Of woman's sex, but most the prize obtain
 For chastity and faith without a stain;
 While Pindus, Helicon, Parnassus' hill
 Sound Isabella, Isabella still.

Th' Almighty spoke, the air was hush'd around, 205
 Smooth spread the waves o'er ocean's vast profound,
 To the third Heaven the virgin-soul withdrew,
 And in the arms of her Zerbino flew,

Ver. 197. *Which by th' inviolable stream I swear--*] Ruscelli, the Italian commentator, takes great pains to clear Ariosto from censure, for having introduced the Supreme Being, on this occasion, taking an oath like Jupiter in the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; though I fear that such passage can be defended by no argument adduced in its justification, but that it must in general be acknowledged, that Ariosto, like the rest of his countrymen, often introduces the fictions of poetry on the most solemn occasions. But a heavier charge may be here brought against the poet for making the Almighty approve the action of Lucretia, and thereby giving a sanction to suicide. This passage the Italian commentator has candidly confessed to be a gross breach of propriety and decorum.

Ver. 199. *Let every maid that holds thy name, &c.*] By this extravagant prophecy on all who bear the name of Isabella, the poet is said to make an eulogium on the duchess of Mantua, the daughter of Hercules duke of Ferrara, and wife of Ferrando king of Naples; the wife of Ferdinando king of Spain, to whose wisdom is attributed chiefly the discovery of the new world by Columbus; the wife of Frederick, king of Naples; the wife of Ubaldo, duke of Urbino; but more especially a daughter of the king of Hungary, who was canonized by pope Gregory IX. for the sanctity of her life; all these ladies bore the name of Isabella.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 207. *To the third Heaven--*] Ariosto here follows the fiction of some of the ancient poets, who taught that those lovers, who had

While, left behind, this second Brusus stood,
 Abash'd, confounded, stain'd with guiltless blood ; 210
 Who now, the wine's o'er-mastering fumes dispell'd,
 Curs'd his dire rashness, and with grief beheld
 The breathless body of the murder'd maid,
 And ponder'd how t' appease her angry shade :
 Since to her mortal part he death could give, 215
 He hopes to make her name immortal live.

For this intent, the place where late she dwelt,
 Where her fair form his brutal fury felt,
 He chang'd, or built anew, with spacious room
 Enlarg'd, converting to a stately tomb. 220
 From various parts around him, far and near,
 Artists he found for favour or for fear :
 Six thousand men, with ceaseless labour, wrought
 Huge massy stones, from neighbouring quarries brought ;
 With those he bade the stately building rise 225
 Of wondrous bulk, that lifted to the skies
 Its towering head, and in the midst enclos'd
 The faithful lovers* that in death repos'd.
 Such was the structure which the world amaz'd,
 By Adrian on the banks of Tyber rais'd. 230

* Zerbino and Isabella.

been constant, were after death received into the third Heaven, the region of Venus, the goddess of love.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 209. *Brusus*—] Brusus, surnamed without mercy, a character in the romances of the Round-Table. He is largely spoken of by Alamanni, in his poetical romance of *Girone il Cortese*; and is mentioned by Pulci in his *Morgante*, Canto xiii. who calls him Brusus without pity.

Ver. 230. *By Adrian on the banks of Tyber rais'd*—] The poet means the noble castle of St. Angelo at Rome, built by Pope

Close to the sepulchre a tower was join'd,
 The spacious dwelling for himself design'd.
 A narrow bridge, scarce two feet wide, he made,
 Fair stretch'd in length, which o'er the stream he laid
 That ran beneath, and scarce the bridge supply'd 233
 Space for two steeds abreast to cross the tide,
 Or, meeting, pass : nor plac'd from end to end
 Was rail or fence the stranger to defend.
 Baptiz'd or Pagan, all that travel here,
 He will'd henceforth should buy their passage dear, 240
 For with their spoils, t' atone the virgin's doom,
 He vow'd a thousand trophies at her tomb.
 Ten days beheld the bridge complete ; but more
 Requir'd to raise the sepulchre and tower :

Adrian VI. on the river Tyber. This building was afterwards enlarged by several successive Popes, till Pius V. put the finishing hand to it.

Ver. 233. *A narrow bridge--*] This fiction of Rodomont's bridge is truly in the spirit of romance. We often read of knights meeting with such adventures : in the old romance of *Morte Arthur*, Sir Launcelot encounters a churl who defended a passage over a river.

" On the third day he rode over a great long bridge, and there started upon him suddenly a passing foul churl, and he smote his horse on the nose, that he turned about, and asked him why he rode over that bridge without his license ? and he struck at him with a mighty great club full of pins of iron. Then Sir Launcelot drew his sword, and put the stroke back, and clove his head unto the navel."

Morte Arthur, Part. i. C. cxi.

Spenser has a passage similar to this of Ariosto, where a bridge of this kind is described, and a combat ensues between Sir Arthegal and a Saracen.

Here beyond,

A cursed cruel Saracen doth woune,
 That keeps a bridge's passage by strong hand,
 And many Errant Knights hath there foredonne.

Fairy Queen, B. v. C. ii. St. 4.

Yet well the work advanc'd, and on the height 245
 A watch was plac'd to note each coming knight;
 And oft as near the bridge a warrior drew,
 The horn to Rodomont a signal blew.

Sudden he arm'd him for the course, and stood
 Now here, now there on either side the flood. 250

Whene'er a warrior reach'd the fatal tower,
 The king of Algiers took the adverse shore:
 The slender bridge the dangerous list supply'd,
 There if the steed but little swerv'd aside,
 Prone in the river's headlong depth he fell: 255
 No fight, for peril, could such fight excel.

Thus often risk'd, the Saracen believ'd
 Whene'er he fell, the rushing stream receiv'd
 In draughts compell'd, would purify his soul
 For sins committed through th' inflaming bowl; 260
 As if from water certain cure was brought
 For wrongs, which wine by hand or tongue had wrought.

Few days elaps'd, ere numerous knight were led,
 For Spain and Italy that path to tread.
 The thirst of fame, to some more dear than life, 265
 Brought many knights to prove the dangerous strife,
 While all who hop'd the victor's meed to gain,
 Resign'd their arms, and numbers there were slain.
 Of vanquish'd Pagans that the course had run,
 He kept their spoils alone, and armour won. 270

Of these the names on tablets fairly trac'd,
 And hung on high the polish'd marble grac'd:
 But every Christian close in durance pent
 He held, design'd for Afric to be sent.

The work proceeding, on a certain day, 275
 The mad Orlando thither bent his way.

The frantic earl by fortune thither came,
 When Rodomont, beside the rapid stream,
 Urg'd on the task : as yet unfinish'd stood
 The tower and tomb, and scarcely o'er the flood 280
 The bridge complete, when thither came the knight
 Of wits distraught, what time in corselet bright
 The Pagan watch'd to guard the tomb and tower,
 And all his armour, save his helmet, wore.

Meanwhile Orlando, as his frenzy led, 285
 At once o'erleapt the bar with fearless tread :
 Him Rodomont, who stood on foot, espy'd
 And thus from far--Forbear thy steps (he cry'd).
 This bridge, thou slave ! was ne'er design'd for thee,
 But noble knights and lords of high degree. 290
 Orlando, stranger now to reason's force,
 Turn'd a deaf ear, and onward held his course.
 I must chastise this fool (the Pagan cries)
 And as he speaks, with rapid feet he flies
 To plunge him in the stream, nor thinks to try 295
 A fall with one that could his strength defy.

And now it chanc'd a fair and gentle dame,
 T' attempt the passage near the river came ;
 Her lovely form in courtly weeds array'd,
 And all her mien a noble race display'd. 300
 Lo ! this was she (if still your mind retain
 The tale I told) who long had sought in vain

Ver. 301.-----*if still your mind retain*

The tale I told--] Flordelis is here again introduced, who last made her appearance in the xxivth book, ver. 535. and was present at the single combat between Mandricardo and Zerbino ; after which she continued her search of Brandimart till she came to this bridge.

The steps of Brandimart, and far explor'd
Each part but that which now detain'd her lord.

Fair Flordelis, arriving near the flood, 305
Beheld where on the bridge the Pagan stood,
Clos'd with Orlando, while each nerve he ply'd
To hurl the madman headlong in the tide.

The virtuous dame, when, with a nearer view,
She mark'd his features, well Orlando knew ; 310
And fill'd with grief, at such dire sight amaz'd,
On him thus naked and forlorn she gaz'd.

Awhile she staid t' await the conflict's end,
Where two such foes in matchless strength contend.
They press, they gripe, their utmost nerve they show,
Each strives the other from the bridge to throw, 316
And, muttering to himself, the Pagan cries,
What to this fool such unlook'd force supplies?
Now here, now there he struggles, shifts, and turns,
With shame he reddens, and with wrath he burns : 320
With either hand he seeks, in vain, to take
Some firmer hold, that best the earl may shake ;
And oft between his legs the furious knight
The left foot now inserts, and now the right.

Orlando Rodomont entwines around, 325
Like the fierce bear that struggles from the ground
T' uproot the tree from which he fell, and deals
His senseless rage on that which nothing feels.

Hapless Orlando, with his wits destroy'd,
Nor slight, nor art, but strength alone employ'd ; 330
(Such wondrous strength the world from end to end
No living chief to equal him could send !)
Himself now backward from the bridge he threw,
And with him, close embrac'd, the Pagan drew.

Both sink together to the depth profound, 333
 Leap the dash'd waves, and loud the shores resound !
 The water soon divides their struggling limbs ;
 Orlando, naked, disincumber'd swims :
 Amid the stream he plies, as with an oar,
 His strong knit joints, and safely gains the shore : 340
 Then o'er the plain he speeds his course, nor stays
 To mark how far he merits blame or praise.
 The Pagan, whom his ponderous arms surround,
 More slowly gains, at length, the distant ground.
 Meanwhile securely o'er the bridge and tide 345
 The dame had past, and round on every side
 Explor'd the tomb, if there her anxious eye
 Might any spoils of Brandimart espy.
 Yet while nor arms, nor mantle there she view'd
 Of him she lov'd---fond hopes she still renew'd 350
 To meet her lord---but let us turn to find
 The wretched earl, who fled with senseless mind,
 And left the bridge, the stream, and tower behind. }

Wild were the thought t' attempt in tuneful verse,
 The madness of Orlando to rehearse : 355
 Such various feats---their number would excel,
 What leisure could describe, or tongue could tell :
 A few I chuse that best besit my song ;
 A few that to my story best belong :

Ver. 351. but let us turn to find

The wretched earl--] He returns to Flordelis, book xxxi.

ver. 429.

Ver. 353.and tower behind.] He returns to Rodomont, book xxxi. ver. 461.

Ver. 354. *Wild were the thought--*] Concerning the extravagant feats of Orlando in his madness, the reader is referred to the note on book xxiv. ver. 34.

Nor will I fail the wonder to recite 360

Wrought near Tolosa on Pyrene's height.

O'er many a tract of land the earl had past,
And reach'd the range of craggy hills at last,
That sever France from Spain, whose lofty head
Receives the beams by evening Phœbus shed. 365

Here, while he pac'd along a narrow way,
That o'er a deep tremendous valley lay,
Two village lads he met, who drove before
A laden ass that wintry fuel bore.

These, when they view'd the hapless champion lost 370
To every sense, as in their path he crost,
Aloud they call'd, and, threatening, bade him leave
The middle track, and free the passage give.

Orlando to their threats no word return'd,
But with his foot, beneath the belly, spurn'd 375
The wretched beast, with strength beyond compare,
And rais'd from earth dismiss'd to soar in air ;

Thence on the summit of a hill he fell,
That rear'd its head a mile beyond the dell.
The youths he next assail'd : one less discreet 380
Than happy, chanc'd a strange escape to meet :

For, struck with terror, from the hanging steep
Twice thirty feet he took a ventrous leap :
A thorny bush against the cliff's rough side
That in the mid-way grew, its aid supply'd 385

To break his fall ; and now, unhurt, he stood,
Save that his face the bramble's greeting show'd,
That raz'd the skin, and drew the purple blood. }

His fellow seiz'd a jutting crag, and sprung
To scale the rock, but while aloft he clung, 390.

The madman, on his swift destruction bent,
Grasp'd either leg, these at his arms extent
He strain'd asunder, till, with dreadful force,
He tore in bloody halves the panting corse.
Thus, for his bird, the falconer oft prepares 395
The living meal, when limb from limb he tears
The fowl or heron, destin'd for his food,
With entrails warm and flesh distilling blood.
Thrice happy he that in the vale beneath
Surviv'd a fall, that threaten'd instant death. 400
This wondrous chance he made to others known,
Which Turpin to our age delivers down.

Such deeds, and many far transcending thought,
The madman, as he pass'd the mountain, wrought,
Till wandering far, descending to the plain, 405
He reach'd at length the southern bounds of Spain,
And bent his course along the sea, that laves
Fair Teracona's strand with briny waves.
There, with strange schemes his brain distemper'd fill'd,
He meant a dwelling on the beach to build, 410
A shelter from the sun; and, cover'd o'er
With parching sand, upon the burning shore
Conceal'd he lay, when lo! the princely dame
Of rich Cathay with her Medoro came.
These late espous'd, by fortune thither brought 415
From the steep height the Spanish borders sought.
Th' unthinking damsel near Orlando drew,
Who, save his head, lay buried deep from view.
The squalid look her frantic lover wore,
No memory wak'd of him she knew before: 420
For since the time his frenzy had begun,
He wander'd, naked, in the shade or sun:

His tawny members seem'd to speak his birth
 In hot Sienna, or the sultry earth,
 Where Amon's fane in Garamantia stood, 425
 Or those steep hills whence Nile derives his flood :
 Deep in the socket sunk each gloomy eye,
 His visage pale, his features lean and dry :
 His uncomb'd hair in fearful elflocks hung ;
 His squalid beard was matted, thick, and long. 430

Soon as Angelica, with startled look,
 The madman view'd, through every joint she shook :
 She shook with fear, while loud to heaven she cry'd,
 And call'd for succour to her trusty guide :
 When mad Orlando view'd that lovely face, 435
 As if by instinct, starting from his place,
 He gaz'd, and with an idiot joy beheld,
 Those heavenly charms that every charm excell'd :
 Though all reflection that she once possess'd
 His soul's dear love was banish'd from his breast. 440
 He sees, he likes--and what he likes pursues :
 So the staunch hound, amid the tainted dews,
 Winds his fleet prey : the youth who view'd his dame
 Thus closely prest, behind the madman came
 With trampling courser, and to rage inflam'd, 445
 Against his back the glittering weapon aim'd.
 Sheer through his neck he thought to drive the sword,
 But found the wondrous flesh no pass afford.

Ver. 424. *In hot Sienna, or the sultry earth*

Where Amon's fane-----] Sienna, a city of Egypt, subject to the most intense heat of the sun. The temple of Amon was situated in Africa, and held in veneration by the Garamantians, a people inhabiting those parts.

Ver. 426. *Or those steep hills--*] Mountains of Ethiopia, called the Mountains of the Moon.

Orlando felt the sword, and turning round,
 With hand, unarm'd, laid lifeless on the ground 450
 Medoro's steed---then hasten'd to pursue
 The trembling damsel that before him flew,
 That spur'd her mare, whose pace had seem'd too slow,
 Though like an arrow from the well-strung bow.
 But now she call'd her last resource to mind, 455
 Her wond'rous ring, which still she us'd to find
 Her sure defence, which held between her lips,
 Conceal'd her person with a strange eclipse:
 The charm she try'd, and vanish'd from the sight,
 As with the whistling blast th' extinguish'd light. 460
 Then, whether fear, or whether eager haste,
 Th' affrighted damsel in her seat displac'd;
 Or whether then her mare, ill-fated, fell
 By sudden trip---'tis doubtful here to tell.
 But while the ring she from her finger drew, 465
 And, in her mouth dispos'd, conceal'd from view
 Her lovely form, the stirrups from her feet
 She lost, and tumbled headlong from her seat:
 And had she nearer fall'n, the madman's arm
 Had surely seiz'd and wrought her further harm; 470
 Her life perhaps had then the forfeit paid
 For all her scorn---but Fortune gave her aid.
 Now must the damsel, of her mare bereft,
 Some other palfrey seek by fraud or theft:
 For this the Paladin with eager speed 475
 Pursues; and doubt not here another steed

Ver. 476.another steed

Will soon be hers--] Angelica is mentioned again for the last time, Book xxx. ver. 111.

Will soon be hers---but let us now repair
To him who, losing thus the vanish'd fair,
Her beast pursu'd along the sandy plain :
At length he seiz'd her by the flowing mane : 430
With ease the Paladin her swiftness stay'd,
As one with gentle hand the gentler maid.
The bridle now he took, and with a bound,
The frantic hero, rising from the ground,
Vaults in the seat, then drives her many a mile, 435
Nor gives a moment's respite to her toil ;
Nor frees her from the saddle, bit, or rein,
Nor lets her taste of grass, or hay, or grain.
It chanc'd as o'er a fosse he urg'd her pace,
Both beast and man fell headlong in the place. 490
No hurt Orlando knew : but with the shock
The wretched beast, misus'd, her shoulder broke.
And here compell'd awhile Orlando stays,
At length athwart his back the mare he lays,
And bears as far, as sent with vigorous art, 495
Thrice from the bow-string flies the feather'd dart ;
Till by the weight oppress'd, with rein in hand,
He leads her limping o'er the shelly strand.
The crippled mare pursues his steps with pain---
Come on---come on---Orlando cries in vain. 500
At length the bridle, with a noose supply'd,
He took, and round her better leg he ty'd,
Then dragg'd along, and as he dragg'd, he said :
Well may'st thou follow now, so gently led.
Against the flinty road the covering hair 505
Was rent and torn, and all the flesh laid bare,
Till death ensu'd ; nor yet Orlando ceas'd,
But onward drew the mangled lifeless beast.

Still towards the west he pass'd, and in his course
Dwellings and towns he wasted, took by force 510
From trembling peasants all the food he sought,
Or fruit or flesh: of wretches whom he caught
Unhappy some he maim'd, and some he slew,
And on his way with rage ungovern'd flew.
'Thus had it far'd with her whom once he lov'd, 515
But from her ring a better fate she prov'd.

Curst be the ring! and evil chance betide
The knight that with the gift her hand supply'd!
Else had Orlando full revenge obtain'd
For him, and each whom once her pride disdain'd. 520
Not she alone, but 'would that all her kind
Were to Orlando's frantic arm consign'd.
All are ingrate! nor midst the perjur'd race,
Is one whose merits claim the smallest grace:—
But hold, or strain'd too far, my weary lyre 525
May ill supply the sound my lays require.
Here let us for awhile the tale suspend,
Till the pleas'd ear again attention lend.

THE
THIRTIETH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

CONTINUATION of the mad feats of Orlando. The poet takes leave of Angelica. Dissentions in the camp of Agramant renewed. Rogero and Mandricardo first named by lot to decide their quarrel for the shield of Hector. Description and issue of their combat. Bradamant laments the absence of her lover, and hears tidings of him by Hippalca. Rinaldo arrives at Mount Albano, and prepares with his brethren Guichardo, Richardo, Richardetto, and Alardo, and his kinsmen Vivian and Malagigi, to go to the assistance of Charles. Bradamant remains behind at Mount Albano.

THE
THIRTIETH BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHEN Reason, that should still in bounds restrain
Each sudden warmth, to Passion gives the rein ;
And blindfold Rage our hand or lips can move
To injure those who merit most our love ;
Though we with tears our errors past bemoan, 5
Such tears can never for th' offence atone.
In vain, alas ! I sorely now repent
Those words in which I gave my anger vent ;
Since like a wretch I fare, who while distress
With slow disease, has long his plaints suppress, 10
Till hopeless grown, to wild impatience driven,
He arms his tongue against dispensing Heaven :
His health restor'd, he owns his crime with grief,
But words once spoke admit of no relief.
Yet, ever-courteous dames ! I hope from you 15
To meet that grace for which I lowly sue.
Forgive, what from a lover's frenzy came,
And to my beauteous foe transfer the blame ;

She plunges me in ills, she bids me burn
 With fierce resentment, that indulg'd must turn 26
 On my own head---Heaven only knows if love
 So true as mine, deserves such fate to prove.
 Not less my madness than Orlando's rage,
 And such as well may pity's ear engage;
 Like his, who wandering now from hill to plain, 25
 Had travers'd o'er Marsilius' wide domain.

Day following day from place to place he flew,
 While at his back the lifeless beast he drew.
 At length he reach'd a stream whose ample tide
 Pour'd to the sea; there on the turfy side 30
 The carcase left, and swiftly plunging o'er,
 He gain'd by stress of arms the further shore.
 When near the banks a village-swain he view'd,
 Who brought his horse to water at the flood,
 And onward held his way, nor thought of fear 35
 To see one naked like Orlando near.
 Let me (the madman cry'd) thy courser take,
 With my good mare I mean th' exchange to make:
 Look if thou wilt---behold she lies at hand,
 For dead I left her there on yonder strand. 40
 I left her dead---but well I know thy care
 Will bind her wounds and every hurt repair.
 Give me thy steed---and with him further pay
 For such a fair exchange---dismount I pray
 In courtesy to speed me on my way. 45 }

Loud laugh'd the swain, but answering not a word
 'The madman left, and turn'd him to the ford.
 Thou hear'st me not---(enrag'd Orlando cry'd)
 Give me thy horse---and with a lengthen'd stride

B. XXX.	ORLANDO FURIOSO.	143
Advancing swift, a staff the herdsman shook		50
Of knotty oak, with which the earl he struck :		
At this the Paladin was rous'd to ire,		
He gnash'd his teeth, his eye-balls flash'd with fire.		
With hand unarm'd he dealt a crashing wound,		
And stretch'd the peasant lifeless on the ground.		55
He mounts his steed, he scours the public ways,		
And towns and villages in ruin lays :		
No rest, no provender the beast he gives,		
But in a few short days disabled leaves.		
Nor will Orlando long on foot remain,		60
But soon by force another steed obtain :		
Whate'er he meets his lawless prize he makes ;		
He kills the rider, and the courser takes.		
Arriv'd at Malaga, the frantic knight		
Fill'd every part with tumult and affright :		65
Such was the ravage of his fearful hand,		
Two years suffic'd not to recruit the land.		
Such numbers slain he left where'er he pass'd,	}	70
Such buildings burnt, to earth so many cast,		
That half the country look'd a dreary waste.		
To Zizera he thence pursu'd his way,		
That near the straits of Zibelterra lay.		
There loosen'd from the strand a bark he view'd,		
In which a troop for solace on the flood		

Ver. 54. *With hand unarm'd---*] The Italian is,
 Sul capo del pastore un pugno serra
 Che spezza l'osso.....

Literally,
 He struck the shepherd a blow on the head with his fist, and
 split his skull.

Enjoy'd the freshness of the morning breeze, 75
And skimm'd the surface of the tranquil seas:
On them Orlando call'd aloud to stay,
And him their partner in the bark convey.
In vain he call'd, when none to hear inclin'd;
A guest like him could little welcome find. 80
Swift o'er the level tide the vessel flies,
As sails the swallow through the liquid skies.

At this, with blows on blows Orlando drives
His steed though loth, and at the sea arrives.
The steed reluctant enters in the waves, 85
Long vainly struggling: now the water laves
His knees and breast; now swells on either side,
Till scarce his head appears above the tide.
No more returning shall he quit the surge,
While o'er his ears the madman waves the scourge. 90
Ah! wretched steed! whose life must soon be lost,
Unless thou swimm'st to Afric's distant coast.
Now more and more, withdrawing from the land,
Orlando loses sight of hills and strand.
Far in the sea he wades; between his eyes 95
And objects lost the billows fall and rise:
Till now unequal to the watery strife,
The beast concludes his swimming and his life:
He sunk, and with the steed had sunk his load,
But self-supported on the heaving flood, 100
His nervous arms and legs Orlando ply'd,
And from his mouth expell'd the briny tide;
While Fortune, that o'er madmen still presides,
From death preserves him, and to Setta guides;
Then lands him safe, where near arose in sight 105
The walls in distance twice an arrow's flight:

At length he found along the tented coast
 Encamp'd in swarthy bands a countless host.
 But let us leave the earl, till better time
 To him again recall the wandering rhyme. 110

What next to fair Angelica befel,
 Who late escap'd the madman's hand so well,
 And how she found a ship in happy hour
 To bear her safe for India's spicy shore;
 There gave Medoro o'er her realms to reign, 115
 Others may sing in more exalted strain:
 I hasten to the Tartar knight, who gain'd
 Such conquest o'er his rival, as obtain'd
 The fairest dame to fill a lover's arms
 That Europe boasts in all her bloom of charms, 120
 Since from our clime Angelica retir'd,
 And Isabella chaste to Heaven aspir'd.

Though Mandricardo heard with conscious pride
 The dame in his behalf the cause decide,
 Yet short enjoyment could that chance afford, 125
 When quarrels still on foot requir'd his sword.
 There young Rogero call'd him to the field,
 And claim'd the argent eagle on his shield:
 Gradasso, king of Sericana's lands,
 For Durindana here the fight demands. 130
 King Agramant, and king Marsilius try'd
 To make each warrior's angry strife subside:

Ver. 109. *But let us leave the earl, --*] He returns to Orlando,
 Book xxxix. ver. 277.

Ver. 116. *Others may sing --*] Angelica and Medoro appear no
 more in the course of this work.

But nor Rogero will the Tartar knight
 Permit to bear great Hector's shield in fight;
 Nor stern Gradasso let the Tartar wield 135
 The sword Orlando brandish'd in the field.

Then Agramant—No more at variance fall,
 Let chance of lots each knight to battle call:
 And let us prove, whom Fortune first may name;
 Of him she favours, I confirm the claim: 140
 If yet you hold your sovereign's love so dear,
 To what he offers lend a willing ear:
 When lots decide who first the fight shall wage,
 Let him, whose name appears, his faith engage
 On his own head at once each strife to take, 145
 And, conquering for himself, a conquest make
 For either's claim; or if his loss ensues,
 He, losing for himself, for each shall lose:

Ver. 118. — *for each shall lose:*] It may not be amiss to take a little retrospect, in order to see how the matter was settled by Agramant, which seems rather to require some explanation. By the first lots that were drawn, the combatants stood thus: first, Rodomont and Mandricardo: second, Mandricardo and Rogero: third, Rodomont and Rogero: fourth, Mandricardo and Marphisa. The list being prepared for the fight between Rodomont and Mandricardo, while these knights are arming themselves, a new dispute arises between them and Gradasso and Sacripant, for Durindana and Frontino, which puts a stop to the expected combat between Rodomont and Mandricardo. Marphisa adds to the confusion by carrying off Brunnello prisoner, whom she accuses of stealing her sword; and Rogero seeing the order of the lots disturbed, claims again his horse from Rodomont. Agramant, to settle the first dispute between Rodomont and Mandricardo, orders the case to be determined by Doralis, who chusing Mandricardo, her former lover quits the camp with indignation. The list now remained according to the first lots, to be entered by Rogero and Mandricardo, but Gradasso persisting still to claim Durindana from Mandricardo, Agramant proposes that lots should be again drawn to determine whether Rogero or Gradasso should first engage with Mandricardo.

So nearly, held in equal balance, weighs
Rogero's and Gradasso's martial praise, 150
That he whose prowess can in combat stand
With either knight, may prove his valiant hand
At all essays---let conquest grace the side,
Which Heaven's eternal justice shall provide :
But no dishonour on the loser fall, 155
Whate'er betide, impute to Fortune all.

Silent Rogero and Gradasso heard
The prudent counsel of their king rever'd,
And each agreed, whom chance the knight might make,
The cause of either on himself should take. 160
The names inscrib'd within an urn they threw,
And, shaking round, the lots a stripling drew.
Wrote on the first Rogero's name they find,
But bold Gradasso's name remain'd behind.
What words can speak the joy Rogero feels, 165
Soon as the fateful vase his lot reveals :
Nor less the Sericanian chief repines :
But who shall that oppose which Heaven designs ?
And now Gradasso with officious cares,
Rogero for the dreadful list prepares ; 170

and to prevent future strife, proposes that whoever draws the lot of combats shall determine both his own claim and the claim of the knight who loses the lot ; that when Rogero wins or loses, he shall not only win or lose the eagle for himself, but Gradasso shall, in right of his conquest, or in consequence of his defeat, take possession of Durindana or relinquish his claim ; and in like manner Rogero shall in right of Gradasso's conquest, or in consequence of his defeat, continue to bear the shield of Hector, or relinquish the claim. In this last disposition of the lots, no provision seems to be made for the termination of Marphisa's quarrel with Mandricardo.

By long experience in the fields of fight,
 To win the day instructs the youthful knight:
 His veteran skill directs him how to wield
 The trenchant sword, or lift the covering shield;
 What to his arm the foe may open leave, 175
 Which stroke may reach, and which his aim deceive;
 When Fortune's offers to accept or shun,
 And all war's arts he points him one by one.

The lists prepar'd; ere since the lots were cast
 On either side the remnant day was past, 180
 As custom wills, in many a kind address
 (As each inclines) for either knight's success,
 And all the signs of love that parting friends express. }

The people, eager to behold the sight,
 Throng every passage with the dawning light; 185
 While some impatient for the day's return,
 Wait in the list all night th' approach of morn.

The vulgar herd, still caught with outward shows,
 Desire the noble knights in arms to close;
 These judge not of events: but all whose mind 190
 Can from the present see what lurks behind,
 Midst whom Marsilius and Sobrino know

What most can work their country's weal or woe,
 Condemn the fight, while Agrainant they blame
 'Through whom the quarrel to such issue came: 195

Nor ceas'd they to the monarch's thought to call
 What ruin must the Moorish race befall,
 Whether, by angry destiny decreed,
 Rogero or the Tartar prince should bleed:
 Since one such warrior lost must weaken more 200
 Their force to meet the son of Pepin's power,

Than thousands slain, amidst whose numerous band
 Not one perhaps could boast of heart or hand.
 King Agramant the important truth confess'd :
 But how repeal his grant? In vain he press'd 205 }
 The noble knights, and each by turns address'd.
 He urg'd how weak their present cause of strife,
 How little such deserv'd the risk of life :
 But if they scorn'd to hear the sound of peace,
 At least some months might each from quarrel cease, 210
 Till Charles was exil'd from th' imperial land,
 His crown and mantle won; and from his hand
 The sceptre wrench'd, no more his sway to own,
 And Afric rais'd on Gallia's ruin'd throne.
 In vain to this, to that the monarch sues, 215
 Their sovereign both revere, yet both refuse
 To yield in this, where he who first gives way
 They deem must all a soldier's fame betray.

But more than Agramant, and more than each
 That urg'd the Tartar with dissuasive speech, 220
 King Stordilano's lovely daughter strove
 With prayers and tears his steadfast mind to move;
 Begg'd him to grant what Afric's prince requir'd,
 What with their prince the noblest peers desir'd.

Ah! me (she cry'd) what more shall soothe my breast,
 Or calm henceforth my troubled thoughts to rest? 226
 When some new cause for ever can prevail
 To make thee sheath thy limbs in plate and mail?
 What have I gain'd, so late o'erjoy'd to find
 My hand decreed without the fight design'd 230
 With Sarza's chief---if still to risk thy life
 I view so soon another kindled strife?

Alas ! in vain was once my proudest boast,
That such a knight, the bravest of his host,
Could for my beauty, prodigal of breath, 235
Engage a squadron in the face of death ;
Since now too late I find the slightest cause,
For equal risk thy sword in battle draws :
Nor was it love for these unhappy charms
That urg'd thee then, but savage thirst of arms ! 240
Yet if sincere, as all thy words would show,
Love's faithful flames within thy bosom glow ;
By Love I here adjure thee, by the grief
That rends my heart, and now implores relief ;
Repine not though Rogero's hand may wield 245
The argent eagle in an azure field.
What good awaits, what evil can be thine,
Should he retain it, or the crest resign ?
Thy battle much may lose, but little gain :
Should now thy arms Rogero's bird obtain, 250
Small prize for mighty toil ! but should'st thou find
With face averted Fortune here unkind--
(Nor deem her ever fix'd) what tortures wait
This heart that shudders but to doubt thy fate !
Though life to thee so worthless may appear, 255
Thy judgment holds a painted bird more dear,
Yet, for my sake, prolong thy valu'd breath
The death of one includes the other's death ;
But, ah ! more wretched far my state must prove,
If first I see the death of him I love. 260

In words like these she pours the strain of woe,
While sighs to sighs in quick succession flow :
The live-long night her tender plaints increase,
The live-long night she woo's her lord to peace,

While from her eyes, which trickling tears suffuse, 265
 He sucks, with many a kiss, the balmy dew :
 Then from her rosy lips new sweets he seeks,
 Weeps to her words, and thus in answer speaks.

For Heaven's dear sake, my fair, thy grief control,
 Nor let so slight a cause afflict thy soul : 270
 Did Charles and Afric's king, with all the bands
 Collected here from French and Moorish lands,
 Unite their force to work my single harm,
 No terror should thy gentle breast alarm.
 To thee my prowess little must appear, 275
 If one Rogero thus can raise thy fear.
 Thou may'st remember when I dauntless dar'd
 (No sword or scymetar my side to guard)
 With broken spear, amidst a numerous band,
 To rush and quell them with my single hand. 280
 Gradasso's self, though grief and shame oppress
 His secret soul, if question'd will confess
 That him in Syria once I captive made :
 Yet not with his Rogero's worth is weigh'd.

Ver. 265. *While from her eyes --*] This passage may be taken from Statius, where Argia endeavours to persuade Polynices to quit the siege of Thebes.

Risit Echionius juvenis, tenerumque dolorem
 Conjugis amplexu solatur et oscula mæstis
 Tempestiva genis posuit-----
 -----Solve metus, animo-----

Theb. Lib. ii.

The smiling hero claps her to his breast,
 And with the stamp of love her cheeks impress'd,
 Prevents with blandishments the rising tears,
 And kindly then dispels her jealous fears.

Lewis.

Ver. 283. *That him in Syria once --*] Alluding to the adventure at the castle of the fairy, where he conquered Gradasso in single

Nor king Gradasso will a truth disown 285
 Which to your Isolero well is known,
 To Sacripant, who gives Circassia fame;
 Gryphon and Aquilant, of warlike name;
 To hundreds more, that equal fortune found,
 By cruel foes in captive fetters bound, 290
 Alike of Mahomet and Christian seed,
 Whom in one day this arm from bondage freed.
 Still must remembrance wake in every thought
 What mighty deeds that glorious day I wrought:
 And shall Rogero now (a child to fame) 295
 In single trial shake my martial name?
 Fear'st thou Rogero, when in fight I wear
 Great Hector's arms and Durindana bear?
 Why did I not in listed field engage
 With Sarza's king, for thee the fight to wage? 300
 Such had my valour prov'd, thy constant mind
 Had surely then Rogero's fall divin'd:
 For Heaven's sake, calm thy doubts, thy grief assuage,
 Nor let these trickling tears so ill presage:
 For know 'tis Honour calls me to the field, 305
 And not an eagle painted on a shield.

Thus he; while yet, with anxious fears oppress,
 The fair in moving words her suit address'd;
 Words that might shake the most determin'd soul,
 Might soften rocks and savage beasts control. 310

combat, won the armour of Hector, and set so many prisoners at liberty. See note, B. xiv. ver. 240.

Ver. 286. -- *to your Isolero* --] He gives him this appellation as being a Spaniard, and the countryman of Doralis.

A woman she, with beauty's naked charms,
So nearly vanquish'd him renown'd in arms,
He promis'd, if again the king requir'd
To stay the fight, to grant the peace desir'd.
But scarce Aurora had with light begun 315
To streak the east and usher in the sun,
When bold Rogero, to defend his fame,
And to the glorious bird assert his claim,
Appears in arms, where crowds the list enclose,
And from his horn a stern defiance blows. 320
Soon as this sound, the rattling peal of war,
The Tartar rous'd, no longer will he bear
A word of peace, but from the couch he flies
With headlong speed, and loud for arms he cries ;
While in his look such savage fury glares, 325
That Doralis herself no further dares
To plead for truce or peace, compell'd t' obey
Her knight's stern will, and give the battle way.
Himself his limbs in shining mail attires,
And scarce, impatient, waits th' attending squires ; 330
Then mounts the generous courser, that before,
In combat, Paris' great defender * bore.

Soon came the king, the nobles take their seat,
And soon in arms the eager knights must meet.
Already now their shining helms are lac'd, 335
In either hand each ashen lance is plac'd.
The signal sounds ; and at the dreadful blast,
A thousand cheeks are pale and hearts aghast :
So fierce they pour t' obey the trumpet's call,
That earth appears to open, heaven to fall ! 340

* Orlando.

On either hand each knight is seen to wield
 The silver eagle on his honour'd shield :
 The bird, that once in air could Jove sustain ;
 That oft was seen amidst th' embattled train,
 With other pinions on Thessalia's plain.

345

While either knight, at such a hideous shock,
 Seems as a tower to winds, to waves a rock ;
 The crashing spears break short, and to the sky
 (As Turpin truly writes) the shivers fly ;
 Whence from the fiery region (strange to tell !) 350
 Again on earth the burning fragments fell.
 The knights, as those who know not terror, drew
 Their flashing swords the combat to renew :
 At either's helm they aim the trenchant steel :
 Together met, at once their vizors feel 355
 The fearful strokes : but neither knight would try
 Ungenerous arts, or make the courser die
 T' o'erthrow his lord---for wherefore should the steed
 Who knows not battle's guilt in battle bleed ?
 Yet he who thinks the knights such compact made, 360
 But errs, and never heard the laws that sway'd
 The times of old, when shameful was that arm
 Esteem'd of all, that could the courser harm.
 Their vizors struck, though fenc'd with double fold
 Of temper'd plates, could scarce the tempest hold. 365
 Swift and more swift the gleaming swords assail,
 Blows follow blows, descending thick as hail,

Ver. 344. ---*th' embattled train,*] The poet alludes to the battles of Cæsar and Pompey, where either army bore the Roman eagle : he says with *other pinions*, the Roman eagle being black, the Thessalian eagle white.

That breaks the trees, destroys the golden grain,
And marrs the harvest of th' expecting swain.

Oft have you heard of Durindana's fame, 370
What fatal wounds from Balisarda came,
Judge what their strokes must prove which two such
warriors aim. }

But while so wary each his guard maintain'd,
No blows descended worthy either's hand :
The Tartar first his dreadful sword impell'd 375
That through the middle of the buckler held
Its biting course, thence through the corselet hew'd,
And to the flesh its cruel way pursu'd.
A wound so dreadful freezes every heart
Of those that favour'd good Rogero's part ; 380
And would but Fortune so exert her sway,
To give the palm where general suffrage lay,
Stern Mandricardo soon must fall or yield ;
And thus this stroke offended half the field.
But sure some Angel's interposing power 385
Preserv'd Rogero in that dangerous hour.
All terrible in wrath the warrior burn'd,
And to the foe his answer swift return'd :
At Mandricardo's helmet from above
He rais'd the sword, but with such haste he drove, 390
It fell not edgeways : nor the knight I blame,
Whose noble warmth deceiv'd his better aim.
And had not Balisarda fail'd to wound,
In vain the foe had Hector's helmet found.
So sorely Mandricardo felt the stroke, 395
Senseless he seem'd, the reins his hand forsook ;
And threatening headlong thrice to fall, he reel'd,
While Brigliadoro cours'd around the field ;

That Brigliadoro, once Orlando's care,
Who still laments a foreign lord to bear. 400
Not with such rage the trodden serpent glows;
Not half so fierce the wounded lion shows:
As Mandricardo to himself restor'd
From the late fury of Rogero's sword:
The deeper wrath and pride inflam'd his breast, 405
The more his strength and valour shone confess'd.
He spurs his steed, and to Rogero flies,
He lifts his sword, he measures with his eyes,
High on his stirrups rais'd in fell design
With one fierce stroke to cleave him to the chine. 410
Rogero, heedful of the foe's intent,
While yet the hand hung threatening in descent,
Beneath his arm impell'd the pointed blade,
And through the mail an ample passage made,
Then from the wound with life-blood smoking drew 415
His Balisarda dy'd to crimson hue;
And took such vigour from the stroke away,
That Durindana fell with lighter sway,
Though backward to his courser's crupper sent,
His brows, with anguish writh'd, Rogero bent; 420
And had his helm of common steel been fram'd,
That stroke had well the striker's force proclaim'd.
Rogero to his steed the spur apply'd,
And swift at Mandricardo's better side
The weapon aim'd, where jointed armour clos'd 425
With strongly temper'd plates, in vain oppos'd:
The fatal falchion, forg'd with potent charms,
Where'er it falls divides the strongest arms;
Through plate and mail a speedy course it found,
And in the Tartar's side infix'd a wound; 430

Who, loud blaspheming, with such fury raves,
As roaring ocean black with stormy waves.
Prepar'd to prove his strength, the fatal shield
That bears the eagle on its azure field,
With fierce impatience to the ground he cast, 435
And grasp'd with either hand his falchion fast.
Full dearly hast thou prov'd (Roger cry'd)
Thou ill deserv'st the crest thou throw'st aside;
Now thrown aside, cleft by thy sword before,
Claim not to this thy right or title more. 440

Thus he; but while he spoke was doom'd to feel
The fatal edge of Durindana's steel.
Divided sheer its force the vizor prov'd,
At happy distance from his face remov'd;
Next through the saddle-bow with dire descent, 445
Through iron plates the gleaming falchion went,
Through skirted mail the jointed cuishes found,
And in his thigh impress'd a ghastly wound.
From both the combatants the gushing tide
To purple hue their shining armour dy'd; 450
That doubtful yet it seem'd of either knight
Who best might claim th' advantage of the fight:
But soon Roger shall that doubt decide;
The fatal sword by which such numbers dy'd,
He whirl'd around, and the sharp point impell'd 455
Where late the Tartar knight his buckler held:

Ver. 432. *As roaring ocean--*] So Spenser when the monster is wounded by the Red-Cross knight:

He cry'd, as raging seas are wont to roar.

B. I. c. xi. st. 21.

Ver. 439. -- *cleft by thy sword before,*] See ver. 376, where Mandricardo cuts through Roger's shield.

Corselet and side he pierc'd with thrilling smart,
 And found a passage to his panting heart,
 His heart unguarded by his ample shield;
 Stern Mandricardo now to fate must yield; 460
 Must yield the eagle to its youthful lord;
 Must yield his title to the glorious sword;
 And ah! for final issue to the strife,
 With sword and targe must yield his dearer life.

He dy'd; nor yet without revenge he dy'd, 465
 For, ere the hostile weapon pierc'd his side,
 His falchion, won so ill, he rais'd anew,
 Whose edge had cleft Rogero's brows in two,
 But that the wound the 'Tartar knight receiv'd,
 Of wonted strength his furious arm bereav'd. 470
 From Mandricardo as Rogero took
 His wretched life, the 'Tartar aim'd the stroke;
 And through the helm with unresisted sway,
 Deep Durindana forc'd its cruel way.

Back fell Rogero senseless on the ground, 475
 A purple current gushing from the wound.
 First fell Rogero, while the 'Tartar knight
 Still kept his seat, as victor of the fight,
 And each believ'd his valiant arm had gain'd
 The wreath in such a glorious list obtain'd. 480
 Fair Doralis, in that day's fight deceiv'd
 With fears and hopes, th' event with all believ'd;
 And gave with lifted hands her thanks to Heaven
 For such an issue to the combat given:
 But when appear'd to all the Pagan train 485
 Rogero living, Mandricardo slain;

Ver. 486. *Rogero living, Mandricardo slain.*] I believe every reader will agree that this combat is admirably described, that all,

In different breasts new passions take their turn,
 These smile that wept, and those that triumph'd mourn.

The king, the lords, and knights the most renown'd,
 To brave Rogero, scarcely from the ground 490

With anguish rais'd, a friendly greeting give,
 And in their arms the conquering youth receive.

All with the knight rejoice, and all express
 Sincere the thoughts their secret souls confess :

All save Gradasso, who within conceals 495

Far other feeling than his tongue reveals :

His outward looks the marks of joy impart,

But hidden envy rankles at his heart,

While oft he calls the lot of fate accurst

That from the urn disclos'd Rogero first. 500

How shall I speak the marks of love sincere

By royal Agramant, who held him dear,

Giv'n to the youth, without whose valiant hand

The king refus'd t' embark from Afric's land,

To spread his martial banners to the wind, 505

Or trust the force of all his powers combin'd?

And now by him the Tartar chief o'erthrown,

He deems all strength compriz'd in him alone.

Not only to Rogero's weal inclin'd

The manly sex, but woman's gentler kind; 510

From Spain and Afric, many a lovely dame,

That with the banded powers to Gallia came,

With looks and tongue would now his worth and
 praise proclaim. }

the turns of fortune are painted in the most lively colours, the expectation artfully kept up, and the issue unexpectedly brought about by the death of Mandricardo and the victory of Rogero..

Ev'n Doralis whose streaming eyes bewail
 Her noble lover senseless, cold, and pale, 515
 Even she perchance had join'd the general voice,
 But sense of shame, that curbs the female choice,
 Forbade her speech---yet such his charms of face,
 His courage, virtue, every winning grace,
 That she who once had prov'd her wavering heart 520
 So prompt to feel the point of Cupid's dart,
 Rather than robb'd of love's soft bliss to live,
 Her charms would gladly to Rogero give.
 Her joys on living Mandricardo fed,
 But what can profit Mandricardo dead? 525
 Behoves her now to seek another guide,
 Vigorous and young, that ever at her side,
 Might night and day for all her wants provide.

Meanwhile a leech of every leech best read
 In healing arts, was to Rogero led; 530
 Each wound explor'd, he soon with looks assur'd
 Pronounc'd the noble knight of life secur'd.
 Now bade king Agramant with friendly care
 Rogero to his royal tent to bear,
 By night, by day to have him ever near, 535
 So dear he lov'd him, held his life so dear.
 Behind his bed on high the monarch plac'd
 The shield and arms that Mandricardo grac'd,
 Save Durindana, that all-famous sword,
 Now made the prize of Sericana's lord: 540
 Rogero won his arms and gallant steed;
 Which good Anglante's knight in madness freed;
 But him to Agramant Rogero gives,
 Who gladly at his hand the gift receives.

Now leave we these awhile, and change the strain 515
To her who for Rogero mourns in vain :
'Tis mine to tell the heart-consuming cares
That Bradamant for her Rogero bears.

Hippalca now to Mount Albano came,
With certain tidings to the love-sick dame.: 550
She told how late by Rodomont beset,
She lost Frontino, how at length she met
With Richardetto at the wizard's fount,
Rogero, and the lords of Agrismont;
'That thence Rogero hasten'd to demand 555
Frontino taken from a damsel's hand ;
But straying from the path, he fail'd to find
The Sarzan prince, and miss'd the fight design'd.
'Then (as he will'd) the trusty maid explain'd
What from Albano's walls the youth detain'd. 560

Thus she, and from her breast the lines she drew,
Those lines, which now the dame with alter'd hue
More sad than pleas'd receiv'd, with beating heart
Perusing that which little eas'd her smart :
For while she hop'd on him to feast her eye, 565
She found his words alone her bliss supply.
Hence on her lovely features mix'd appear
Soft disappointment and intruding fear ;
Yet oft the leaf she kiss'd, while still she bent
Her thoughts on him whose hand the greeting sent. 570
Her sighs are fires to burn the amorous page,
Her tears are rivers that the heat assuage.
How oft she reads---how oft again inquires
What more from him, the lord of her desires,

Ver. 515. *Now leave we these ---*] He returns to Rogero and Agramant, Book xxxi. ver. 577.

The damsel brought; again the truth she knows; 575
Again she fears--again her sorrow flows;
And still had flow'd---but hope again repress'd
The doubts and fears that shook her tender breast.
Rogero said (and to Hippalea vow'd
By every saint to make his promise good) 580
Some twenty days should see her weep no more,
But to her sight her absent mate restore.

Ah! who can Fortune's fickle turns decide
That holds her rule o'er every state? (she cry'd)
And chief in war, where every chance we prove, 585
Some chance may keep him ever from my love.
Alas! Rogero, who would e'er divine
That whilst I lov'd thee with a love like mine,
Beyond myself--less friendship wouldst thou show
To me, to all--than to thy greatest foe! 590
To those thou should'st oppose, thou giv'st success,
And whom thy arms should aid, thy arms oppress.
Shall we with praise or blame thy deeds regard,
That thus can punish and can thus reward?
Hast thou not heard (a story known so well) 595
That by Troyano's arms thy father fell?
And lo! thy sword Troyano's son attends,
From shame preserves him and from death defends.
Is this thy vengeance for a parent slain?
Shall those who combat for his sake obtain 600
Such dire return, that weltering in their gore
Thou mak'st me still their wretched end deplore?

The damsel thus her absent knight reproves,
And with her tears invokes whom most she loves:
Not once, but oft Hippalea (gentle maid) 605
Would sooth her woes, would oft the fair persuade

To trust Rogero, and with patient mind
Await the period to her fears assign'd.
Hippalca's words and hope with these imprest,
Hope ever present in the wretch's breast, 610
Assuage her grief and urge her now to stay
At Mount Albano till th' expected day,
A day but ill observ'd--though him she lov'd,
For absence mourn'd unjustly she reprov'd,
Whom now one cause, another now detain'd, 615
And thus his seeming breach of faith constrain'd.

Meanwhile in anguish on his painful bed
The youthful knight his feeble members spread,
Struggling with death, from wounds receiv'd in fight,
From wounds inflicted by the Tartar knight. 620

Now came the day desir'd; from rosy morn
Till sable eve she waits his wish'd return;
No tidings known but what Hippalca brought;
And since her brother Richardetto taught,
How brave Rogero at his greatest need 625
His life had ransom'd and his kinsmen freed:
All this she gladly hears, but with it hears
What mingles with her joy intruding fears:
Much was the talk of her, for female charms
No less extoll'd, than noble feats of arms; 630
Marphisa she, who with Rogero's sword
Had Afric's king to life and hope restor'd.
So brave a friend might Bradamant approve,
But here a thousand doubts alarm'd her love.
No light suspicion had the dame possest, 635
That were Marphisa fair, as fame express'd,

Such friendship might by slow degrees impart
 A warmer passion to his gentle heart.
 But now she chides the thought; again she cheers
 Her mind with hope; again by turns she fears; 640
 At Mount Albano still resolves t' await
 In all the tumult of her anxious state,
 The day that must decide her doubtful fate. }
 As there she stay'd, the * lord of that fair tower
 Who of his brethren first the title bore, 645
 (Not first in birth, but first in mighty name,
 For two in † birth asserted earlier claim)
 Rinaldo, who with martial prowess won
 All praise from them, as from the stars the sun,
 The castle reach'd at early dawn of day, 650
 One page alone attendant on his way.

While thus he pass'd, as wont, from place to place
 The flight of fair Angelica to trace,
 Near Paris' walls he heard th' unwelcome hour
 Approach'd, that to the fell Maganzan's ‡ power 655
 Must Malagigi and must Vivian yield;
 And hence to Agrismont his course he held,
 Where soon he found that, freed from slavish bands
 By brave Rogero and Marphisa's hands,
 Their foes o'erthrown or slain, the brother-pair 660
 And Richardetto with their friends to share
 The general joy, to Mount Albano went:
 Rinaldo, at the great deliverance sent,
 No less rejoic'd; and deem'd each day a year
 That kept him far from those he held so dear. 665

* Rinaldo.

† Guichardo, and Richardo.

‡ Bertolagi.

To Mount Albano hence with eager haste
Rinaldo came, and there his friends embrac'd,
His wife, his brethren, every kindred name,
But chiefly those who late from thralldom came.
Each round the Paladin impatient clung 670
With fond delight and on his aspect hung :
As round their dam rejoice the callow brood,
When in her bill she brings th' expected food.
Two days he stay'd, the third his home forsook,
And with him all his martial kindred took : 675
With him Richardo, Richardetto rode,
Guichardo, eldest born of Amon's blood :
Th' example Vivian and Alardo warm'd,
And Malagigi with the warriors arm'd.

But Bradamant who there expecting stay'd, 680
To wait her knight's return, so long delay'd ;
To plead excuse a sudden sickness feign'd
That from so brave a troop her arms detain'd.
Well might the noble virgin then complain,
Though not of fever, or corporeal pain : 685
Sick with desire, her soul was doom'd to prove
The cruel, strange vicissitudes of love.

Ver. 668. *His wife*,--] The discovery here first made of Rinaldo's marriage, will doubtless surprise the English reader, as not the least hint has been given of such a circumstance in any former part of the poem: her name is indeed mentioned in Boyardo. (See note to book xxxix. ver. 473.) But by all the romance writers he is described to be a married man; and in the poem of Tasso called after his name, Rinaldo, is a full account of his love for Clarice and history of his marriage. However, there is certainly something very strange in the conduct of Ariosto in this matter, which must affect the character of his hero.

His banner thus from Mount Albano spread,
The flower of all his train Rinaldo led:
How these to Paris came, what thence befel
In aid of Charles, th' ensuing book shall tell.

690

END OF THE THIRTIETH BOOK.

THE
THIRTY-FIRST BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO and his companions, in their way to the Christian camp, meet an unknown knight, who challenges them to run at tilt. Richardetto, Alardo, and Guichardo, are overthrown. Rinaldo then engages the stranger, but neither having the advantage, Rinaldo dismisses his train, and the two champions proceed to try their strength on foot, till they are parted by the night. The stranger discovers himself to Rinaldo. They overtake Rinaldo's companions, and arrive together near Paris, where they are joined by Gryphon and Aquilant. Rinaldo hears the news of Orlando's madness. Rinaldo and his company attack the trenches of the Moors by night, and are joined by Charles. Valour of Rinaldo. Brandimart goes with Flordelis in search of Orlando: his adventure at Rodomont's bridge. The forces of Agramant are defeated with great slaughter, and Agramant himself constrained to retreat to Arli. Gradasso seeks out Rinaldo, and challenges him to finish the combat formerly begun between them for Bayardo: a day is appointed, and the two knights meet to decide their difference.

THE
THIRTY-FIRST BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

WHAT state of man such rapture can impart
As the soft passions of an amorous heart?
What life so blest as his, decreed to prove
With pleasing chains the servitude of Love;
But that the foe of every love-born breast, 5
That fear, suspicion, that all-dreadful pest
Call'd Jealousy, the bane of human joys,
With canker'd tooth the lover's peace destroys?
Whatever else embitters for awhile
Life's sweetest cordial, serves but as a foil 10
T' enhance the good: as water to the taste
Of those who thirst, or food to those who fast:
And he, who never war's destruction knows
Can prize not peace, nor aught that peace bestows.
And while we pine, with longing eyes disjoin'd 15
From objects ever present to the mind,
Reflection tells, that absence must improve
The dear delight of meeting those we love:

'Tis thus, unrecompens'd, we can sustain
A length of service, while the hopes remain 20
That every year of loyal duty past
Shall find, though late, its full reward at last:
Remembrance still of once corroding cares,
Repulse, disdain, all that a lover bears
'To rend his soul, gives joy a double zest, 25
When joy renews the sunshine of the breast.
But if that plague, from hell's dire mansion brought,
Infects with deadly bane the secret thought,
'Thenceforth shall pleasure woo the sense in vain,
All pleasure then corrupted turns to pain. 30
Lo! this the fatal stroke, the venom'd wound,
For which no salve, no med'cine can be found.
Here nought avails---nor verse, nor sage's care,
Nor long observance of a kindly star:
Nor all th' experienc'd charms approv'd of yore 35
By Zoroaster skill'd in magic lore.
O jealousy! that every woe exceeds,
And soon to death the wretched sufferer leads:
Thou canst with cruel falsehood reason blind,
And burst the closest ties that hold mankind. 40
O jealousy in whose dire tempest tost,
Has hapless Bradamant each comfort lost!
I speak not here of thoughts that first depress'd
With tender doubts and fears, her virgin breast,
From what Hippalca and her brother said; 45
But heavier tidings to her ears convey'd
By later means; such tidings as in woe
Plung'd her more deep, which soon the Muse shall show.

Ver. 36. *By Zoroaster skill'd in magic lore.* Zoroaster, a king of the Bactrians, famous for his knowledge in the occult sciences.

But to Rinaldo now I turn the strain,
Who led to Paris' walls his martial train. 50

Next day, at evening close, a knight they spy'd
Advancing near, a damsel at his side:
Black was his surcoat, black his mournful shield,
Save that a bend of argent cross'd the field.
He Richardetto challeng'd to the course, 55

Who by his aspect seem'd a chief of force;
And he, who paus'd not, when to combat dar'd,
Wheel'd round his steed, and for the tilt prepar'd.
No further parley held; with equal speed
These noble knights, to win the victor's meed, 60
Together rush'd: apart Rinaldo stood,

And, with his warlike friends, th' encounter view'd.
Firm let me guide the spear, and soon I trust
To stretch my rival headlong in the dust--
Thus to himself bold Richardetto thought, 65
But different far his adverse fortune wrought.
Full on his helm, beneath the vizor's sight
With such a fury drove the stranger-knight,
He bore him from the seat, with matchless strength,
Beyond his courser twice the lance's length. 70

T' avenge the fall Alardo turn'd his rein
With ready speed, but sudden on the plain
Senseless he fell: so cruel was the stroke,
Through plated shield the thundering weapon broke.
Full soon his spear in rest Guichardo held, 75
Who view'd his brethren prostrate on the field;
Though loud Rinaldo cry'd---Forbear the fight,
To me the third attempt belongs by right.

Ver. 49. *But to Rinaldo now---*] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxxii. ver. 71.

Thus he: but while he stood with helm unlac'd,
Guichardo eager, with preventive haste, 80
Th' encounter dar'd; nor better could maintain
His scat, but with his brethren press'd the plain.
With emulation next their force to prove,
Richardo, Vivian, Malagigi move:
But now prepar'd, Rinaldo first address'd 85
His ready weapons and their speed repress'd.
Time summons us (he cries) to Paris' walls;
And ill it seems, when such high duty calls,
'To loiter here—nor will I wait (he said)
Till each of you by turns on earth is laid. 90
This to himself he spoke, which loud proclaim'd
Had touch'd his comrades, and their courage sham'd.

Each warrior now had measur'd on the field
The space to run, and each his courser wheel'd.
Rinaldo fell not, for his single hand 95
Comprisd the strength of all the knightly band:
Like brittle glass the spears in shivers broke;
Yet shrunk not back the warriors from the stroke
One foot, one inch---while with the sudden force
Driven on his crupper fell each warrior horse: 100
But swift Bayardo rose, as swift pursu'd
His interrupted course with speed renew'd:
Not so the adverse steed, that tumbling prone
His shoulder lux'd and broke his spinal bone.
The champion, who his slaughter'd courser view'd, 105
His stirrups left, and soon dismounted stood,
'To Amon's gallant son (whom near he spy'd
With hand unarm'd in sign of truce) he cry'd.

Sir knight! the trusty steed that lifeless here
Lies by thy force, I held, while living, dear; 110

And knighthood sure must feel a deadly stain,
To let him thus without revenge be slain.

Come on---exert thy skill, thy utmost might,
For thou and I must prove a closer fight.

Rinaldo then---If for thy courser dead, 115
And this alone, thou to the strife art led,

Dismiss thy care---and one from me receive,
Equal to him whose death thou seem'st to grieve.

Ill dost thou judge (the stranger thus rejoin'd)
If for a courser's loss thou think'st my mind 120

So sore distress'd---hear what I now demand---
As fits a knight, with sword to sword in hand,

To prove thy further nerve---if thou as well
Canst wield thy weapon, or canst mine excel.

Then, as thou wilt, on foot, or from the steed 125
Pursue the fight, but let the fight succeed.

I ask but this---be each advantage thine,
So much I thirst to match thy arm with mine.

Thus he, nor in suspense Rinaldo stay'd---
The battle claim'd I here engage (he said) 130

And to remove thy doubts of this my train,
Let all depart and I alone remain.

One only page I here retain, to hold
My trusty steed---So spoke the baron bold,

And as he spoke, dismiss'd his noble band: 135
They part observant to their lord's command.

The courtesy by good Rinaldo shown,
Claim'd all the praises of the knight unknown.

The Paladin alighting, with the rein
Entrusts his page Bayardo to detain. 140

And when no more his standard he beheld,
Already now far distant on the field,

His buckler firm embracing, from his side
He drew the sab'hon, and the knight defy'd.

Thus was the fight begun, and ne'er between 145

Two noble chiefs was deadlier combat seen :
Each little deem'd at first th' opponent's strength
Would draw the trial to such dangerous length.

By turns huge strokes they give, by turns receive ;
And neither yet has cause t' exult or grieve. 150

With valour skill combines ; and wide around
Loud echoes spread the batter'd armour's sound.
Piecemeal to earth their riven shields they send,
Lay bare the mail, and plates asunder rend.

Here less imports an arm to reach the foe, 155

Than well-taught art to ward each coming blow ;
Where both so equal in the dangerous strife,
The first mistake might hazard fame and life.

Thus held the fight, till in his wavy bed
The sinking sun had veil'd his golden head, 160

And now from shore to shore's extremest bound,
Night's sable shade had veil'd th' horizon round.

No rest each warrior knows--no little cause
Can stay that sword which rival glory draws :

That sword which rancour nor revenge could raise 165
To mortal arms, but restless thirst of praise.

Meantime Rinaldo ponder'd in his thought
What unknown warrior so undaunted fought,
Who not alone withstood his fiercest might,
But oft his life endanger'd in the fight ; 170

And now he gladly would the combat cease,
(Did fame permit) and join their hands in peace.
Not less the stranger-knight (who little knew
That he, who 'gainst him now his weapon drew

From malice free, was Mount Albano's lord) 175

Confess'd the thunder of his rival's sword,
By none surpass'd; and wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
The fight untry'd t' avenge his courser slain.

Fain would he now the dangerous sport elude,
But conscicous honour such design withstood. 180

Deep and more deep the glooms of evening rose,
Till darkness seem'd to mock their random blows:
Ill could they strike, and worse could ward the blade,
Conceal'd in either's hand with murky shade.

The lord of Mount Albano first address'd 185
His gallant foe—The hour requires to rest:
Defer the fight till slow Arcturus' wain
Has left its place in Heaven's o'er-spangled plain.
Meanwhile in our pavilion shalt thou meet
A friendly welcome and secure retreat, 190
Attended as ourself, and at our hands
Receive such honour as thy worth demands.

Thus far Rinaldo, nor in vain he spoke,
His proffer'd grace the courteous baron took:
And now Rinaldo from his ready squire 195
Receiv'd a stately steed with rich attire;
To sword and spear well train'd in every fight,
And with this gift he grac'd the stranger knight,
Who knew ere long the chief with whom he came
Was Clarmont's leader, as by chance the name 200
Escap'd his lips, while journeying thus they went
To join the warriors at Rinaldo's tent.

These noble knights were near by kindred ties,
Brethren by blood; and hence new passions rise,
That conflicts in the stranger's bosom move, 205
Who sheds the mingled tear of joy and love.

This youth was Guido savage, who before
 On stormy seas such toils and dangers bore
 With Olivero's sons *, Marphisa bold,
 And Sansonetto, as the Muse has told. 210

This knight in Pinabello's fraudulent hands
 A prisoner fall'n, was held in shameful bands
 From his lov'd friends, and there compell'd was stay'd
 'T' enforce an impious law his host had made.

Guido who now with eager gaze beheld 215
 Rinaldo, who in arms such chiefs excell'd,
 On whom so oft he wish'd to bend his sight,
 As sighs the blind to view the long-lost light,
 With transport thus began--O! honour'd lord!
 What ill-starr'd chance could ever lift my sword 220
 On one, for whom such rooted love I feel,
 For whom, o'er all, I glow with kindly zeal.
 My name is Guido--me Constantia bore
 To noble Amon on the Euxine shore:
 Not less than thine my ancestry I trace, 225
 An alien branch of Clarmont's noble race:
 A fond desire my journey hither drew,
 Thyself and all my kindred friends to view:

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

Ver. 207. *This youth was Guido savage,--*] This Guido was the champion with whom Marphisa fought amongst the Amazons (see Book xix. and xx.) and who afterwards with Gryphon, Aquilant, and Sansonetto, being sworn to defend the law made by Pinabello, was cast down by the enchanted light of Rogero's shield: the poet gives no further account of him till his meeting with Rinaldo in this book, nor does it appear how, or where he parted from the other knights: the lady in his company was Aleria his favourite wife, whom he brought from the land of the Amazons.

Ver. 208. *On stormy seas--*] Alluding to the storm before they landed amongst the Amazons.

But when I reverence meant, behold I give
 Such greeting only foes from foes receive ! 230
 If to my fault indulgence may be shown,
 Thy valiant followers and thyself unknown, }
 O ! say, what fair amends can such offence atone?

Courteous he said ; and now on either side
 Th' embrace exchang'd, Rinaldo thus reply'd. 235

Here cease---no more disturb thy generous mind
 T' excuse the fight, since from our ancient kind
 Thou spring'st a genuine shoot---no proof we claim
 Beyond the last to speak thy lineal fame.

Thy birth were doubtful, were thy courage less, 240
 But high soul'd thoughts a race as high confess.

No lions fierce from timorous deer proceed ;
 Nor doves from eagles, or from falcons breed.
 So spoke the knights, and now their way pursu'd,
 And, as they pass'd, their friendly talk renew'd. 245

The tent they reach'd, where to his comrades bold,
 Of savage Guido found, Rinaldo told ;
 That Guido whom so long they wish'd to view,
 Whom Fortune thither to their wishes drew.
 The welcome tidings gladden'd every breast, 250
 And all in him his mighty sire confess'd.

I pass the greetings of his noble race,
 How oft, with joy unhop'd, the fond embrace
 Sage Malagigi, Richardetto brave,
 Alardo, Aldiger, and Vivian grave : 255

How lords and knights to him observance paid,
 What he to them, and they in answer said.
 At every time the kinsmen had beheld
 Guido with joy---but now the joy excell'd

Beyond compare, when public need requir'd 260
Each arm and sword, and every bosom fir'd.

Now rose the sun from ocean's blue profound,
With orient rays his shining temples bound :
When with the brethren, all the warrior-kind
Of Amon's race, the banners Guido join'd. 265

Day following day, the band their march pursu'd,
Till now the shores of winding Seine they view'd,
Whence, scarce ten miles remote, the guarded towers
Of Paris rose, besieg'd by Pagan powers.

Here Gryphon with his Aquilant they found, 270
The brother chiefs for arms of proof renown'd,

Of Sigismunda born--with these appear'd
A dame, that seem'd far other than the herd
Of vulgar females; splendid to behold
Round her white vests she wore a fringe of gold . 275

Lovely her mien, replete with every grace,
Though tears stood trembling on her mournful face,
While by her gestures and her looks intent,
She seem'd on some important converse bent.

These knights to Guido known, nor less to these 280
Was he, with whom so late they plough'd the seas.

Behold a pair (he to Rinaldo cries)
Whose like in battle scarce the world supplies :
Let these for Charles with us united stand,
And soon I trust will shrink yon Pagan band. 285

Rinaldo then confirm'd the praise he gave,
And own'd each warrior brave amongst the brave ;
One clad in white, and one in sable vest,
And each in arms of sumptuous fashion drest.
No less the brother champions saw and knew 290
Rinaldo, Guido, all the generous crew ;

These greeting fair Rinaldo, they embrac'd,
 And cast a veil o'er all unkindness past:
 Time was, at strife (which now were long to tell)
 The gallant warriors, for Truffaldin fell ! 295
 But now in brothers' love and friendship join'd,
 All former hate was scatter'd to the wind.
 To Sansonetto next (the last who came)
 Rinaldo turning, to his noble name
 Due honours paid, for oft Albano's knight 300
 His praise had heard, and own'd his force in fight.
 When now the dame more near Rinaldo drew,
 And mark'd (for well each Paladin she knew)
 His mien and arms---she to the generous chief
 Disclos'd a tale that fill'd his soul with grief. 305
 O prince ! (she said) thy kinsman so belov'd,
 Whose saving arm our church, our empire prov'd,
 Orlando, once so wise, so far renown'd
 For deeds of prowess, roves the world around,
 Of better sense distraught ; nor can I tell 310
 From what strange cause this dire mischance befel.
 These eyes beheld his cuirass, sword and shield
 Dispers'd at random o'er the wood and field :

Ver. 295.--*Truffaldin*---] Truffaldin was a Pagan in Albracca, who, taking Sacripant prisoner by surprize, offered treacherously to betray the city into the hands of king Agrican ; but the proposal was generously rejected by Agrican. Having possession of the fort, he refused admittance to Orlando till Angelica had promised him protection from punishment. The knights were divided in parties about him. Rinaldo fought with Gryphon who defended him. Orlando, being armed by Angelica, left the walls to engage with Rinaldo. At length Rinaldo having seized Truffaldin dragged him at his horse's tail, and put an end to his life.

Orl. Innam. B. i. c. xiv. xx. xxvi.

A courteous knight I saw with pious pains
 Collect the mail and weapons from the plains, 315
 And these collecting on a sapling near
 In martial pomp the splendid trophy rear.
 But thither came, on that ill-fated day,
 The son of Agrican, who bore away
 The hapless champion's sword---think what disgrace,
 What loss may thus attend the Christian race, 321
 That Durindana, by the Tartar worn,
 Should once again a Pagan's side adorn.
 With this he Brigliadoro thence convey'd,
 That near unrein'd without a master stray'd. 325
 Few days are pass'd since I Orlando left
 Naked, devoid of shame, of sense bereft:
 Who (strange to tell) unhous'd, unshelter'd lies,
 And fills each cave and wood with dreadful cries.
 She said; and told how on the bridge she view'd, 330
 Where close engag'd with Rodomont he stood,
 Till both, embrac'd, fell headlong in the flood.
 To every chief that held Orlando dear,
 (The dame pursu'd) to every courteous ear
 The tale I tell, till one with pious care 335
 To Paris or some friendly place shall bear
 The wretched chief, and art or medicine find
 To cure the frenzy of his moon-struck mind:
 And ah! could Brandimart his suffesings know,
 How would his soul with tender pity glow, 340
 And every means essay to heal his kinsman's woe!

Ver. 314. *A courteous knight I saw--*] Flordelis, as the reader may recollect, was present when Zerbino and Isabella collected together the arms of Orlando, and was witness to the combat between Zerbino and Mandricardo, in which the former received his death's wound; but it does not appear that Flordelis knew either Zerbino or Isabella.

This dame was Flordelis, the lovely wife
Of Brandinart, far dearer than his life :
At Paris him she sought, but sought in vain :
And now she told how, midst the Pagan train, 315
Debate and hatred for that famous sword
Embroid'd Gradasso and the Tartar lord ;
Till Mandricardo stern of life bereft,
The fatal sword was to Gradasso left.

Struck with the news Rinaldo stood oppress'd, 350
And thrilling sorrow fill'd his noble breast :
His heart in melting softness seem'd to run,
Like fleecy snows dissolving to the sun ;
Resolv'd, where'er forlorn Orlando stray'd,
To trace his steps, and yield him friendly aid ; 355
But since by chance, or Heaven's all-ruling mind,
He saw near Paris' walls his squadron join'd,
He first decreed to raise the siege, and chase
From royal Charles th' exulting Pagan race ;
But, anxious for th' event, delay'd th' assault, 360
Till night had shaded o'er th' ethereal vault,
And through the camp the toils of day had shed
Lethan sleep on every drowsy head.

Far in the wood to wait th' appointed hour
All day conceal'd he kept his banded power ; 365
But when the sun the darkening skies forsook,
And to the lower world his journey took ;
When harmless serpents, bears, and all the train
Of fabled beasts, adorn the starry plain,

Ver. 368. *When harmless serpents,---*] By this expression is meant the constellations of stars, to which the poets have affixed the names of the goat, the bull, the lion, the serpent, and other animals, feigned to have been placed in the Heavens.

Unseen in presence of the greater light, 370
Rinaldo leads his troop, and to their might
With Vivian, Guido's, Sansonetto's fame,
Adds Gryphon, Aquilant, Alardo's name.
His first-attack surpriz'd the sleeping guard,
And these he slew; for no defence prepar'd: 375
The trembling Moors, in evil hour perceive
No cause for mirth but ample cause to grieve.
How should a naked, timorous, feeble train
With such a force th' unequal strife maintain?
To strike the Saracens with deeper dread, 380
When to the charge his band Rinaldo led,
He pour'd the horn and trumpet's clangor round,
And bade each tongue his well-known name resound.
Touch'd by the spur Bayardo seem'd not slow,
But leapt at once the trenches of the foe: 385
The foot he trampled, and the horse o'er-turn'd,
And tents to earth and rich pavilions spurn'd.
Amid the Pagans none so bold appear'd,
But every hair was bristled when they heard
Rinaldo's name above the tumults rise, 390
And Mount Albano echo'd to the skies!
Swift fled the troops of Spain, as swift the Moor,
None stay'd behind their riches to secure.
Him Guido follow'd, and with equal might
The sons of Olivero rush'd to fight. 395
Not less Richardo, nor Alardo less,
With Aldiger and Vivian, cleave the press:
Guichardo next with Richardetto moves,
And each in arms his single valour proves.
Seven hundred that in Mount Albano dwell'd 400
And round the neighbouring towns, Rinaldo held

Beneath his rule : these rais'd the fearless hand,
In heat or cold, a firm determin'd band.
Not braver troops of old Achilles sway'd,
Though the gaunt Myrmidons his word obey'd. 405
Each in himself such dauntless force compriz'd,
A hundred here a thousand foes despis'd.
Though good Rinaldo might not boast to hold
Extended land, or heaps of treasur'd gold:
Yet such his conduct, such his fair regard 410
To every warrior, while with all he shar'd
His little store, that none amidst the crew
For proffer'd favour from his side withdrew.
From Mount Albano ne'er these bands he took,
But when some weighty cause their arms bespoke 415
In parts remote ; and now to aid his prince
He left his castle-walls with weak defence.
This train, assaulting now the Moorish host,
This matchless train whose valour's praise I boast,
So rag'd, as on Galesus' verdant mead, 420
The savage wolf amidst the woolly breed :

Ver. 408. *Though good Rinaldo---*] The low state of Rinaldo's finances is mentioned in several of the old romances ; and in the adventure of the fairy of riches in Boyardo, where he is set at liberty by Orlando, he attempts to carry off a chair of solid gold, alledging that it will furnish the pay of his troops ; this action of Rinaldo, and some other passages in the romances, will serve to explain the observation of the curate and barber in their scrutiny of Don Quixotte's library, where Rinaldo and his train are called greater thieves than Cacus. Ariosto in taking up the story, has judiciously dropt this part of his character.

Ver. 420.---*Galesus---*] Galesus, a river near Tarentum, where the sheep, from the fertility of the pasture, had remarkable thick wool.

Or oft as near Ciniphius' held in chace,
The lordly lion rends the bearded race.

Imperial Charles (who heard Albano's force,
Prepar'd t' attack the camp with silent course) 425
Stood ready arm'd, and at th' expected hour
Join'd, with his Paladins, Rinaldo's power.
With him came wealthy Monodontes' * son,
Whose love and truth fair Flordelis had won.
Him long she sought, and now, from far reveal'd, 430
Observ'd his buckler blazing o'er the field.
When Brandimart his dearest consort view'd,
The fight forgotten, gentler thoughts ensu'd:
He ran, he held her close in speechless bliss,
And press'd her lips with many an ardent kiss. 435

Great was the trust of ancient times display'd
In the fair consort or the blooming maid.
Who, unaccompany'd, could safely rove
In lands unknown, through mountain, field, or grove.
And, when returning, found their dear-held name 440
Clear as their form from breath of tainting fame!

Here to her lord the dame began to tell
What dreadful chance Anglante's knight befel:
Not from report the fatal tale she drew,
Her mournful eyes had prov'd th' event too true: 445
Then of the bridge she told where every knight
Was stay'd by Rodomont in dangerous fight;

* Brandimart.

Ver. 422.--*Ciniphius*--] The Cyniphians were a people of Africa, whose country was extremely fruitful.

Ver. 427.--*with his Paladins*,] In the xxviith Book, ver. 232, he tells us that the Paladins, except Ugero and Olivero, were made prisoners, and no mention has been since made of their deliverance.

Who vests and armour won from chiefs o'erthrown,
 Had hung to grace the monumental stone :
 She told, how far transcending every thought, 450
 She saw the deeds by mad Orlando wrought,
 Who on the bridge engag'd the Pagan foe,
 And headlong plung'd him in the flood below.
 But Brandimart, who dear Orlando lov'd,
 With truth by friends, by sons, by brothers prov'd ; 455
 Resolv'd, through every threaten'd toil, to find
 The wretched earl, and heal his frantic mind.

In armour dight, he mounted on his steed,
 And took the path his dame prepar'd to lead
 To where she late unblest Orlando view'd : 460
 Now near they drew where Algier's monarch stood
 To guard the bridge ; and now arriv'd in sight,
 The ready watchman to the Pagan knight
 The wonted signal gave, and lo ! with speed
 His squire attending brought his arms and steed : 465
 His arms were lac'd, his foaming courser rein'd,
 What time good Brandimart the banks had gain'd :
 Then with a thundering voice in impious pride,
 To Brandimart the ruthless Pagan cry'd :
 Whoe'er thou art, by fortune hither led 470
 Through error or design these shores to tread,
 Alight---despoil thine arms---and yonder tomb
 Grace with the trophy ere I seal thy doom ;
 And give thy life a victim, for the sake
 Of her pale ghost---then shall my fury take 475 }
 What thou may'st now thy willing offering make.

He ended---Brandimart indignant burn'd,
 And answer with his spear in rest return'd :

Battoldo spurr'd (his gentle courser's name
Battoldo call) he with such ardor came 480
To meet the foe, as well his strength proclaim'd
A match for all in lists of combat fam'd ;
While Rodomont as swift to battle drew,
And o'er the bridge with hoofs resounding flew.
His steed that oft the narrow pass had try'd, 485
And, oft, as fortune chanc'd on either side
Had headlong plung'd, now ran without dismay,
Nor fear'd the perils of the downward way.
Battoldo little us'd such path to keep,
Shook in each joint to view the fearful steep : 490
Trembles the bridge, and to the burthen bends ;
The bridge, whose sides nor fence nor rail defends.
Alike their beam-like spears the warriors drove,
Such as they grew amid their native grove :
Alike they rush'd, and in the meeting strife, 495
Well far'd each generous steed to 'scape with life ;
Yet both at once before the shock gave way,
And on the bridge beneath their riders lay ;
The spur had rous'd them, but the plank unmeet
No space afforded to their floundering feet : 500
Plung'd in the stream both equal fortune found,
And with their fall made waves and skies resound,
So roar'd out Po, receiving in his tide
The youth * that ill his father's light could guide.
Prone sunk the coursers with the ponderous weight 505
Of either knight that firmly kept his seat :
While to the river's secret bed they fell,
To search what nymph or naiad there might dwell.

* Phacton.

Not this the first or second venturous leap
The Saracen had prov'd; hence well the deep, 510
The shallows well he knew; where roll'd the flood
With bottom firm, where soft with ooze and mud.
Head, breast, and sides, triumphant o'er the waves
He rears, and now at great advantage braves
The Christian knight, whose courser whirling round 515
An eddy buries in the sands profound,
Where deep infix'd, and by no strength releas'd
Certain destruction threatens man and beast.
The water, foaming with resistless force,
Bears to the deepest current knight and horse, 520
Together roll'd---while Brandimart beneath
His steed lies struggling in the jaws of death.
Fair Flordelis afflicted, from above,
Tears, vows, and prayers, employs to save her love.

Ah! Rodomont, by her, whom dead thy soul 525
Reveres so high---thy cruel thoughts control:
Permit not here, by such inglorious death,
So true, so brave a knight, to yield his breath.
Ah! courteous lord! if e'er thy heart could love,
Think what for him my bleeding heart must prove; 530
Suffice, that now he bears thy captive chain,
Suffice, with thee his arms and vest remain:
And know of all, by right of conquest thine,
No nobler spoils adorn the virgin-shrine.

She said; and such persuasive prayers address'd 535
As touch'd the Pagan king's obdurate breast;
Then to her lord his saving hand he gave,
Her lord whom buried deep beneath the wave
His courser held; where without thirst he quaff'd
Compell'd from rushing streams the plenteous draught---

But ere the Pagan would his aid afford 541

He took from Brandimart his helm and sword,
Then drew the knight halt lifeless to the shore,
And clos'd, with others, in the marble tower.

Soon as the dame beheld him prisoner led, 545
All comfort from her tender bosom fled;

Yet less she mourn'd than at the dreadful sight
When late the stream o'erwhelm'd her faithful knight.

Now self-reproach oppress'd her gentle thought;
By her the luckless chief was thither brought; 550
By her he fell, by her was captive made;

And Flordelis her Brandimart betray'd!

Departing thence she ponder'd in her mind
Some gallant knight of Pepin's court to find:
The Paladin Rinaldo far renown'd, 555
Guido, or Sansonetto, fearless found

At all assays, some chief whose matchless hand
Might dare the Saracen by flood or land;
Who though not braver than her own true knight,
With fortune more to friend might wage the fight. 560

Full long she journey'd ere she chanc'd to greet
A champion for such bold encounter meet:
Whose arm in battle might the task atchieve,
T' o'erthrow the Pagan and her lord relieve
From cruel thrall: full many a day she sought 565

Till chance before her sight a warrior brought
Of gallant mien, whose arms a surcoat bore
With trunks of cypress fair embroider'd o'er:
But who the knight, some future time shall tell,
First turn to what at Paris' walls befel, 570

Ver. 569.--*some future time shall tell,*] He returns to Flordelis.
Book xxxv. ver. 245.

Where deep destruction crush'd the Moorish bands
From Malagigi and Rinaldo's hands.

The countless numbers chas'd in speedy flight,
Or driven to Stygian realms from upper light,
The mantling shade from Turpin's view conceal'd, 575
Else had his page the slain and fled reveal'd.

To Agramant a knight the news convey'd,
Who lock'd in sleep in his pavilion laid
No danger heard; and only wak'd to know
Swift flight alone could save him from the foe. 580

He starts from rest, he casts around his eyes,
And guideless, disarray'd his soldiers 'spies :
Naked, unarm'd, now here now there they yield :
No time allows to grasp the fencing shield.

Confus'd in counsel, and in thought distrest, 585
The monarch fits his cuirass to his breast ;
When Falsirones (sprung from boasted race)
Grandonio, Balugantes, near the place

Approach'd, his danger to the king betray,
That death or slav'ry threats the least delay ; 590
And could he thence his person safely bear
He well might boast propitious fortune's care.

Marsilius thus, alike Sobrino sage
With all the peers (whom equal cares engage)
Would urge his flight, while by Rinaldo led 595
Destruction pointed at the monarch's head.

He, with the remnants of his routed train
In Arli or Narbona might remain :
Both strongly built and both provided well
With martial stores could long a siege repel : 600

Himself preserv'd, his bands with new supplies
 Recruited, on some future day might rise
 T' avenge his own disgrace, the nation's shame
 On Christian Charles and all the hated name.

King Agramant at length compell'd to yield 605
 Consents for Arli's town to quit the field,
 While deeper night descending round him throws
 Her friendly veil to screen him from his foes.
 Thus twice ten thousand of the Pagan train,
 The banded powers of Afric and of Spain, 610 }
 Fled from Rinaldo, 'scap'd the sanguine plain. }
 Those whom Rinaldo's, whom his brethren's sword,
 Whom the twin-offspring of * Vienna's lord
 Stretch'd in their blood, and whom Albano's crew
 (The brave seven hundred) in the battle slew ; 615
 With those by gallant Sansonetto kill'd,
 And those that flying Seine's deep current fill'd ;
 The tongue that counts, may count the vernal flowers
 When Flora or Favonius paints the bowers.
 'Tis fam'd that Malagigi bore a share 620
 In that night's glory of successful war :
 Not that his arm the fields with blood imbru'd,
 Or knights unhors'd, or helms asunder hew'd :
 But by his arts he made the fiends repair
 From black Tartarean glooms to upper air, 625
 With many a banner feign'd and bristled lance,
 That seem'd in number twice the host of France.
 Such trumpet's notes he caus'd to echo round,
 Such drums to rattle, and such shouts to sound,

* Gryphon and Aquilant.

Such neigh of coursers prancing o'er the plain, 630
Such dreadful cries, like groans of warriors slain,
That seem'd with horror's mingled din to fill
The distant lands, each forest, vale, and hill,
And struck such fear in every Moorish breast,
That each to flight his trembling feet address'd. 635

Nor yet the king of Afric's anxious thought
Rogeró wounded in his tent forgot;
But on a gentle steed of easy pace
He bade his friends the feeble warrior place,
Till, 'scap'd the slaughter of the dreadful hour, 640
A bark he gain'd, and thence the warrior bore
To Arli safe, where at his high command
Must meet the relics of each shatter'd band.
Those who from Charles and from Rinaldo fled,
(Twice fifty thousand) o'er the country spread; 645
For safety, mountain, wood, and cave explor'd,
To shun the furies of the Gallic sword,
While oft they found the guarded pass deny'd,
And with their blood the verdant herbage dy'd.

Not so the king of Sericane withdrew 650
(His tents at distance pitch'd) but when he knew
That he, who thus with unresisted might
Assail'd the camp, was mount Albano's knight,
His swelling breast with martial fury glow'd,
His looks, his gesture sudden transport show'd; 655
With grateful thanks he prais'd the powers of Heaven
That on this night so rare a chance had given;
A chance that to his hand might bring the steed,
Far-fam'd Bayardo of unrivall'd breed.

Ver. 645. (*Twice fifty thousand*)—] Here seems an inconsistency, for ver. 609, he says, twice ten thousand.

Long had the monarch sought (as you full well 660
 From other lips, I trust, the tale can tell)
 To brace good Durindana at his side,
 And that fair courser in the field bestride :
 For this to France he cross'd the surgy main,
 A hundred thousand warriors in his train ; 665
 And in the generous steed t' assert his right,
 Had call'd Rinaldo forth to single fight :
 These on the margin of the briny flood,
 In equal arms to end the contest stood :
 But Malagigi by his magic art 670
 Compell'd his noble kinsman to depart,

Ver. 660. *Long had the monarch sought--*] Boyardo gives the account, that Gradasso, a mighty king of the East, had gathered together an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, in order to invade France, and get possession of Durindana and Bayardo.

Orl. Innam. B. i. c. i.

Ver. 670. *But Malagigi by his magic art--*] This adventure is given at large by Boyardo, which we shall here relate; and to which, though it has no immediate connection with the present subject, we shall, for the entertainment of the reader, add another adventure of Rinaldo, as a master-piece in the terrible kind.

Angelica being returned to India (see General View of Boyardo's Story) and lamenting the hopeless passion which she had conceived for Rinaldo, commanded Malagigi, whom she had kept in confinement, to be brought before her, and offered to restore him to liberty, provided he would find means to bring Rinaldo to her, but plight his word, if he failed in the attempt, to return again to his prison. Malagigi accepted the terms, and departed for France: where, on his arrival, he used every argument to persuade Rinaldo to give a favourable return to Angelica's passion; but Rinaldo, who had drank the waters of hatred, was deaf to his entreaties. Malagigi, exasperated at his refusal, resolved to have recourse to magic; and hearing that Gradasso and Rinaldo would soon meet to decide in single combat their title to Bayardo, he made two demons take the form of heralds: of these he sent one to Gradasso, to tell him, that Rinaldo would expect him in arms next day by the sea-side; and

Borne in a bark that spread th' inviting sail :
But here 'twere long to tell the wondrous tale ;
And ever, from that day, the Pagan knight
The gentle Paladin esteem'd but light.

675

the other he sent to Rinaldo, to tell him, that Gradasso would wait for him at day-break. Next morning Rinaldo came to the place appointed, where at first he saw nothing but a small bark anchored by the shore : at length a demon, in the shape and arms of Gradasso, appeared ; but when Rinaldo prepared to begin the combat, the phantom retired. Rinaldo thinking his enemy fled, pursued him, till the seeming warrior entered the vessel, and Rinaldo following him with great eagerness, a sudden wind sprung up, and carried him out to sea, when the demon disappeared*. Soon after the departure of Rinaldo, Gradasso came to meet him, but having waited the whole day without seeing his enemy, he departed in great indignation.

In the mean time Rinaldo, who now perceived that some supernatural power had deluded him, was inconsolable for the disgrace that he must suffer from the imputation of cowardice. He was often tempted to destroy himself ; and in the meanwhile the vessel pursued her way with extended sails towards the east, and at last ran ashore at a delicious garden, in the middle of which stood a stately palace, surrounded by the sea.

Rinaldo, upon his landing, was accosted by a damsel, who, taking him by the hand, led him into the palace, which was built of the most costly marbles, and richly ornamented with gold and exquisite workmanship, supported on pillars of crystal. A company of beautiful damsels here received the knight, and refreshed him with a magnificent collation, at the same time entertaining him with their melodious voices : at last, one of them address'd him in these words : " Sir knight, whatever you see is yours, and whatever you can wish more shall be granted you ; for know, that all this is the gift of our sovereign lady and mistress ; a queen, who for your love has drawn you from Spain." Rinaldo heard her with surprise, but when she mentioned the name of Angelica, a name he so detested, he started from his seat ; on which the damsel cry'd out : " Stir not, thou art our prisoner." Rinaldo, however, regardless of what she said, flew to the sea-shore, determin'd either to make his escape, or throw himself into the sea : but it so fortun'd, that he found the

* From Virgil, *Æn. B. X.* where Juno deceives Turnus with a phantom like *Æneas*.

When now Gradasso heard the chief who came
Against the Pagans, bore Rinaldo's name,
He sheath'd his limbs in steel, his shield embrac'd,
Then through the shades on good Alfana * plac'd,

* Gradasso's mare.

vessel in which he came, and instantly going on board, set sail from the island. He had not gone far, when he made land again, and going on shore, was addressed by an old man, who seemed in great affliction, and implored his assistance to recover his daughter, who had been taken from him by a cruel villain: Rinaldo, without hesitation, followed the old man; who having conducted him some way, blew a horn, when Rinaldo, lifting up his eyes, beheld a rock in the sea, on the top of which stood a castle: at the sound of the horn a drawbridge was let down, on which appeared a giant of an enormous size; Rinaldo engaged the giant with undaunted courage, but falling into a snare, he was bound and carried prisoner to the castle, the walls of which were dyed red with human blood. He was now met by an old woman clothed in black garments, of a pale and ghastly countenance, who addressed him in these words:

“ Perchance thou hast not heard of the dreadful custom observed at this castle; therefore, while thou hast yet to live, hearken to the tale I am about to tell thee, for to-morrow thou shalt surely die. There formerly inhabited on that rock, which is called Alta-ripa (steep rock) a noble knight, named Gryphon, who hospitably received all strangers that travelled this way. This knight had for his wife a fair and virtuous dame, called Stella: it so fortune'd, that my husband Marchino, passing through these parts was entertained by Gryphon, when he fell in love with Stella, and being resolved to possess her, planted an ambush for Gryphon, slew him, and having massacred all his people, took possession of the castle; but in vain endeavoured to gain his desire of Stella, who repulsed him with horror, her mind being full of the idea of her murdered husband, and continually pondering on the means of revenging his death. The rage I felt at the falsehood and perfidy of Marchino, urged me to an act of cruelty, scarce to be credited by those who know not the fury of a jealous woman. I had two young sons by Marchino; these I killed, and having baked their limbs, set them before their father, who, unconscious of the horrid meal, satisfied his hunger with his own off-spring. I then secretly made my escape, and went to the king of Orgagna, who had long sued for my love, who was a near kinsman to Stella, and incited him to revenge the

His rival sought, and all he met o'erthrew
680
With rout and terror of the Christian crew :
With equal panic fled before his lance
The troops of Lybia and the troops of France.

death of Gryphon. I had left behind me at the castle the heads of my murdered children, which served as an instrument of vengeance in the hands of Stella: these she took, and carried them to Marchino, with dreadful exclamations, reproaching him with his bloody villany in the death of Gryphon, and the massacre of his people. Marchino, in a phrenzy of fury would have slain the dame; but his lustful passion, which, even in the present moment, was kept alive by her beauty, instigated him to a revenge more dreadful than a thousand deaths: he ordered the putrid dead corpse of Gryphon, still unburied, to be brought before him, and caused the lady to be bound to it, in which condition he accomplished his unheard of and hellish purpose.

The king of Orgagna and I now arrived with a numerous force; which, when the villain heard, he caused the lady to be murdered, and afterwards, to shew how far human wickedness could reach, continued, with horrid abomination, to defile her breathless body. The troops which we brought soon made themselves masters of the castle. Marchino was immediately torn in pieces by the fury of the people, and the remains of the wretched Gryphon and Stella were deposited together in a magnificent tomb erected for that purpose. The king of Orgagna then departing, left me mistress of the castle; when in the ninth month of my residence, we heard a most dreadful noise in the tomb, which terrified the three giants whom the king had left with me for my defence.

It happened that one of the giants, who was bolder than the rest, ventured to remove a little the stone that covered the entrance; but he instantly repented his rashness, for a monster that was enclosed therein thrust forth one of his claws, drew the giant forcibly through the opening, and swallowed him in a moment. No one henceforth was hardy enough to approach the tomb, which I caused to be surrounded with a wall of vast strength: by a device the tomb was then thrown open, from which issued a most tremendous monster, whose form my tongue cannot describe, but which you will behold with your own eyes, when you shall be cast to him to be devoured. By a dreadful custom here established, from all the strangers that arrive, one is every day given for food to this monster, and as we have sometimes more than the daily sacrifice requires, the rest are put to death, and their bleeding limbs exposed, as you see, at the

Now here, now there, amidst the warring crowd
He seeks, and on Rinaldo calls aloud ;
Still turning where he sees the numerous slain
With deepest carnage load the dreadful plain.

685

entrance of the castle. This monster will receive no nourishment but the flesh of man, and should he fail of his wonted prey, he would break through the wall that encloses him. For me, wretch that I am! the continual remembrance of that villain, and the meditation on his unparalleled wickedness, have so deadened in me every sense of humanity, that my soul seems now only delighted with scenes of misery and slaughter!"

After the old woman had finished her dreadful narrative, and Rinaldo perceived that his sentence was inevitable, he begged, that at least he might be allowed to meet the monster with all his armour, and with his sword: to which the hag replied, with a ghastly smile, that he might wear his armour, and take what weapons he chose, but that nothing could save his life from that fury, against which strength or courage was of no avail.

Next morning Rinaldo was let down within the wall, completely armed with his sword drawn; when the monster, dreadfully gnashing his teeth to the terror of all, stood ready to devour him, while the knight advanced with undaunted resolution. It is no easy task to describe the form of this horrible animal, that was doubtless the diabolical offspring of Marchino from the dead body of Stella. In size he was larger than an ox, his muzzle was like a serpent's, his mouth was of vast width, and his teeth long; his head had the fierceness of a wild boar when in its utmost fury, and from each temple issued a horn that cut the air with a roaring noise: his skin was of divers colours, impenetrable by any weapon; his eyes were like fire, and his hands, resembling the hands of man, were armed with the claws of a lion, and he rent asunder with these and with his teeth, armour of the strongest proof. This monster came with open mouth upon Rinaldo, and a most dreadful battle ensued between them, which lasted from the morning till the evening, and in which the knight vainly endeavoured to pierce the hide of his enemy, who on the other hand had torn away his armour in many places, and wounded him in a terrible manner: Rinaldo now began to grow weak with the loss of blood, when aiming with all his remaining strength a furious stroke, the monster seized his sword and drew it from him. While Rinaldo stood thus unarmed, expecting instant death, Angelica waited with the utmost impatience for the return of Malagigi: at last he came, but without Rinaldo, and related to

At length the knight he met, and soon oppos'd,
Sword clash'd with sword, when first their spears had
clos'd

In equal joust, when shiver'd with their might 690
A thousand splinters soar'd with wondrous flight
To touch the spangled chariot of the night. }

her the dreadful adventure that had befallen him, urging her to go immediately to the assistance of the knight. Angelica, terrified at the danger of Rinaldo, began to load Malagigi with reproaches, but he told her there was not a moment to lose, and immediately put into her hands a cord, a file, and a large cake of wax. Angelica then called upon a demon, who transported her at once through the air, to the place where Rinaldo was reduced to the last extremity. Just before the arrival of Angelica, casting round his eyes to discover any possible means of escaping the jaws of the monster, he espied a beam ten feet from the ground that jutted out from the wall, and exerting all his force, he leapt, and seizing it, took his place thereon beyond the reach of the monster, that weighed down with his enormous bulk, in vain endeavoured repeatedly to seize him. It was now night, and Rinaldo, while he clung to the beam, saw something by the light of the moon that seemed to hover near him, and soon discovered the form of a damsel: this was Angelica; but as soon as he beheld her face, he was ready to quit the beam, and expose himself to the enraged monster rather than be preserved by her assistance. Angelica entreated him in the most soothing manner to seek shelter in her arms from so dreadful a peril; but Rinaldo obstinately persisted in refusing to listen to her, and threatened, unless she left him, to quit his present station. On this Angelica, casting the cord she had brought with her at the monster, at the same time laying the cake of wax before him, departed. The monster immediately seized the wax, and closing his jaws was prevented again from opening them: enraged at this, and leaping here and there with inconceivable fury, he entangled himself in the cord, which Rinaldo seeing, quitted the beam, and recovering his sword, attacked his enemy, unable now to make defence; but when the knight found that all attempts to wound him were fruitless, he leaped upon his back and strangled him. The monster being dead, Rinaldo sought some opening in the wall, the height of which it was impossible to scale; at last he espied an iron grate that opened next the castle, which he for some time in vain tried to force, till seeing the file which Angelica had left behind her, he opened the

Soon as Gradasso, less by arms or vest,
 Than by his strokes the Paladin confess'd;
 And knew Bayardo by his thundering force 695
 That urg'd through yielding ranks his raging course,
 Mastering the field—his eager lips assail'd
 'The knight with loud reproach, as one who fail'd
 To seek his foe th' appointed day of fight,
 And keep the faith that knight demands from knight.
 'Thou thought'st perhaps (the haughty Pagan said) 701
 'The danger late impending o'er thy head
 So well escap'd, I ne'er again should greet
 Thy arm in fight, but lo! once more we meet!
 And know, to thy confusion, couldst thou bend 705
 Thy flight to Hell or to high Heaven ascend,
 Didst thou that steed bestride, my feet should tread
 The skies' pure plains, or shades that veil the dead,
 T' enforce my right—and if thou wilt resign
 Thy boasted claim, and let yon steed be mine, 710

grate with this; and was preparing at day break to quit the place, when he was met by a monstrous giant, who as soon as he saw him uttered a loud cry, and fled. The people of the castle, alarmed by the giant, attacked Rinaldo in great numbers, but the knight with his sword Fusberta so exerted himself, that he soon slew or put them to flight; he was afterwards attacked by the giant who had first made him prisoner, whom he overcame; and then advanced to the castle, where the old hag had fortified herself, and where the other giant had taken shelter: this giant now causing the gate to be opened, rushed out against Rinaldo, but was soon slain by him; all which being seen by this detested hag, she, in rage and desperation, threw herself from a balcony a hundred feet high, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement. Rinaldo then forced the gates, put all within to the sword, and departed thence in search of other adventures."

Then live secure---but never hope again,
 Unhors'd to seize a generous courser's rein,
 If thus thy recreant deeds the name of knighthood stain. }

He said: when lo! th' insulting speech to hear,
 Stood Guido bold and Richardetto near: 715

Both from their sheath their shining weapons bar'd,
 And to chastise the Saracen prepar'd:
 But swift Rinaldo interpos'd, and said:

Shall others take my quarrel on their head?
 Think ye, without your aid, this arm too weak 720
 From him that wrongs me just revenge to seek?

Then to the king he turn'd, and thus began:
 Gradasso! hear---while meeting man to man,
 If thou attend'st, sincerely will I show
 I came to find thee like a generous foe: 725

My sword might prove the truth and here defy
 The tongue that dares to give my fame the lie;
 But ere we close in combat shalt thou hear
 What undisguis'd my wounded name shall clear.
 Then let Bayardo stand, the noble spoil, 730
 Design'd by both to crown the victor's toil.

He said; the king of Sericane inclin'd
 To courteous lore, like every gallant mind,
 Consents to hear the generous warrior tell
 What chance to draw him from the fight befel. 735

Now to a stream the knights retir'd apart,
 Rinaldo there, with words devoid of art,
 Remov'd the veil that o'er the truth was spread,
 Invoking Heaven to witness what he said;
 Then call'd before 'em Buovo's * prudent son, 740
 Conscious alone of all his art had done,

* Malagigi.

Who question'd, soon confirm'd whate'er the knight
Had told, and own'd the fraud of magic slight.

Rinaldo then pursu'd---What here is known
By living witness, shall alike be shown 745
By proof of arms, which ready (when or where
Thyself shall name) t' enforce the truth I bear.

Gradasso with a warrior's generous heat,
Reflected how he came in vain to meet
The Christian leader; yet resolv'd to gain 750
The generous courser, sought so long in vain,
Howe'er he doubted, or the tale believ'd,
Rinaldo's plea with seeming faith receiv'd.

No more to Barcelona's billowy strand,
Where first they went to combat hand to hand, 755
But each agreed at early dawn of day
To a clear neighbouring fount to bend his way;
Rinaldo thither must conduct the steed
Between them plac'd, the victor's future meed:
Then should the king or slay, or captive make 760
Albano's lord, 'tis his the steed to take;
But should his boasted claim Gradasso yield
To Clarmont's knight, Rinaldo from the field
Must for his prize fam'd Durindana wield. }

With wonder great, with heart-corroding care, 765
Rinaldo heard by Flordelis the fair,
(As late I told) that from his kinsman's head,
Unblest Orlando, every sense was fled;

Ver. 765. *With wonder great,*---] This stanza in the original appears inartificially introduced, as it makes a disagreeable break in the narrative: it might possibly be transposed to advantage, but this was a liberty I did not think myself authorized to take.

What discord for his arms the camp engag'd,
 How chief with chief in dire contention rag'd, 770
 'Till stern Gradasso's arm the sword obtain'd,
 By which a thousand wreaths Orlando gain'd.

The terms thus settled, to his social train
 Gradasso now return'd, though oft in vain
 The Paladin besought the Pagan knight 775
 Beneath his tent t' await the morning light.
 At dawn Rinaldo and the king, dispos'd
 For cruel fight, their limbs in armour clos'd;
 And near a fountain side the battle sought,
 For Durindana and Bayardo fought. 780

With sad presage Rinaldo's friends beheld
 His arm engag'd in such a dreadful field:
 Great was Gradasso's courage, great his might,
 Great was his skill well-prov'd in many a fight,
 And since he now the fatal sword had won 785
 That lately grac'd the side of Milo's * son,
 Each for Rinaldo felt his hope to fail,
 And at his danger many a cheek grew pale.
 But Vivian's † brother, o'er the rest dismay'd,
 The contest view'd, and gladly would have stay'd 790
 Th' impending fight, but that he fear'd to raise
 In good Rinaldo's breast a quenchless blaze;
 Who still in mind the time resentful bore
 When Malagigi's ship decoy'd him from the shore.

While doubts and fears in every bosom grew, 795
 No doubt, no fear, the bold Rinaldo knew.

* Orlando.

† Malagigi.

Secure he goes, resolv'd one glorious day
Should wipe his late imputed stains away,
And silence those who joy'd in his disgrace,
Proud Altafoggia and Pontieri's race. 800
Boldly he goes in heart secure to crown
His conquering brow with laurels of renown.
When now, from different parts, these sons of fame
At once together to the fountain came,
They first, in faith unstain'd, exchang'd embrace 805
With fair and open looks, as if the race
Of Clarmont and of Sericane had stood
Ally'd in friendship and ally'd in blood.

But, here deferr'd, some future time shall tell
What dreadful blows from either weapon fell. 810

END OF THE THIRTY-FIRST BOOK.

THE
THIRTY-SECOND BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE distressed situation of Agramant. Marphisa comes to his assistance. Death of Brunello. Lamentation of Bradamant for the absence of Rogero. She unexpectedly hears news of her lover that reduces her to despair, and departs from Mount Albano. In her way she lights on Ulania, ambassadress from the queen of Iceland. Subject of her embassy. Bradamant arrives at Sir Tristram's lodge. The strange custom observed there. She unhorses three kings, and is hospitably received by the lord of the castle, who relates the adventure of Clodio, the son of Pharamond, and his wife, from which their law was first instituted. Defence of Ulania by Bradamant.

THE
THIRTY-SECOND BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

REMEMBRANCE, what I late prepar'd to tell,
What some new chance could from my mind expel;
Again recalls—a story that could make
A fair-one wretched for Rogero's sake;
And with a deadlier arrow pierce her breast, 5
Than that which Richardetto's words impress'd.
Of this I meant to speak, but midst the thought
Another subject good Rinaldo brought:
Then Guido drew no less my Muse astray
With new adventures to beguile her way. 10
Now this, now that by turns attention gain'd
And ill my memory Bradamant retain'd.
To her again I turn, before I tell
What 'twixt Rinaldo and Gradasso fell:
But first king Agramant the tale recalls 15
Of him to speak, who drew to Arli's walls

Ver. 14. --*Rinaldo and Gradasso*--] He returns to these, Book xxxiii. ver. 561.

Ver. 15. -----*king Agramant*--] See Book xxxi. ver. 605. where Agramant, totally defeated, was obliged to retreat to Arli.

The relics of his host that 'scap'd by flight
 The sword and horrors of that dreadful night.
 Plac'd on a river near the surgy main,
 Afric in front, and near the coasts of Spain, 20
 The city could relieve th' afflicted powers,
 Could yield them succour and supply with stores.
 Through all the kingdom to recruit his force
 Marsilius wrote to muster foot and horse
 Whate'er their kind: at Barcelona arm'd 25
 For zeal or hire, full many vessels swarm'd
 Well mann'd for fight: meantime in deep decoate
 King Agramant at daily council sate.
 No means he spar'd: and with exactions prest
 Fair Afric groan'd through all her towns distress'd. 30
 To Rodomont he sent, but sent in vain,
 With proffers, would the warrior rise again
 In Afric's cause, to give him for his bride
 Almontes' daughter, to himself ally'd,
 And with her hand unite to Sarza's power 35
 The mighty kingdom of Oran in dower.

The haughty chief refus'd the bridge to leave,
 Where, many a knight accusom'd to bereave
 Of arms and vest, he these with pomp display'd
 To deck the tomb that held the murder'd maid*. 40
 But not like Rodomont Marphisa left
 Her king at need, of every aid bereft:
 Soon as she heard that all the martial train
 Of Agramant were captives, fled, or slain;

* Isabella.

Ver. 37. *The haughty chief.--*] See Book xxxv. ver. 296. where Rodomont appears again.

That Charles had won, and with the remnant force 45
Her king at Arli lay, she bent her course
To Arli strait, with proffers large to spend
Her wealth and life his honour to defend.
With her Brunello (late her fetter'd slave)
She brought, and to the king uninjur'd gave. 50
Ten days and nights she kept him fill'd with dread,
The fatal noose impending o'er his head.
But when she thither found no friend repair
By force to free him, or to save by prayer,
In such base blood she scorn'd to soil her hands, 55
And freed his trembling limbs from galling bands.

Well may you deem from aid like hers receiv'd,
What heart-felt joy the drooping king reliev'd;
How much he priz'd it (to Brunello's woe)
He meant her wretched prisoner's fate should show: 60
The sentence she enforc'd, himself resum'd,
And freely to the tree Brunello doom'd;
Then in a lonely wood, of life bereft,
His corps a prey to crows and vultures left.
Roger, who before at equal need 65
From deadly cords his caitiff neck had freed,
In his sick tent now pale and wounded laid,
(So will'd high Heaven) no more could yield him aid;
And when the tidings came, they came too late;
Thus, without friend, Brunello met his fate. 70

Meanwhile impatient of the long delay,
Had Bradamant accus'd each tardy day,
That twice ten times must dawn, ere face to face
She sees her knight the Christian faith embrace.

Ver. 71. *Meanwhile impatient ---*] He returns to Agramant and Marplisa, Book xxxv. ver. 486.

Less slow each lagging hour to him returns 75
 Who pines in prison, or in exile mourns,
 'Till freed he lives, or sees in prospect rise
 His dear-lov'd country to his longing eyes.
 Sick with suspense she chides each heavenly steed,
 Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering speed; 80
 Now thinks some chance the rolling wheels have stay'd
 Of Phœbus' car, beyond its wont delay'd,
 To her more lengthen'd seem'd each day and night,
 Than that great day, when Heaven's meridian light
 The * Hebrew stopt; or that fam'd night design'd 85
 To give a young Alcides to mankind.
 How oft with envy in their secret place
 She view'd the dormouse, bear, and badger race

* Joshua.

Ver. 80. *Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering speed;*] Names of two of the four horses that are feigned to draw the chariot of the sun:

Thus Ovid,

Interea volucres Pyrois, Eons et Ethon,
 Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon.....

Met. B. ii.

Ver. 88. *She view'd the dormouse, bear, and badger race*

Doze out the months: --] The common opinion is, that these animals sleep a great part of the year without taking sustenance.

"Towards the approach of the cold season, the dormice form little magazines of nuts and acorns, and having laid in their hoard, shut themselves up for the winter. As soon as they feel the first advances of the cold, they prepare to lessen its effect, by rolling themselves up in a ball: in this manner they continue, usually asleep, but oftentimes waking, for above five months in the year; their nests are lined with moss, grass, and dead leaves. The bear retires to some cavern or hollow of some enormous old tree, where it passes some months of the winter without provisions, or without ever stirring abroad, but is not entirely deprived of sensation like the bat or dormouse. The badger is a solitary animal, and digs itself a deep hole with great assiduity, where it sleeps the greater part of its time, particularly in winter."

Goldsmith's History of the Earth and animated Nature, Vol. iv.

Doze out the months: with these she fain would take
A long unbroken sleep, nor ever wake 90
To light or sense, till her returning knight
Should call her once again to sense and light.
Now here, now there, she shifts her restless head
On downy plumes whence Sleep was ever fled:
Oft was she wont to watch the breaking skies, 95
And see, with eager gaze, the morn arise;
When Tithon's spouse, o'er every fleecy cloud
The lilies white and blushing roses strow'd:
Nor less she long'd, when full reveal'd the morn,
To see the stars again the skies adorn. 100
Now, fill'd with hope, she waits each hour to hear
Some messenger proclaim Rogero near.
Oft to a tower she climbs, that prospect yields
Of tufted forests and extended fields.
If from afar she marks the gleaming light 105
Of arms, or aught that speaks a coming knight,
She thinks her plighted spouse Rogero nigh,
And clears her brow and wipes her tearful eye:
If one unarm'd, or one on foot she views,
She hopes some messenger with gentle news. 110
To meet her knight her armour now she takes,
And hastening to the plain the hill forsakes:
No knight she meets; then thinks a different way
To Mount Albano might his steps convey.

Ver. 97. *When Tithon's spouse, --*] Aurora, who falling in love with Tithonus, son of Laomedon, brother to Priam king of Troy, carried him off and took him for her husband: of this marriage was born Memnon, who coming to the aid of Priam, was slain by Achilles.

Again all-anxious to her home she turns, 115
Again expects him, and again she mourns.

Now twenty suns had risen, nor yet appears
Her tardy lord, nor tidings yet she hears :
While such her plaints, that in the realms below
The snaky fiends had wept to hear her woe : 120
With piteous sighs she rends her golden hairs,
Nor her fair face or heaving bosom spares.

Then thus---Ah ! wretched, wretched maid (she cries)
To follow one, who, while thou follow'st, flies !

Him wilt thou prize who treats thee thus in scorn, 125
Or him implore who never makes return ?

Shall he my heart possess who bears me hate ?
Who holds his virtues at so high a rate,
Some goddess must forsake her seats above
To kindle in his breast the flames of love ? 130

He knows to him my heart, my vows I give,
Nor will he yet my heart or vows receive :

For him I bleed, for him, alas ! I die,
Yet he obdurate can relief deny.

He flies me now---nor more attends my pain 135
Than the deaf adder heeds the charmer's strain.

Ah ! Love !---repress his speed who leads the race
So swift, while I pursue with tardy pace ;

Or to her happy state a maid restore,
Ere her fond bosom own'd another's power. 140

But wherefore should I hope in vain to move
With prayers or plaints the ruthless God of love ?

Ver. 136. *Than the deaf adder---*] An expression drawn from the verse in the Psalms :---“ the adder refuses to hear the voice of the charmer.”

That God, to whom my anguish transport gives,
 Who drinks my tears, and in my suffering lives !
 Ah ! luckless maid ! of what shall I complain, 145
 But the vain prospect of desire as vain ;
 Desire that lifts me to so bold a flight,
 My pinions shrivel in the sultry height :
 All unsupported now I fall from Heaven ;
 Nor here a period to my fate is given : 150
 Again I soar, again I catch the flame :
 My daring endless, and my fall the same !
 Yet more than all must I condemn the breast
 That such desire could harbour for her guest :
 A guest that Reason from her seat compell'd, 155
 And every sense subdu'd in bondage held.
 From bad to worse my wretched soul is tost,
 Nor can I passion rule where rule is lost !
 Yet wherefore should I now myself reprove ?
 What crimes, alas ! are mine but crimes of love ? 160
 What wonder that the soft, the frailer sense
 Of womankind should make but weak defence ?
 Was I requir'd t' oppose with wisdom's arms
 His looks, his speech, his more than manly charms ?
 Most wretched he, forbid with longing sight 165
 To view the beams of Sol's all-cheering light !
 Not destiny alone impell'd my course,
 Another's words, and words of mighty force,
 From this beginning love foretold my doom,
 My future bliss and great events to come. 170

Ver. 148. *My pinions shrivel---*] Rather an obscure allusion to the fable of Icarus, whose wings were melted in his flight too near the sun.

If Merlin's prophecy no credit claim'd,
If every counsel for deceit was fram'd,
Him may I well reproach—but never more
Can free my soul from him my thoughts adore.
All, all my plaints (for ever fix'd to mourn) 175
To Merlin and Melissa must return,
Who brought, by help of many a hellish spright,
Fallacious visions to deceive my sight -
With unborn sons; and with expectance vain
Involv'd me thus in love's perplexing chain: 180
Yet, ah! what cause could thus excite their hate,
But envy of my happy virgin state?

Thus she; while with despair and grief oppress'd,
She seem'd to banish comfort from her breast:
But soon the flatterer Hope intruding brought 185
Delusive aid, recalling to her thought
Rogero's parting words, and bade her still
(Whatever fears her gentle soul might fill)
Await his wish'd return; and thus with wiles
Beyond the twenty days fond Hope beguiles 190
Her easy heart, and soothes her to behold
Another month in expectation roll'd.

With mind more calm, as on a certain day
(Such was her wont) she pass'd the public way
To meet her lord, she heard what must destroy 195
Each little glimpse of every promis'd joy.
For near Albano's walls the noble dame
Beheld a knight of Gascony, who came
From Afric's camp, a prisoner there confin'd
What time near Paris walls the battle join'd. 200
With him she commun'd, much of him inquir'd
To lead him to the point she most desir'd:

Rogero nam'd, her wish no further sought,
On him alone hung every anxious thought.
The knight who knew the peers of Afric well, 205
Reveal'd whate'er the noble youth besel,
Whom late he saw with Mandricardo stand
Oppos'd in combat, when with conquering hand
The chief he slew, and from that glorious day
A tedious month with wounds enfeebled lay. 210
Here had he clos'd, his tale had well explain'd
The cause that good Rogero thus detain'd.
To this he adds, that to the camp there came
A gallant maid, Marphisa was her name,
No less renown'd for beauty than for arms; 215
In valour first, and first in female charms :
That her Rogero, she Rogero lov'd,
Scarce ever seen apart---that all approv'd
Their growing loves---and prince and peer believ'd
That each from each the pledge of faith receiv'd; 220
And hop'd the knight recover'd from his bed
Of pain and sickness, would the virgin wed ;
From which fair union warriors yet unborn
In future ages might the world adorn.
This wish'd alliance spread from man to man 225
In loud report that through the country ran,
By signs confirm'd---with good Rogero came
In aid of Agramant the martial dame ;
And when Marphisa from the camp in scorn
(As late I told) had false Brunello borne, 230
Uncall'd she back resum'd her former way,
When in his bed Rogero wounded lay.
On him alone seem'd bent her anxious mind ;
To him alone her visits seem'd design'd ;

For oft beside his couch from morning light 235
Till evening shade she watch'd the wounded knight.
Each wonder'd much that she whose soul despis'd
All human race, nor power, nor riches priz'd,
Should for Rogero vail her wonted pride,
Should smile on him, and frown on all beside. 240

While thus the Gascon knight confirms his tale,
At every word heart-rending pangs assail
The wretched Bradamant: a chillness creeps
Through all her veins, and scarce her seat she keeps.
Without a word she turns her courser's rein, 245
While wrath and jealousy within maintain
A mingled war: each hope dissolv'd in air,
Back to her home she hastes in wild despair.
Behold all arm'd the wretched virgin spread
With face declin'd upon her lonely bed ! 250
From listening ears to hide her grief she tries,
Her grief that seeks to break in plaintive cries ;
Till oft revolving what the knight had told,
No longer can her breast its anguish hold.

Then thus—In whom hereafter shall I trust? 255
All, all are false, ungrateful and unjust !
Since, dear Rogero, thou canst faithless prove,
Rogero once so priz'd for truth and love.
Of all the sorrows, all the tears that flow
From public sufferings or domestic woe, 260
My wrongs are first—and since no living knight
Excels thy mien in peace, thy arm in fight ;
Since none with thee for prowess can compare,
For courtly grace, for all that wins the fair,
Why can we not amidst thy palms entwine 265
Another wreath, and constancy be thine ?

Yet know'st thou not (this noblest gift with-held)
No virtue, courage, ever yet excell'd !
As objects only by reflection bright,
Viewless themselves, must shine by borrow'd light. 270
Alas ! how easy was an artless maid
By him she lov'd beyond herself betray'd !
By him whose words her fond belief had won
To think the day-spring dark, and cold the sun !
Sure no remorse can e'er thy bosom move, 275
If unrepenting thou behold'st her love
Who dies by thee--all crimes with thee are light,
If breach of faith is little in thy sight.
Since she who loves, such pains to thee must owe,
Thou can'st not more t' afflict thy direst foe. 280
Sure justice never will in Heaven awake,
Unless swift vengeance reach thee for my sake,
Midst all the sins with which mankind are curst,
If dire ingratitude is deem'd the worst ;
If for this cause the fairest angel driven 285
To chains and woe was hurl'd from highest Heaven ;
If heavier sins with heavier scourge must smart,
Unless repentance purify the heart ;
Heed, lest on thee some dreadful scourge be sent,
Who, thus ingrate, refuseth to repent ! 290
Of theft, no little crime amidst the train
Of human crimes, with justice I complain :
Not for my heart detain'd---that heart be thine---
At such a theft I never shall repine :
But thou thyself art mine, and in despite 295
Of every claim, thou robb'st me of my right.
Restore thyself--for never shall he thrive
Who can another of his right deprive.

Thou leav'st me, cruel!--yet from thee to fly
 Alas! my will and power alike deny! 300

But not from life---to end this hated breath,
 And leave my griefs and thee in welcome death.
 O! had I dy'd while treasur'd in thy breast,
 What fate so envy'd, and what death so blest!

She said; and fix'd to die, with furious haste 305
 Leapt from the bed, while at her heart she plac'd
 The sword's determin'd point, but soon she found
 Her arms prevent the meditated wound.

Meantime a better Genius seem'd to warn
 Her desperate thoughts---O! virgin, nobly born! 310
 Think of thy high descent, thy spotless name,
 Nor give this period to a life of fame!

Seek yonder camp---there nobler mayst thou try
 (If such thy wish) the honour'd means to die.
 Before Rogero shouldst thou yield thy breath, 315
 Some tears even he may shed to grace thy death:
 But should his sword thy breast of life bereave,
 What lover could a happier fate receive?

And just it seems that he thy life should take,
 That life his cruelty could wretched make. 320

Who knows, before thou dy'st, but vengeance due
 To thy wrong'd vows Marphisa may pursue?
 Whose fraud (as ill beseems a virtuous maid)
 Has won Rogero and thy love betray'd.

These better thoughts approv'd, the virgin fram'd 325
 A surcoat new that o'er her arms proclaim'd

Ver. 326. *A surcoat new*,--] The custom of assuming arms and devices expressive of the good or ill fortune of the wearer, was one great characteristic of the heroes and heroines of chivalry: thus Orlando in the eighth book puts on black armour. Guido in the nineteenth book is thus described:

Her state of mind, and such as might imply
 A soul despairing, and resolv'd to die.
 Well suited to her grief, her vest receives
 The faded hue of sapless wither'd leaves, 330
 Torn from the bough ; or such as autumn shows
 When from the root the sap no longer flows ;
 The veil with cypress trunks embroider'd o'er,
 That sever'd like her hopes could sprout no more.
 The horse, which once Astolpho rode, she took, 335
 Then grasp'd the golden lance, whose lightest stroke
 Each knight unhors'd ; nor how the lance she gain'd
 Need here be told, or how the duke obtain'd
 The weapon first, suffice that this she bore
 All unsuspecting of its wondrous power. 340

Thus, unaccompany'd, the virgin went
 Without a squire, and from the hill's descent
 To Paris' walls pursu'd her eager way,
 Where late encamp'd the Pagan army lay :
 For yet she heard not that Rinaldo's might 345
 With aid of Charles and many a noble knight
 From Mount Albano and the Christian train
 Had rais'd th' impending siege and thousands slain.

Clad like his steed, in sable weeds of woe,
 The champion came, as if he meant to show
 An emblem of his own distressful state,
 How small his comforts, and his griefs how great !

So Ariodantes, Book vi. wears a shield fringed with yellow-green,
 the colour of Bradamant's scarf.

Ver. 338. -----how the duke obtain'd

The weapon first---] Bradamant received this lance from
 Astolpho, Book xxiii. ver. 104. which lance came into the duke's
 possession after it was left behind by Argalia. See General View of
 Boyardo's Story.

She leaves Cadurci now, and now she leaves
Chaorse's town, nor more behind perceives 350
Dordona's mount, and soon the towers espies
Of Clarmont and of Montferrante rise :
When, as she journey'd, on her way was seen
A dame of comely form and courtcous mien :
A buckler at her saddle-bow was ty'd, 355
And three bold knights attended at her side :
Before, behind, in long procession came
Damsels and squires that waited on the dame.
Brave Amon's daughter who to learn desir'd
Her name, of one amidst her train enquir'd. 360

To the great leader of the Franks (he cries)
From where within the arctic circle lies
A land remote, she plough'd with heavy toil
A length of ocean from Perduta's isle :
Perduta some, and some Islanda name 365
This distant isle, where reigns a queen whose fame
For peerless form was sure by Heaven design'd
The first of all her sex's lovely kind.
The shield thou see'st to royal Charles she sends,
And this condition with the shield commends ; 370
That this high gift shall grace the bravest knight
Whom such he holds in dreadful fields of fight :
She by herself, by all the world esteem'd
The fairest dame, would seek a champion deem'd

Ver. 354. *A dame of comely form*—] Nothing can be told with more ease of language, or vigour of description, than this pleasingly romantic incident: the demeanour of Bradamant, her meeting the shepherd, arrival at the lodge, the jousts by moonlight, her defence of Ulania, are all circumstances that can never be too much admired.

The first in arms, for long her secret mind 375
A purpose, nothing e'er shall shake, design'd;
That he alone who bears his victor-sword
O'er every chief, shall be her spouse and lord.
At Charlemain's imperial court she thought
The first of gallant knights might best be sought. 380
Yon three, that as her guard attend the dame,
All three are kings, and from three kingdoms came:
One Sweden, Gothland one, one Norway sways,
And few with these in arms have equal praise.
These three, whose lands beneath another sky, 385
Less distant than the isle Perduto lie;
(So call'd, as few amidst the sailor-train
Were ever known to stem the northern main)
These kings enamour'd have alike pursu'd
The fair queen's love, and for their consort woo'd; 390
And for her sake transcendent acts have done,
To last while planets circle round the sun.
But she to these, to none her hand will yield,
Who stands not first, the phoenix of the field.
I little prize (thus oft declar'd the dame) 395
Your deeds that here such boasted merit claim:
Amidst the three, should one outshine as far
His rivals, as the sun each little star,
I give him praise—but thinks he hence from all
The knights on earth, to him the palm must fall? 400
To Charlemain, whom through the world I hold
The wisest prince, I send a shield of gold,
On this condition, that amidst his court,
Him, who in arms may bear the first report,
The monarch with this honour'd gift shall grace, 405
Whether a subject or of alien race.

His judgment be my guide ; and when his voice
 Shall on the bravest champion fix the choice,
 Let one of you, who dares in fight the best,
 That fatal buckler from the victor wrest, 410
 And to my hand restore: such knight shall prove
 My vow'd affection, far all knights above,
 And sovereign of my heart possess my throne and love. }
 Thus from th' remotest ocean has she sent
 Three potent kings, who come with sworn intent 415
 From him who wins it, to redeem the shield,
 Or by his sword lie breathless on the field.

Thus spoke the squire, while Bradamant to hear
 Th' unwonted story gave attentive ear.
 The tale complete, the speaker spur'd again 420
 His steed, and soon regain'd the courtly train.

More slow the virgin kept her steed behind,
 While many a thought came crowding on her mind.
 Yon shield (she thought) in France may raise debate,
 And sow the seeds of envy, strife, and hate 425
 In every Paladin and rival knight,
 Should Charles attempt to fix the claimant's right.
 This thought disturb'd, but ah ! her former thought
 Far deeper anguish in her bosom wrought,
 That false Rogero could from her depart, 430
 And on Marphisa fix his changeful heart.
 So deep in this was buried every sense
 That, mindless of the way, she heeds not whence,
 Or what her course, or where she next may meet,
 To rest at night, a hospitable seat. 435
 As when some vessel by the mastering wind,
 Or torrent surge, is from the land disjoin'd,

Her rudder lost, no pilot for her guide,
 She floats at random on th' uncertain tide :
 So rov'd the virgin, while Rogero still 440
 Engross'd her soul—at Rabicano's will
 She rov'd ; while distant many a mile remain
 Her thoughts that should direct the guiding rein.
 At length she lifts her eyes and sees the sun
 Near Bocchus' realm his evening journey run, 445
 And like the sea-gull now in ocean's breast,
 Beyond Morocco dive to wonted rest ;
 And ill she judges, if she means to stray
 In opening fields along the darkling way,
 While the night air with chilly vapour blows, 450
 Denouncing drizzling rain and freezing snows.

Her courser urging Bradamant pursues
 The track with greater speed, and soon she views
 A shepherd-boy retiring from the plain,
 Who slowly drives before his bleating train. 455
 Of him the dame entreats some place to show
 That, fair or homely, shelter might bestow ;
 However homely, better there to lie
 Than pass the night beneath th' inclement sky.

For five long leagues, I know not where can rest 460
 (Reply'd the shepherd) a benighted guest,
 Save at a place which Tristram's lodge we call,
 But there t' abide the chance to few may fall.
 What knight should there to find repose intend,
 His spear must win it, and his spear defend : 465

Ver. 445. *Near Bocchus' realm---*] Bocchus, a king who reigned in the farthest parts of Mauritania.

If thither comes a warrior when the place
No knight has hous'd, the lord with courteous grace
Admits the entering guest, but makes him swear
That should a new one to the rock repair,
His arm the stranger on the plain shall meet: 470
Should none arrive, he peaceful keeps his seat.
When two knights joust, the warrior, doom'd to yield,
Must quit the fort and sleep in open field.
If four, or five, or more, in social train
At once appear, they ready entrance gain: 475
But ill he fares, who comes an after-guest:
With whom the troop, already hous'd, shall rest
By turns the lance: should one, receiv'd within,
Possess the place which others come to win;
These, one by one, shall call him to the plain, 480
And he with all in turn the strife maintain.
So when the lodge admits a dame or maid,
Alone or with companion thither led,
If chance another comes, whoe'er can gain
Th' award for beauty, shall her seat maintain: 485
But she, whose form her rival's charms outshine,
For air unshelter'd-must the place resign.

Instruct me, swain (she cry'd) yon lodge to find:
'The simple swain with ready tongue rejoin'd,
And pointed with his hand the nearest way 490
To where six miles remote the dwelling lay.

'Though well his speed good Rabicano ply'd,
Though Bradamant in either bleeding side
Drove deep the spur, yet through the miry road
Slippery with clay, with drenching waters flow'd, 495
The lodge she reach'd not till the darkening night
Had quench'd in shade the world's all-cheering light.

She found the portal barr'd, then loud address'd
The watchful guard, and claim'd her right of guest.
The place was fill'd (he answer'd to the dame) 500
With knights and damsels that but newly came,
And round the blazing hearth impatient stood
To sate their hunger with refreshing food.
If still they fast, I trust (the virgin cries)
'Tis not for them the cook his fare supplies. 505
Go—bear my message—I their force defy,
The law I know, and with the law comply.

The guard departing to the knights convey'd
The bold defiance of the martial maid,
That from warm shelter call'd them forth to dare 510
Th' inclement chillness of nocturnal air:
And now the clouds a plenteous shower began:
Yet each his weapons seiz'd, and man by man
Went where the virgin stood their force to wait;
The rest remain'd within the castle-gate. 515

Three knights were these, in arms esteem'd so well,
That few on earth their valour could excel:
These were the warriors that day were seen,
With the fair envoy from Islanda's queen,
To whom they boasted oft with sword or lance 520
To bring again the golden shield from France:
These three had far outrode the martial dame,
And hence before her to the castle came:
Few knights there were so well at tilt could run,
But midst those few the martial fair was one, 525
Who meant not there unshelter'd to remain,
Foodless, alone, and wet with drizzling rain.

Meanwhile from windows and the turrets height
Spectators stand to view th' approaching fight,

Seen by the moon, while through the shower that
streams

530

From broken clouds, she darts her watry beams.

As some fond youth whom beauty fires to love,

When at his fair-one's porch he waits to prove

'The lover's dear reward, with rapture hears

'The bolt slow moving in his longing ears :

535

So Bradamant, whose generous bosom fir'd

With honour's praise, to noble deeds aspir'd,

Rejoices when she hears the gates unbar,

And sees the draw-bridge lower'd, and deck'd for war

Beholds the champions issue to the plain :

540

Soon as she view'd them near, she turn'd her rein

The length of field to measure for the course,

Then back at speed impell'd her foaming horse.

'That spear she bore, which trusted to her hand

Her kinsman gave, which nothing could withstand, 545

Which each opponent humbled in the dust,

Though Mars himself, oppos'd, receiv'd the thrust.

'The king of Sweden who the first to meet

'The virgin mov'd, was first to lose his seat :

Against his helm the lance so strongly came,

550

The lance that ne'er deceiv'd the guider's aim.

Next Gothland's monarch ran, who headlong far

Fell from his steed with heels high rais'd in air.

In filth and mire the third half stifted lay,

Roll'd o'er and o'er amidst the watery way.

555

Thus with three strokes three knights to earth she drove,

With heads cast downward and with feet above.

Then to the lodge she went, but ere her right

Was there confirm'd to pass at ease the night,

An oath she took, whenever call'd, to leave 560
The fort, and each new challenger receive.

Struck with her gallant deeds, the castle's lord
To her such welcome as his walls afford,
With every honour gave: the noble dame
Who with the three from far Perduta came 565
To distant France, receiv'd with courteous air
The warrior-maid, for courteous was the fair.
Now each saluting each, with smiling look
Th' ambassadress arising gently took
The martial hand of Bradamant, and led 570
The new-come guest, where sparkling deepest red,
A genial warmth the glowing embers shed.

Now to disarm, the virgin cast aside
Her glittering shield, and next her helm unty'd;
When with her helm she rais'd a cawl of gold 575
Where hid beneath her braided locks were roll'd:
Her wavy tresses now, no more confin'd,
Fell o'er her neck and hung in curls behind:
And now to all she stood a dame reveal'd,
In beauty first, as in the martial field. 580
As when, the scene undrawn, with sudden light
The stage gay rushes on the dazzled sight;

Ver. 573. *Now to disarm,---*] The discovery of Britomartis in Spenser is a close copy of Ariosto.

.....when as vailed was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay
Upbouden, did themselves adown display,
And raught unto her heels; like sunny beams,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded shew their golden gleams,
And thro' the persent air shoot forth their azure streams.

Book iii. c. ix. st. 20.

Where many a sumptuous pile and arch is plac'd,
With gold, with painting, and with sculpture grac'd :
Or as the sun is wont from clouds, that spread 585
Their envious mist, to lift his radiant head :
So when her shining helm the virgin rears,
Her charms shine forth and Paradise appears !

Full soon the lord of that fair dwelling knew
In her, who oft before had met his view, 590
The noble Bradamant, and graceful paid
His praise and homage to the glorious maid.
Plac'd round the blazing hearth their moments roll
In sweet discourse, the banquet of the soul ;
While for the board the menial train prepare 595
Their limbs to strengthen with corporeal fare.
Then of her host enquir'd the martial dame
How first this custom, new, or ancient, came,
With strangers us'd ; by whom and when devis'd ;
And in these words her host his tale compriz'd. 600

When Pharamond the sceptre sway'd, his son
The youthful Clodio to his nuptials won
A beauteous dame, in pride of bloomy prime,
Of manners rare in that uncultur'd time,
Gentle beyond her sex ! her dear he lov'd, 605
So dear he scarcely from her sight remov'd.
Not less from Io went the watchful swain,
For equal to his love was Clodio's jealous pain.

Ver. 607.—*from Io went the watchful swain.*] Juno having found means to get into her power Io, the mistress of Jupiter, after she was turned into a cow by her lover to conceal her from his wife, gave her in charge to Argus, who had a hundred eyes, and watched her day and night.

Here in this lone retreat, which to his care
His father gave, he kept the treasur'd fair. 610
He seldom issu'd hence; and with him dwell'd
Ten knights, who first for arms in France excell'd.
It chanc'd, while here he stay'd, Sir Tristram came
Before the gate, with him a lovely dame,
Who by a giant fierce in fetters bound, 615
Late from his valorous force deliverance found.
Sir Tristram hither came, what time the sun
Oppos'd to Seville's shores, had nearly run
His evening stage, and here besought to rest,
(No other place t' admit a wandering guest 620
For ten long miles) for doting Clodio us'd
To jealous fears, his earnest suit refus'd;
Resolv'd, whate'er his rank, no stranger there
Should enter while his walls contain'd the fair:
Long urg'd the knight his just request in vain, 625
Not prayer, nor reason could admittance gain.
Since mild intreaty fails (enrag'd he cries)
Force shall compel what thy base heart denies.
With bold defiance then the gallant knight
Call'd Clodio and his ten to mortal fight, 630
And offer'd with his pointed spear to show
That deeds like this from recreant spirits flow:
Such terms propos'd--should he his seat maintain,
And Clodio with his warriors press the plain,
Himself would there (though now refus'd a guest) 635
Abide, and from the gates exclude the rest.

Ver. 614.--*a lovely dame,*] Isotta--The loves of Tristram and Isotta are famous in romance.

See Note to Book iv. ver. 373.

The son of Pharamond, impell'd by shame,
At risk of life, essay'd the list of fame,
Where, in the joust, he lost his luckless seat,
Where all his ten receiv'd a like defeat 649
From conquering Tristram, who the portal clos'd
Against its master, with the ten expos'd
To lie unshelter'd: entering now he view'd
The beauty that had Clodio's heart subdu'd;
Whom Nature (what to numbers she deny'd) 645
With every gift of female grace supply'd.
Her Tristram fair bespoke: meanwhile without
Her consort rag'd with fear and jealous doubt;
Nor ceas'd to urge the knight with humble prayer,
Forth from the lodge to send his wedded fair. 650
But Tristram, though he little seem'd to prize
His lovely captive, though with careless eyes
All charms but his Isotta's he beheld,
So well the magic potion had repell'd
Each other love; yet now, with just return 655
Resolv'd to wreak discourteous Clodio's scorn,
Reply'd—To knighthood must I deem it shame,
From sheltering roof t' expel so fair a dame.
If Clodio murmurs thus abroad to lie
Alone, unpair'd, beneath the open sky; 660
A dame I have, that like a rose new blown
In beauty blooms, yet equals not his own,
Her will I bid (if such his wish) to wait
Without the walls, and soothe his luckless fate.
But just it seems the fair of brightest charms 665
Should rest with him who bravest shines in arms.

Ver. 654. *So well the magic potion—*] See Note to Book iv.
ver. 373.

The wretched Clodio thus compell'd to stay
 Without his gate, for slow-returning day,
 Less felt the chilling damp and freezing air
 Than sad reflection of his absent fair: 670
 Listening he stood, while jealous fancy brought
 Full many an image to distract his thought,
 Of those that now with gentle sleep oppress
 Pass'd all the quiet night in guiltless rest.

The light was ris'n, when to his arms again 675
 Sir Tristram gave the dame, and eas'd his pain,
 With faith exchange'd upon his knightly word,
 Her, as she was, uninjur'd he restor'd.
 For though he deem'd his base discourteous mind
 Deserv'd from him the heaviest scourge to find, 680
 Yet this alone his vengeance should suffice,
 That all night long beneath unshelter'd skies
 The youth he kept; nor would he yet approve
 That plea, which call'd his crime the crime of love.

Ver. 682.--*beneath unshelter'd skies*] Spenser has an imitation of this passage, on which Mr. Upton observes thus:

"If the reader takes any pleasure in seeing how one poet imitates or rivals another, he may have an agreeable task in comparing the episode, where the fair company Satyrane, Paridel, Britomart, and the Squire of dames, are excluded, in a tempestuous night, from old Malbecco's castle, with a like disaster in Ariosto, where Bradamant (whom Britomart in many circumstances resembles) arriving at the castle of Sir Tristram, battles it with three knights, and afterwards discovers her sex. Let the reader compare old Lidgate's Canterbury tale, where Polemite and Tydeous arrive at the palace of king Adrastus in a stormy night. Is it worth while to mention here that silly romance, named, the History of Prince Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table, which has the same kind of adventure? See Part ii. Book i. c. 65. How Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadon came to a lodging, where they must joust with two knights."

Upton's Notes on Spenser, Book iii. c. ix. st. 11.

Far other thoughts should generous love impart; 685
He melts the stern, not steels the gentle heart.

Sir Tristram gone, but little Clodio stay'd;
He to a trusty friend in charge convey'd
The castle's keep, by his condition bound,
Each dame and knight that there reception found, 690
Should hold their place by beauty or by arms,
But yield to stronger nerves or brighter charms.
Thus was the law begun, and thus maintain'd,
Has to this hour unbroken still remain'd.

So spoke the host, and as the tale he ceas'd, 695
He bade the menial train prepare the feast;
Where in the hall a table fair was plac'd,
The spacious hall with regal splendor grac'd:
Hither by torches' light the guests convey'd,
But chief the northern fair and martial maid, 700
Gaz'd on the stately walls, where every part
With story'd forms confess'd the painter's art.
In rapt attention each the figures view'd,
And while she gaz'd forgot the want of food;
Though either's strength not little claim'd repast, 705
With toil and travel spent, or spent with fast.
The seneshall and cook displeas'd behold
The meats neglected in the vases cold,
Till one at length with better counsel cries:
Your hunger satiate first, and then your eyes. 710

Now each was plac'd in order at the board
To taste the viands, when the castle's lord
Reflects that much against the law he err'd
Who thus, at different times arriv'd, preferr'd
Two female guests; one only must remain, 715
And one depart: the fairest might retain

Her seat secure; the vanquish'd maid must go
Where chill rains beat, and winds inclement blow.
Two matrons then with other dames that dwell'd
Beneath his roof, whose judgment most excell'd, 720
He call'd, and bade them with impartial eyes
Behold the virgins, and award the prize.
With general suffrage all the prize declare
To Amon's daughter, who the northern fair
Had now no less eclips'd with female charms 725
Than late her knights with manly deeds of arms.
Then to the dame whose sad presaging mind
This luckless chance already had divin'd,
The host began--Thou must not now complain
If, gentle damsel, we our law maintain 730
Some other dwelling for thyself provide,
Since 'tis decreed, by present judgment try'd,
That yonder virgin's features, mien, and grace,
(All unadorn'd) thy every charm efface.

As when from humid vales thick vapours rise, 735
And with a sable cloud obscure the skies.
Sudden the golden sun, erewhile so bright,
Is lost in shade of momentary night:
So when the damsel hears her heavy doom,
Expell'd to drenching rain and dreary gloom, 740
Her features change, no more she looks the same,
The gay, the lovely, all-accomplished dame.
But noble Bradamant, whose pitying heart
Had now resolv'd to take the virgin's part,
Thus wisely spoke--But ill I deem is try'd 745
That cause where hasty judgment shall decide
Ere each is heard--for her my suit I move;
Howe'er compar'd our person's gifts may prove,

Imports not now—I not as woman came,
Nor shall, while here, the rights of woman claim. 750
Yet who will dare affirm, while thus array'd
These arms conceal a man or blushing maid?
Ne'er let us utter what we ne'er can know,
And chiefly when it works another's woe.
Like me, may numbers length of tresses wear, 755
Nor more from this the female sex declare.
'Tis known to all who hear at tilt I ran,
And if the lodge I won as maid or man :
Why will you then assign the woman's name
To one, whose deeds the manly sex proclaim? 760
Your law requires that dames should be excell'd
By fairer dames; but not by warriors quell'd:
Yet grant I might a woman prove (which I
Nor wholly grant, nor wholly shall deny)
What though I equal'd not her beauty's bloom, 765
Would you, for that, my valour's right resume?
Or make me lose from want of female charms
What late my virtue gain'd by dint of arms?
But should the strictness of your law require
That one of us must from the lodge retire 770
Whose beauty fails—yet would I here remain
(Whate'er your sentence) and my place maintain.
Hence I infer, between yon dame and me,
That all unequal must the contest be:
With me contending may she greatly lose, 775
And should she win, no gain o'er me ensues.
To both must justice weigh, in balance even,
The loss or gain, ere sentence can be given.
Honour and reason, every gentle sense
Forbids to drive this holy virgin hence. 780

If any in his strength so far can trust,
To call the judgment I have pass'd unjust,
Lo! with this weapon I his force defy,
And prove the truth, while he defends the lie.

Great Amon's daughter by compassion sway'd 785
To see unjustly a defenceless maid
Expell'd to where the chilling rain descends
And not a roof or cot its shelter lends,
With many a reason urg'd and gentle word
Persuades to generous thoughts the generous lord : 790
But chief her dauntless courage wins the cause ;
He yields, and pleads no more the castle's laws.
As parch'd beneath the sun's meridian fires,
When the brown turf refreshing streams requires,
If some fair flower, that hung its languid head, 795
Feels on its stalk the kindly moisture shed,
Again it springs, again each sweet resumes,
And fresh again in vernal beauty blooms !
So from this bold defence the maid derives
Recover'd life, and every charm revives. 800

Now on the savoury cates that long had spread
The board untouch'd, each guest impatient fed,
No other champion chancing there to light,
And damp the social pleasures of the night.
The feast each honour'd save the martial fair : 805
In sorrow fix'd, abandon'd to despair,
A thousand jealous thoughts unjustly brood
In her torn breast, and pall the taste of food.
The banquet o'er, which all perchance in haste
Had urg'd, to give in turn their eyes repast ; 810
Fair Bradamant arose ; and near was seen
To rise, the envoy of Islanda's queen.

The lord a signal gave ; at his commands
A menial ran, and soon with ready hands
Through the wide hall was kindled many a light : 813
Th' ensuing book the sequel shall recite.

END OF THE THIRTY-SECOND BOOK.

THE
THIRTY-THIRD BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT hears from her host an explanation of the pictures in Sir Tristram's lodge, representing the future wars of France in Italy. The manner in which Bradamant passes the night: next morning she departs, and unhorses the three kings a second time. Description of the combat between Rinaldo and Gradasso for Rinaldo's horse Bayardo. Their combat strangely broken off. Gradasso gets possession of Bayardo, and embarks for his own country. The flight of Astolpho through the air, till having travelled over many countries, he at last arrives at the capital of king Senapus, in Æthiopia, and undertakes to drive away the harpies from his table.

THE
THIRTY-THIRD BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

TIMAGORAS, Parrhasius, far renown'd ;
With wreaths as fair Apollodorus crown'd :
Protogenes, Timanthes, ever fam'd :
Apelles, first of heavenly artists nam'd :

Ver. 1. *Timagoras,--Parrhasius,--*] Timagoras was a painter of Chalcedon, and in painting excelled all the artists of his age, who in vain endeavoured to contend with him.

Parrhasius was born at Ephesus, the son and disciple of Evenor and contemporary with Zeuxis. He spoke contemptuously of all others, and stiled himself the prince of painting.

Ver. 2. *Apollodorus--*] This painter is mentioned by Pliny, who relates, that he was the great improver of the art of painting, which after him Zeuxis brought to such perfection.

Ver. 3. *Protogenes, Timanthes--*] Protogenes was a native of Caunus, a city subject to the Rhodians, and was contemporary with Apelles. His famous work was the picture of Jalesus, which saved the city of Rhodes when besieged by Demetrius; for not being able to attack it but on that side where Protogenes worked, he chose rather to abandon his design than destroy so fine a picture. It is said that the king sending for him, asked him "with what assurance he could work in the suburbs of a city that was besieged?"--his answer was, "That he understood the war he had undertaken was against the Rhodians, and not against the arts."

Timanthes lived in the reign of Philip of Macedon; the place of his birth is not known, but he was one of the most learned and judicious painters of his age. He drew the famous picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, where, unable to express the sorrows of a father on such an occasion, he concealed the face of Agamemnon with a veil.

Ver. 4. *Apelles,--*] Apelles, the first in fame of all the ancient

Zeuxis and Polygnotus: all the train 5
 That flourish'd once, in men'ry shall remain,
 Though Clotho long has mix'd them with the dead,
 And time on every work oblivion spread;
 Yet shall they live and live to future days,
 While writers tell and readers learn their praise. 10
 Our age may boast with these an equal band
 In painting's school to lift the forming hand.
 Lo! Leonardo! Gian' Bellino view;
 Two Dossi, and Mantegna reach'd by few:

painters, was born in the Island of Coös, in the Archipelago. He was much beloved by Alexander the Great, who employed him to draw the portrait of a favourite mistress named Campaspe, when finding that the painter was deeply enamoured of her beauty, he generously resigned her to him. His most celebrated picture was a Venus rising from the waves, on which the following lines were written by Ovid.

Si Venerem Cöos nunquam pinxisset Apelles,
 Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.
 Apelles' pencil heavenly Venus drew,
 Or still the waves had veil'd her charms from view.

Ver. 5. *Zeuxis and Polygnotus* :--] Zeuxis was a native of Heraclea in Macedonia, and lived 400 years before the birth of Christ, being contemporary with Timanthes and Parrhasius. He painted the famous picture of Helen, for which he is said to have selected the finest parts from five of the most beautiful virgins sent to him for that purpose. An incredible story is related of his death, that having drawn the picture of an old woman with exquisite humour, he fell into such a fit of laughter at the contemplation of his own work that he expired.

Polygnotus was a painter of Athens after Zeuxis. He was the first who revived the dignity of painting in Greece, which had fallen into disrepute.

Ver. 13.--*Leonardo! Gian' Bellino* :--] Leonardo da Vinci was of a noble family in Tuscany, and a man of universal knowledge. He painted at Florence, Rome, and Milan. He drew a picture of the last Supper, but did not finish the head of Christ, because he could not find an image answerable to his idea before he was obliged to leave Milan. He did the same by Judas; but the prior of the convent being impatient to see the piece finished, pressed him so earnestly, and probably indecently, that he drew the head of the unfortunate friar upon the shoulders of Judas. He was greatly esteemed by Francis I. and died in the arms of that monarch, who came to visit him in his last sickness.

Giovanni Bellino laid the foundation of the Venetian school by the use of oil: he died in the year 1512, aged ninety years.

Ver. 14. *Two Dossi* :--] The two Dossi were of Ferrara, and were

With these, an Angel, Michael styl'd Divine, 15
 In whom the sculptor and the painter join :
 Bastiano, Titian, Raphael, three that grace
 Cadora, Venice, and Urbino's race :

much employed by Alphonso duke of Ferrara. The elder growing old, had a pension for his subsistence, and his younger brother, whose name was Baptista, surviving him, painted many excellent pieces after the death of his brother.

Mantegna was born in a village near Padua, and in his youth kept sheep, but his genius discovering itself very early, he was put to a painter, who adopted him for his son. He painted for the duke of Mantua, and executed that fine piece of the triumphs of Julius Cæsar, in nine parts, in the royal palace of Hampton Court. He died at Mantua in the year 1517, aged 66.

Ver. 15.—*An Angel, Michael*—] Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born in the year 1474 at Arezzo in Tuscany. This seems rather a play upon his name of Angelo (Angel). He was not only a great painter but an excellent architect and statuary, particularly the latter. He painted his great picture of the last Judgment, at the command of Pope Paul III. He was beloved by all the sovereign princes of his time, and died at Rome in the year 1564, at ninety years old.

Ver. 17. *Bastiano, Titian, Raphael*—] Bastiano del Piombo took his name from an office given him by Pope Clement in the lead mines. He was born at Venice, and first studied under Gian' Belino, and after Raphael's death became the chief painter in Rome, Julio Romano only disputing the prize with him. It is rather singular that Julio Romano has not a place here in Ariosto's list. Bastiano died in 1547, aged 62 years.

Titiano Vecelli was born at Cadora, a province in the state of Venice, in the year 1477. He was of noble extraction, being descended from the ancient family of the Vecelli : He drew the portrait of the emperor Charles V. three times, and that monarch used to say on the occasion, that he had been made thrice immortal by the hands of Titian. He was universally esteemed, full of years, honours, and wealth, and died at last of the plague, aged ninety-nine years.

Raphael Sanzio, born at Urbino in the year 1483, was one of the handsomest and best tempered men living. He is acknowledged to have been the prince of modern painters, and is often stiled, the divine Raphael, for the inimitable graces of his pencil : he was beloved in the highest degree by Pope Julius II. and Leo X. he was

Each genius that can past events recall
 In living figures on the story'd wall: 20
 But none have yet appear'd, whose wondrous art
 Could future deeds by pencill'd forms impart:
 Yet have we known some favour'd men adorn
 A mystic painting ere the men were born.
 But such effect exceeding human power, 25
 Is only work'd by help of magic lore.
 The hall I late describ'd had Merlin wrought
 In one short night, by subtle demons brought

admired and courted by all the princes and states in Europe, and particularly by our Henry VIII. who would have brought him over to England: he lived in the greatest splendor; but his passion for the fair sex destroyed him in the flower of his age; for being taken with a burning fever, and having concealed from his physicians the true cause of his distemper, he was improperly dealt with, and died in the year 1520, on the same day that he was born, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. Cardinal Bembo wrote his epitaph, in which are these lines, which Mr. Pope has translated, and with the most injudicious flattery applied to his friend Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Hic est ille Raphaël, timuit quo sospite vinci
 Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
 Her works, and dying, fears herself may die.

Pope's Epitaph on Sir G. Kneller.

Ariosto was himself contemporary with all the modern artists here mentioned: he knew Titian well, who drew his picture. The author of the *Essay on Pope*, in an anecdote taken from Richardson, mentions, that Raphael with great modesty consulted his friend Ariosto, who was an excellent scholar, on the characters, lives, and countries of the persons whom he was to introduce in the picture of Theology. All that Raphael is ever known to have written, is four letters and a sonnet addressed to Ariosto.

Essay on Pope, vol. ii. p. 462.

From shades infernal, by his book compell'd,
 His book all potent ! whether sacred held 30
 To black Avernus, or the shades that hide
 Nursinia's caves, or drear Cocytus' tide.

But turn we now to where the noble band
 To view the pictur'd tales impatient stand,
 While torches, rear'd in many a hand, display 35
 Their mingled rays and emulate the day.
 Then thus the castle's lord—The wars that rise
 In yonder forms to meet your wondering eyes,
 Are yet unfought—the sage's two-fold art
 Reveals the painter's and the prophet's part. 40
 There, in Italian plains our troops are view'd,
 By turns subduing and by turns subdu'd.
 Whatever good or evil chance attend
 The powers that France beyond the Alps shall send
 In this apartment Merlin bids appear, 45
 Before th' events by many a hundred year.
 Dispatch'd from Britain's king the prophet came
 To Gallia's king, who held his regal claim
 From Marcomir---then hear with what intent
 This hall he fram'd, and why from Arthur sent. 50

Ver. 31. --*the shades that hide*

Nursinia's caves,--] The poet here alludes to those fabulous and imaginary caves or grottos said to be in the mountains of Norcia, and to have been inhabited by the Sybils, of which many fictions are related. Petrarch tells us, that in these mountains is an opening that leads to the grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, where she resided with many of her virgins, all whom every Friday assumed the form of serpents; that whoever entered the cave should not return till a year, a month, and a day were expired, and that if he should, through forgetfulness, not depart at the end of that time, he would remain there for ever.

Ver. 49. --*Marcomir---*] The name of a king, said to have reigned in France before Pharamond.

King Pharamond, who with his numerous host
 Has first from France maintain'd his daring post
 Beside the Rhine, now meditates to check
 Beneath his yoke Italia's haughty neck:
 Nor arduous seem'd the task, when day by day 55
 Beheld the Roman empire's power decay.
 With British Arthur hence he wills to make
 A solemn league the war in hand to take.
 Arthur who ne'er without the counsel sage
 Of prophet Merlin would in arms engage, 60
 (That Merlin, from a demon sprung, whose view
 Could trace events, and all the future knew)
 From him had learnt, and Pharamond he shows
 To what he rashly must his troops expose,
 Should he, ill-fated, on those lands descend 65
 Which Alps, and seas, and Appennines defend.
 Him Merlin tells that scarce in future days,
 A king that o'er the Franks his sceptre sways,
 But sees in Italy his martial train,
 By raging pestilence and famine slain : 70
 Short is their time to joy, and long to mourn,
 With little gain, with mighty loss they turn
 From fruitful fields, where not a venturous hand
 Shall plant the lily in forbidden land.
 See ! Pharamond on him so far depend, 75
 He seeks on other foes his arms to bend ;
 When Merlin at his will (so goes the fame)
 Employ'd his fiends this magic hall to frame,

Ver. 51. ---*Pharamond*---] Pharamond, king of France, reported to be the first who established the Salic law : he lived about the year 418 ; he has been always held up as a great prince, but his history is much involved in fable.

That every eye might pictur'd here behold
 The future actions of the Franks foretold ; 80
 And each descendent of the nation know
 That while their powers against a barbarous foe
 With social aid defend th' Italian state,
 Conquest and honour shall their arms await.
 But should they ever seek with hostile sway 85
 To make fair Italy their yoke obey,
 Such rash design must seal their certain doom,
 And build beyond those ills their fatal tomb.

So spoke the host ; directing as he stood
 Each dame's attention : Sigisbert he show'd, 90
 Who, tempted by Mauritius' wealthy stores,
 From Jove's steep mount his numerous army pours.
 Behold on Sambro and Ticino's plain,
 He spreads his troops, whose inroad to sustain
 See Eutar comes, and with resistless force 95
 And dreadful slaughter stops their daring course.
 See mighty Clovis from the heights descend,
 A hundred thousand on his march attend.

Ver. 90. -- *Sigisbert he show'd,*] Mauritius, emperor of Constantinople and successor to Tiberius, being desirous to drive the Lombards out of Italy, incited Sigisbert, with large offers, to undertake the expedition. Sigisbert, with a vast army, passed the mountains and entered Cisalpine Gaul; but Eutar, king of the Lombards, feigning a retreat, attacked him unawares, and cut all his army to pieces.

Eugenico.

Ver. 92. -- *Jove's steep mount --]* A mountain of the Alps, one of the passes into Italy.

Ver. 97. *See mighty Clovis--]* Clovis V. king of France marched with a great army into Italy against the Lombards, and though, by taking advantage of the civil discords that had sprung up amongst

See Bonivento's gallant duke oppose,
 With strength unequal, such a host of foes. 100
 Behold he feigns a passage free to leave;
 His well-laid snares the hostile train deceive;
 Who, lur'd by wines of Lombardy, remain
 Like insects caught, with fearful havoc slain.
 See Childibert has sent a numerous band 105
 Of Franks and captains to Italia's land:
 But he, alike with Clovis, ne'er shall view
 His arms the power of Lombardy subdue;
 Nor spoils nor palms are his---th' avenging sword
 Of Heaven descending has his battle gor'd. 110
 The dead are heap'd: his men the climate burns;
 The flux destroys---nor one of ten returns.

Of Pepin now, and now of Charles he speaks,
 And shows where each th' Italian border seeks,

them, to obtain an easy conquest. Grimaoldo, duke of Bonivento, having few forces to oppose him, feigned at first an intention of attacking him, and then, retreating, left his camp full of provisions and wine. The Franks entering the camp, the soldiers gave themselves to excess till they grew intoxicated, and Grimaoldo coming upon them in the night, when they were asleep, killed every man.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 105. *See Childibert*.—] Childibert, uncle of Clovis, desirous of revenging the death of his nephew, sent three generals, with three great armies, into Lombardy, against Grimaoldo: one general dying, his army joined the other two: but a dreadful distemper breaking out amongst them, and they being disappointed of the succours which they expected from the emperor, the remainder returned home.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 113. *Of Pepin now*.—] Stephano the second, being raised to the papal chair, Astolpho, king of Lombardy, disturbed the tranquillity of the church: the pope, endeavouring to conciliate him with gifts, had recourse to Pepin king of France for assistance, who passed into Italy, and compelled Alphonso to sue for peace. Pepin,

And where on each a like success attends, 115

Since this, nor that, the realm he seeks offends.

This, from oppression Stephano reprieves,

That, Adrian first and Leo next relieves :

Astolpho one; and one subdues his * heir,

And to its rights restores the Papal chair. 120

A youthful Pepin there his legions pours

That from Fornaci reach to Judah's shores.

Sec, near Rialto structur'd by his hands,

The towering bridge of Malamocoa stands :

Here burns the fight, and hence he seems to fly; 125

He leaves his men beneath the waves to die;

While broke by tides, and by strong winds o'er-thrown

The huge pile falls, a mass of useless stone.

Behold Burgundian Lewis vanquish'd swear

No more in Italy the sword to bear; 130

* Desiderius.

having left Italy, Alphonso recommenced hostilities against the pope, and was once more compelled by Pepin to make peace. To pope Adrian succeeded Leo III. who being ill treated by Pascal, and Campolo, a priest and officer of the church, in the middle of divine service, and being threatened with imprisonment, fled to Charlemain, who sent him with great honours to Rome, and afterwards coming there himself, was anointed by the pontiff emperor of the Romans.

Eugcnico.

Ver. 121. *A youthful Pepin--*] Pepin, son of Charles the Great, went against the Venetians, and having taken many Islands, he caused a bridge to be built, that his soldiers, little used to naval fights, might find less risk. But while the Venetians defended themselves, there arose so fierce a storm, that the bridge was demolished, the soldiers were buried under the ruins, and the king was forced to abandon his enterprize.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 129. *Behold Burgundian Lewis--*] Lewis, king of Burgundia, making an expedition into Italy, was conquered by the emperor

Behold him soon his plighted faith forego,
 And once again a captive to the foe.
 Behold where, mole-like, quench'd his visual ray
 Him o'er the Alps his mourning friends convey.
 See Arli's Hugo chase with conquering bands 135
 The Berengarii from Italian lands :
 These once or twice he routs ; while these the Huns
 By turns assist, by turns Bavaria's sons ;
 Till forc'd by stronger power he ends the strife,
 On terms impos'd, and soon concludes his life ; 140
 Not long his successor alive remains,
 When Berengarius o'er the kingdom reigns.
 See Italy another Charles invade
 To give the holy pastor needful aid :

Berengarius I. and made prisoner, but set at liberty on his taking an oath never more to invade Italy. The Burgundian, afterwards forgetting his oath, renewed hostilities, and being again taken prisoner by Berengarius II. was, as a punishment for his breach of faith, deprived of his sight, and in this condition he returned home.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 135. *See Arli's Hugo---*] Hugo count of Arli, called in by the Italians to their assistance against the Berengarii : he succeeded greatly at first, but being afterwards overpowered, was constrained to ask for peace, and retired to Arli, leaving his son Lothario behind him, who soon after died.

Eugenico.

Ver. 143. *See Italy another Charles invade*] Pope Clement IV. invited Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis king of France, against Manfred, an enemy to the church, who had usurped the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Charles arriving, overthrew Manfred at Benivento, slew him, and took possession of Sicily. Corradino, to whom the kingdom belonged in right of succession, brought a force from Germany, engaged Charles, but was defeated, made prisoner, and at last beheaded. Charles reigning in Sicily, the Franks began to exercise great tyranny over the Sicilians ; and, among other enormities, committed violence on their wives. Hence a plot was concerted all over the island, that as soon as the vesper bell

Two kings by him in two fierce battles slain, 145
 Manfred and Corradino press the plain !
 But soon his people swoln with great success,
 With wrong on wrong the conquer'd realm oppress.
 See ! through the crowded street while vespers call
 To hallow'd rites, in murder'd heaps they fall ! 150
 The host then show'd (when many a rolling year
 Should whirl the planets in their changing sphere)
 A Gallic leader from the hill descend,
 And on Visconti's earls the combat bend.
 See ! Alexandria by the threaten'd force 155
 Of France begirt with mingled foot and horse :
 Within the walls the duke has fix'd the guard,
 Without, an ambush for the foe prepar'd, }
 See by his toils the heedless Franks ensnar'd. }
 Lo, Armoniaco their luckless head ; 160
 See, some to Alexandria captive led,
 While the warm deluge doubling either flood,
 The Po and Tanacro run purple blood.
 One call'd of Marca, then in turn he show'd
 Three Anjoinini nam'd--and thus pursu'd. 165

rung, the Sicilians, ready armed, should sally forth from their houses, and fall upon the Franks ; this was put in execution, and eight thousand Franks were slain to revenge the dishonour offered to the Sicilians in the persons of their wives.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 151. *The host then show'd* ---] The count of Armagnac, a Frank, came with twenty thousand soldiers in aid of the Florentines and Bolognese, against Galeazzo duke of Milan, who, having left a numerous garrison in Alexandria, with the rest of his forces attacked the enemy ; at the same time that they were attacked by those from the city, and cut all the Franks to pieces ; the count dying soon after of his wounds in prison.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 164. *One call'd of Marca*---] Joan queen of Naples took for her husband James count of Marca, who descended from the kings of

Behold how oft have these with numerous bands
 Disturb'd the Brucian and the Dacian lands;
 The Marsians vex'd, and Salentinian train:
 Yet vain the force of France, and all as vain
 The Latian succours, there to give a place 170
 To one small remnant of the Gallic race.
 Oft as the Frank his force for battle shows,
 Alphonso and Ferrantes shall oppose,
 And to their native lands expel their foes. }
 See Charles the eighth, who from the Alps descends, 175
 While all the flower of France his march attends.
 He passes Liri; not a sword he draws,
 Or rests a spear, yet to his sovereign laws
 The realm submissive yields, save where opprest
 Beneath the rock Typhœus heaves his breast. 180

France, on condition that he should be contented with the title of prince of Taranto, duke of Calabria, and vicar of the kingdom; and that the administration of public affairs should remain with her. But he, attempting to seize the whole government, and calling himself king, she, with the assistance of Francis Sforza, deprived him of all. Ludovico, Rimieri, and John of Anjou, asserting their pretensions to the crown, were severally defeated by Alphonso and Ferrando: these the poet calls the Anjoimini.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 175. *See Charles the eighth--*] Charles VIII. king of France, assisted by Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, a mortal enemy to Alphonso of Arragon, king of Naples, came with all the French nobility, and a vast army into Italy. Alphonso, giving way to the better fortune of Charles, left the kingdom to his son Ferrando, and retired with his treasures to Sicily. Ferrando, unable to make head against the Franks, was soon divested of all his fortresses and places except the isle of Ischia, gallantly defended by Inico del Vasto. At length all the princes of Italy, alarmed at the rapid victories of Charles, entered into a league against him. The Neapolitans, detesting the haughty government of the Franks, recalled Ferrando, who, assisted by the Venetians, recovered the kingdom.

Porcacchi.

Here, not unquestion'd, conquering Charles arrives,
 Against him Inico del Vasto strives,
 In whom the race of Avolo survives.

}

The castle's lord directing thus the view
 Of Bradamant to forms which Merlin drew, 185
 And pointing Ischia to her sight he said :

Ere more from chief to chief your eyes are led,
 Hear what to me reveal'd in times of old,
 While yet a child my aged grandsire told,
 Truths which to him his father oft made known, 190
 'Through sons succeeding sons deliver'd down
 From Merlin's self, whose wondrous art display'd
 Yon story'd deeds in various tints pourtray'd ;
 Who when he show'd yon castle on the rock
 To Pharamond, he thus the king bespoke. 195

“ From him whose gallant arms yon height defend
 A chief, his country's glory, shall descend :
 Less graceful Nereus, less in battle nam'd
 Achilles ; less for art Ulysses fam'd :
 Less swift was Ladas ; less in council sage 200
 Nestor who taught so long a wondering age.
 Nor yet so merciful or liberal found
 Was ancient Cæsar through the earth renown'd.
 'The gifts of these in nothing can compare
 With him who draws in Ischia vital air : 205

Ver. 197. *A chief, his country's glory, ---*] Alphonso del Vasto, mentioned Book xv.

Ver. 198. -----*Nereus, ---*] A Grecian commander, celebrated for the beauty of his person by Homer.

Ver. 200. -----*Ladas ;---*] The name of a messenger of Alexander the Great, remarkable for his swiftness, mentioned by Catullus, Martial, and Solinus.

If Crete can vaunt (all other isles above)
 Her soil the birth-place of supernal Jove,
 If Thebes may Hercules and Bacchus boast,
 And the twin-offspring glad the Delian coast,
 Lo! to this isle yon marquis' birth is given, 210
 With every grace endow'd from favouring Heaven;
 This hero will be known (thus Merlin said,
 His words repeating oft) when most his aid
 The Roman empire shall, oppress, demand,
 And challenge freedom from his saving hand." 215
 But wherefore should I now the deeds foretel
 On which far better here your sight may dwell?

Thus speaks the host, and each attention calls
 Where Charles' high actions grace the story'd walls.
 See Lewis now (he cries) whose calmer thought 220
 Repents that Charles he to Italia brought;
 He brought him there to gall a rival foe,
 But not to work his total overthrow.
 Behold him now a league with Venice make
 Against the king, and now prepare to take 225
 The monarch captive, who with dauntless mind
 Impels his spear, and 'scapes the fate design'd.
 Far other chance his hapless powers sustain,
 That to defend the conquer'd realm remain.
 Ferrantes now returns with mighty aids 230
 From Mantua's lord, and there the foe invades;
 But, lo! by fraud one hapless leader lost,
 With deep regret the victor's joy has crost.

So spoke the host; and speaking thus, where stood
 Alphonso, marquis of Pescara, show'd: 235

Ver. 235. *Alphonso, marquis of Pescara, --]* After the departure
 of Charles VIII. king Ferrando was received into Naples, and only

This chief, whose acts in many a dreadful fight,
 Shall shine resplendent as Pyropus' light,
 Behold o'ertaken in the double snares
 The treacherous Ethiopian's guile prepares :
 Behold where sudden slain on earth he lies, 240
 In whom the age's greatest champion dies.
 See! the twelfth Lewis from the hills descend,
 And with Italian scouts his army bend
 T'uproot the Mulberry, and the lily place
 In fruitful fields where rul'd Visconti's race. 245
 Thence o'er Garagliano's stream intent
 To frame a passage, he his people sent,
 (As Charles had done)—them soon the foe annoys,
 The flood o'erwhelms them, and the sword destroys :
 Not less of slaughter Puglia's battle stains, 250
 When Gallia's troops forsake the dreadful plains.

one castle held out for the Franks, when a Moorish slave devised a scheme to introduce the Arragonese into the church of St. Cruz. The treacherous Moor calling the marquis one night to a parley on the walls, shot him with an arrow in the throat.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 242. *See! the twelfth Lewis --*] Lewis the XIIth king of France, successor to Charles VIII. and a constant enemy to Ludovico Sforza, had resolved to take from him the government, for which intent he made a league with pope Alexander VI. with the Venetians, and with Ferrando king of Spain. He drove Ludovico from his government, who fled to the emperor in Germany, having left the defence of his castle of Milan to Bernardin di Coste, who betrayed it into the hands of the Turks.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 244. *T'uproot the mulberry, --*] Under the symbol of a mulberry-tree the poet figures Ludovico Sforza, who was called il Moro (a mulberry-tree) from the darkness of his complexion.

Zatta.

Ferrantes there, the chief of Spanish blood
 (Consulvo nam'd) has twice their force subdu'd :
 While Fortune Lewis here with frowns pursues,
 In that rich country him with smiles she views, 255
 Where fair between the Alps and Appennines
 To Adriatic seas the Po declines.

Thus he ; then points the traitor forth, who sold
 The castle given him by his lord to hold :
 The fraudulent Swiss he shows who prisoner makes 260
 The man that him for his defender takes.
 These deeds, without a single sword or lance,
 Have giv'n the conquest to the powers of France.
 In Italy he Cæsar Borgia shows
 Who greater, by his monarch's favour, grows ; 265
 Each lord of Rome, each baron of renown,
 Rais'd by his smile, or exil'd by his frown.
 He tells the king, who from Bologna fair
 Removes the saw and plants the acorns there ;

Ver. 260. *The fraudulent Swiss --*] The Switzers, being corrupted by the bribes of the Franks, betrayed him to them : Ludovico was carried into France, where he remained five years in prison, and then died.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 264. *In Italy he Cæsar Borgia shows*] Cæsar Borgia, son of Pope Alexander VI. by the favour of Lewis XII. king of France, took to wife Charlotte d'Alabrette of the blood royal, he having renounced the cardinal's hat.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 269. *Removes the saw and plants the acorns there ;*] By the saw, he means the Bentivogli, their arms being a saw ; and by the acorns, Pope Julius II. ; for the pope, by the aid of the Franks, drove the Bentivogli from Bologna.

Porcacchi.

Who next the rebel Genoese pursues 270
 And their strong city to his rule subdues.
 Behold (he cries) what ghastly piles of slain
 Are stretch'd on Ghiradada's fatal plain !
 Each city to the king her gate unfolds,
 And Venice scarce against his prowess holds. 275
 Ill brooks the pontiff his increasing power :
 For passing now Romania's confines o'er,
 Modena from Ferrara's duke he takes,
 And every old possession doubtful makes.
 Behold the army of the Franks have won 280
 And given to sack and pillage Brescia's town :
 Lo ! where their aid they to Felsina yield,
 And rout the Church's forces in the field.
 Here France and Spain oppos'd, at once unite
 Their closing ranks and dreadful glows the fight : 285
 The crimson dykes with human blood o'erflow,
 Mars doubtful stands where conquest to bestow.

Ver. 270. --*the rebel Genoese*--] The Genoese having, in opposition to the nobles, created Paulo de Nove Doge, a man taken from the dregs of the people, and asserted at the same time that Genoa was not subject to any prince, thereby openly declaring themselves rebels to the king of France, Lewis marched against them with a powerful army, and the city surrendered to him at discretion.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 273. --*Ghiradada's fatal plain*!] The Venetians sent a numerous army, under the Count di Pigliano and Bartolomeo Alviano; they engaged the army of the French at Ghiradada, though contrary to the opinion of Pigliano, the Venetian general. After an obstinate battle, the Venetians were defeated with great loss; the gates of Bergamo, Brescia, and Cremona were thrown open to Lewis; many other places surrendered to him, and he prepared to attack Venice itself.

Porcacchi.

At length Alphonso's virtue wins the day,
 France keeps the field and conquer'd Spain gives way:
 Ravenna's sack succeeds; the pope with grief 290
 Such ruin views, and to the land's relief
 He bids the Belgians from the neighbouring steep
 Against the Franks like driving tempests sweep;
 'Till each, before furious onset fled,
 Behind the Alps conceals his shameful head; 295
 While once again Italian standards rise,
 And once again the golden lily flies.
 Behold the Franks return—behold once more
 Faithless Helvetius breaks their scatter'd power:
 With him (unlook'd for aid) yon youth behold, 300
 Whose sire he captive made, whose sire he sold.
 Behold your army (lately doom'd to feel
 The sad reverse of fickle Fortune's wheel)
 Another king succeeding, bend their care
 T' avenge the shame inflicted by Navarre: 305
 With better omens to the fight they turn:
 King Francis see with generous ardor burn;
 He breaks the Switzer's pride, whose barbarous host
 Had swell'd their titles with presuming boast;
 And stil'd themselves by Heaven's high will prepar'd 310
 The scourge of princes and the church's guard.

Ver. 288. —*Alphonso's virtue*--] Alphonso duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 298. *Behold the Franks return*--] King Lewis, exasperated at being driven out of Italy, made a peace and league with the Venetians, and sent a fresh army against Maximilian Sforza. Maximilian, assisted with the pope's money, called in the Switzers to his side, not without risk (as the poet observes) considering the fate of his father; however, joined with these, he attacked and entirely defeated the French army; for which victory the pope bestowed on the Switzers the title of Defenders of the Holy Church.

Porcacchi.

Spite of the league, he makes proud Milan bend,
 And there in young Sforzesco finds a friend.
 See! Bourbon, when the Belgian troops advance,
 Defends the city for the king of France. 315
 Behold where now on other thoughts intent,
 King Francis ponders many a great event,
 His people's cruelty and pride unknown,
 That lost him soon fair Milan's conquer'd town.
 Another Francis see, alike in name 320
 And virtue to his great forefather's fame.
 The Franks expell'd, he wins his native soil,
 And holy church rewards his pious toil.
 France turns again, but on Ticino's shores
 Brave Mantua's duke repels th' advancing powers: 325
 And Frederic, ere his cheek unfledg'd displays
 The bloom of manhood, merits lasting praise:
 He with his sword and lance, with every art
 Of war, that makes the soldier's noblest part,
 Can Pavia's walls defend from Gallic rage, 330
 And Leo's fury on the seas engage.

Ver. 314. *See! Bourbon,--*] Ferrando, king of Spain, being dead, the emperor Maximilian invaded Lombardy with fourteen thousand Switzers and seven thousand Belgians, with an intention of laying siege to Milan, defended by Trivulzio and Charles of Bourbon.

Eugenico.

Ver. 320. *Another Francis see,--*] The emperor Charles V. made a league with pope Leo, in order to drive the French out of Milan, and restore Francisco Sforza, nephew of the first Francis, and son of Ludovico il Moro. The French were become odious to the Milanese from the pride of Lautréc and his brother. Sforza at length engaging Lautréc, put him to flight, and entering the city by night, was made duke.

Eugenico.

Then two, that bear the rank of marquis, stand,
Our dread, and glory of th' Italian land.
Both from one blood, both own one natal earth :
The first from that Alphonso drew his birth ; 335
The marquis taken in the negro's soil
Whose blood thou see'st distain the mourning toil.
Behold how by his prudent counsels given,
From Italy th' invading Franks are driven.
The second chief, whose noble mien declares 340
His noble soul, the rule o'er Vasto bears,
Alphonso nam'd---lo ! this the gallant knight
Whose form so late I pointed to your sight
In Ischia's isle, of whom the sage of old
To royal Pharamond so much foretold ; 345
Whose birth high Heaven to distant time delay'd
When harass'd Italy requires his aid ;
What time the holy church and empire most
Such valour claim against a barbarous host ;
He with his kinsman of Pescara stands ; 350
And Prospero Colonna near commands.
Through him th' Helvetian makes his swift return,
Through him the Franks their former triumphs mourn.
Behold again her armies France address
With better hope to heal her ill success. 355
One camp the king in Lombardy extends ;
And one, prepar'd for Naple's siege, he sends :

Ver. 354. *Behold again her armies--*] King Francis resolving to recover the Duchy of Milan, passed into Lombardy with a great army, when all submitted to him except Padua ; but being attacked the night by the Marquisses of Pescara and Vasto, he was vanquished and made prisoner, though afterwards set at liberty upon giving up his sons for hostages.

But she * (by whom the hopes of human kind
Are tost like chaff, that flits before the wind;
Like grains of sand, that whirling round and round, 360
The tempest lifts, or scatters o'er the ground)
His every purpose foils—while at his call
He deems that thousands wait near Pavia's wall,
The monarch little heeds the war's array,
Nor marks how ranks increase, or ranks decay, 365
By selfish counsellors himself deceiv'd
The simple dictates of his heart believ'd;
Hence, when at night the camp was rouz'd to arms,
The bands but thinly answer'd to th' alarms;
The wary Spaniards in their works they view, 370
In dread assault, who bring the generous two
Of Avolo's high blood, with them to dare
The fiercest terrors of invasive war.
Behold the noblest of the race of France
Stretch'd on the plain---behold how many a lance, 375
How many a sword the dauntless king defies:
Behold beneath him slain his courser lies!
On foot he combats, bath'd in hostile blood:
But virtue, that superior force has stood,
At length to numbers yield---behold him made 380
A prisoner now, and now to Spain convey'd.
Pescara thus the honours shall divide
With him that ever battles at his side:
With Vasto's lord such wreaths Pescara gains,
A host defeated and a king in chains. 385
One camp at Pavia broken; one whose course
Is bent for Pavia, dwindles in its force;

* Fortune.

Cut from supplies, it halts in middle way,
 Like dying flames when oil and wax decay.
 Lo ! where the king in Spanish prison leaves 390
 His sons, while him once more his land receives ;
 And while in Italy the war he bears,
 On his own realm another war prepares.
 What devastation and what slaughter spread
 On every side, have Rome's distraction bred ! 395
 All laws are trampled, human and divine,
 Virgins are forc'd, and burnt the sacred shrine !
 The camp beholds the league in ruin fall,
 Each tumult hears, yet, deaf to honour's call,
 Shrinks from the field, and leaves to hostile hands 400
 Great Peter's successor in shameful bands.
 The king has, by Lotrecco led, combin'd
 His force, no more on Lombardy design'd :
 But from profane and impious power to free
 The head and members of the holy see. 405
 He finds the pontiff freed, besieg'd the town
 Where lies the Syren, and the realm o'erthrown.
 Behold th' imperial ships the harbour leave,
 Their succour for the town besieg'd to give :
 Behold where Dorea sails their force to meet, 410
 Who sinks and burns and breaks their scatter'd fleet.

Ver. 394. *What devastation--*] In this passage the poet describes the miserable sack of Rome, and the taking of the chief pontiff Clement VII. by the Belgian soldiers, under the command of Bourbon.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 407. *Where lies the Syren---*] By this city he means Naples, anciently called Parthenope, from a name of one of the Syrens, said to have been buried there.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 410. *Behold where Dorea --*] He alludes here to the great naval engagement at Cape d'Orso, between the Imperialists and

See Fortune shifts at length her changeful face,
Till now so friendly to the Gallic race ;
For slain by fevers, not by sword or lance,
Of thousands scarce a man revisits France. 415

Such were the story'd deeds that brightly glow'd
In magic tints by Merlin's art bestow'd :
Here long to tell---each guest with new delight
Return'd to gaze, unsated with the sight,
And oft beneath they read each subject told 420
In characters of fair-recording gold.

The beauteous dames and all the social crew
Beguil'd with talk the hours that swifter flew :
At length the castle's lord to welcome rest,
With honour due, conducted every guest. 425

Now all the house to balmy sleep resign'd,
On her soft couch the martial fair reclin'd,
Oft chang'd from right to left her weary side,
But still in vain to soothe her cares she try'd :
Till near the dawn she clos'd awhile her eyes, 430
When to her sight Rogero seem'd to rise,
And thus to speak---Ah ! wherefore now complain
Of lying tales and waste thy youth in vain?
First shalt thou see the rivers backward flow,
Ere for another I thy love forego. 435

When thee I scorn---no longer I delight
In vital air, or cheering rays of sight !
Then thus he seem'd to say---Behold me here
T' embrace that faith which Christain knights revere,

the French, while Naples was besieged, when the French fleet was commanded by Count Philip Dorea, who held the place of Andrew Dorea, of whom so much is said in the xvth Book.

Porcacchi.

My promise keep—chide not my long delay, 440
Far other wounds than love have caus'd my stay.

At this her slumber fled, and with it flew
Her dear Rogero from her longing view :
The damsel then her heavy grief renew'd,
And thus in secret her complaint pursu'd. 445

What gives me joy, to lying dreams I owe,
What gives me pain, from waking truths I know.
As shadows vain my fleeting bliss removes ;
But, ah ! my constant woe no shadow proves.
Why flies, alas ! from waking eye or ear, 450
What late I seem'd to see, what late to hear ?
What are ye, wretched eyes ! that clos'd can show
Each wish'd-for joy, and open but to woe ?
Sleep soothes with hope of peace my future life,
But when I wake, I wake to pain and strife. 455
Sweet sleep, alas ! such fancy'd peace can make,
But soon to truth and wretchedness I wake.
If sorrow springs from truth, from falsehood joy,
O ne'er may truth these eyes, these ears employ !
To pleasure since I sleep, and wake to pain, 460
O ! let me sleep, and never wake again.
Thrice happy you, among the bestial kind,
For six long months to quiet rest consign'd :
Does such a state as mine death's image give ?
I wake, alas ! to die, but sleep to live. 465

Ver. 452. *What are ye, wretched eyes !—*] This speech of Bradamant abounds with those puerile conceits in which the writers of that age, and particularly the Italians, so much delighted. In this respect even Tasso, in other parts so truly classical, is equally faulty with Ariosto: we see nothing of this kind in Homer or Virgil.

If death indeed resembles such repose,
Come, welcome Death, these eyes for ever close !

Now in the east the sun his beams had shed,
And ting'd the vapoury clouds with blushing red,
Bright and more bright effus'd the golden ray, 470
And gave the promise of a fairer day ;

When, starting from her short and troubled rest,
Soon Bradamant her limbs in armour dress'd ;
And grateful thanks return'd the courteous lord
For every honour at his bed and board. 475

Already now th' ambassadress she found
Who with her squires and dames attending round,
Had left the lodge, and issu'd at the gate,
Where stood the three her coming thence to wait,
Where till the morn their irksome hours they pass'd, 480

Their loose teeth chattering to the chilly blast ;
Drench'd in the rain, and every need deny'd,
No food to knight, nor food to steed supply'd,
Battering the slimy soil—but o'er the rest
This dire reflection pain'd each wretched breast, 485
That she the witness of their luckless chance
Would bear the fatal tidings back from France ;
And to their queen ador'd the story tell,
How, the first spear they met at tilt, they fell.

They now resolv'd to die or heal their shame, 490
That so Ulania (such the virgin's name
Till now untold) might banish from her thought
What ill effect their late defeat had wrought.

When issuing from the castle they descry'd
Brave Amon's daughter, each again defy'd 495
The generous dame, nor deem'd a maid to find
Where every act proclaim'd a manly kind.

Of stay impatient, Bradamant refus'd
T' accept their joust, but every art they us'd
To fire her ardor, till the martial fair 500

No longer could unblam'd the course forbear.
Her spear she levels, with three strokes she sends
The three to earth; and thus the contest ends.

No more she turn'd, but eager to pursue
Her purpos'd journey, vanish'd from their view. 505

The hapless three who came so far to gain
The golden shield, rose slowly from the plain,
While lost in shame, and speechless with surprise,
Each from Ulania turn'd his downcast eyes.

How oft with her, as from Islanda's coast 510
They voyag'd, each had made his haughty boast,
That not a knight or Paladin should stand
The least of these in battle hand to hand.

And now the virgin further to depress
Their courage, baffled by their ill success, 515
And quench their pride, declar'd that not the force
Of knight or Paladin had won the course;

But that a female arm (in fight renown'd)
Had hurl'd each mighty champion to the ground.
What think ye, since a virgin could suffice 520

T' unhorse three knights like you (Ulania cries)
Must great Orlando or Rinaldo prove

So justly held all martial names above?
Did one of these possess the golden shield,
Say, would ye better then maintain the field, 525
Than with a woman here—but well I guess

That each will now th' ungrateful truth confess.
Then cease—nor further seek t' essay your might,
For he, who rashly dares through France invite

A second proof, may rush on greater harms 530
 To blot with new disgrace his boasted arms :
 Unless perchance he blest that fate may call,
 Which gives him by such valorous hands to fall.

When thus Ulania show'd a woman's power
 Had stain'd their glory, never stain'd before, 535
 When many a squire, and many a damsel near,
 Confirm'd a truth each warrior blush'd to hear ;
 Such shame, such anguish, every knight impress'd,
 As urg'd at first against its master's breast
 To turn the steel—and now with frantic haste 540
 Each from his limbs the plate and mail unbrac'd ;
 Each from his side ungirt the falchion drew,
 And in the castle's moat the weapon threw,
 And vow'd one year despoil'd of arms, to lead
 A life of penance for the shameful deed ; 545
 From place to place forlorn on foot to stray
 Through rocky paths, rough hills, or thorny way ;
 Nor when the year should run its circling race,
 To mount the courser or the cuirass lace,
 Unless his valour first should win by force 550
 The shining armour and the warrior horse.
 And hence on foot, at fair Ulania's side
 They wait to punish their o'erweening pride :
 The rest in meet array and glittering splendor ride. }
 Now Bradamant to Paris urg'd her way, 555
 And reach'd a castle at declining day,
 Where first the news she heard that Afric's bands
 Where quell'd by Charles and her brave brother's hands.

Ver. 554. -----and glittering splendor ride.] Ulania appears again,
 Book xxxvii. ver. 185, and these three kings are mentioned in the
 same book.

Here treatment fair she met at bed and board,
 But this to her can little ease afford ; 560
 Lost is her appetite for food and rest,
 And gentle peace is banish'd from her breast.

Yet let me not so far her tale pursue
 As not again those noble knights to view,
 Who each, by compact meeting, fast beside 565
 A lonely fount his beast securely ty'd.
 Their battle, which the muse prepares to tell,
 Was not in wealth or empire to excel,
 But to decide who victor from the plain
 Should Durindana and Bayardo gain. 570

Without a trumpet's breath to give the sign,
 Or herald's voice to bid the champions join ;
 Without a master to direct, or raise
 In either's breast the thirst of noble praise ;
 At once, as by accord, their swords they drew, 575
 And each on each with generous ardor flew.
 Now swift, now heavy fell the sounding blows,
 Deep and more deep the kindling combat glows.
 No swords like these could through the world be found,
 So fram'd at all essays with temper sound, 580
 But meeting thus, had shiver'd as they clos'd :
 While these, so temper'd, edge to edge oppos'd,
 A thousand times in horrid crash could meet,
 And still with blade unhurt each stroke repeat.
 Now here, now there his steps Rinaldo ply'd 585
 And every art of long experience try'd

Ver. 563. *Let me not so far --*] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxxv. ver. 231.

Ver. 564. *--- those noble knights --*] The last we heard of these two knights was in Book xxxi. the end.

To shun the blows, as Durindana fell,
Whose all-destroying edge he knew so well :
Or where they reach'd, they reach'd with empty sound,
Where fierce the stroke, but feeble was the wound. 590
With greater skill the gallant Christian foe
Has stunn'd the Pagan's arm with many a blow ;
Now at his flank, now where the cuirass ends
And helmet joins, the whirling sword he sends ;
But finds the plates and rattling mail unbroke, 595
With adamantine proof resist each stroke
His weapon aim'd ; for more than mortal charms
Secur'd the Pagan knight's impassive arms.

Thus long, with like success, on either side
These eager knights the doubtful combat ply'd ; 600
Nor swerv'd a single look, while each intent,
His eye upon his rival's features bent :
When, lo ! a different conflict chane'd, that turn'd
The rage of strife which either bosom burn'd :
Rouz'd at a dreadful noise, each turns his eyes, 605
And sore beset the steed Bayardo 'spies.
They see Bayardo with a monster join'd
In dangerous fight: he seem'd of feather'd kind,
A bird of wondrous size and dreadful strength,
And full three yards his bill's enormous length : 610
His other parts the form obscene display'd
Of lonely bats that haunt the gloomy shade.
His plumes were inky black, of vast extent ;
His hooky claws on spoil and ravine bent.
His eyes were fire, and cruel was his look, 615
And like two sails his ample wings he shook.

Ver. 616. -----*like two sails*---] Thus Spenser, speaking of a dragon's wings, says:

Ne'er have I seen, nor heard in times of old
 Of such a bird, save this by Turpin told ;
 And hence I deem some fiend might cheat the sight,
 Some lying Demon drawn from deepest night 620
 By Malagigi's art, to stay the fight.
 So deem'd Rinaldo, and with anger mov'd,
 When next they met his kinsman he reprov'd ;
 But Malagigi, who the charge deny'd,
 The deed, imputed to himself, to hide, 625
 Swore by that light from which the morning drew
 Her beams, that hence nor blame nor guilt he knew.
 Yet whether bird or demon---from the skies
 The monster falls, and on Bayardo flies
 With sharpen'd claws, but soon with fierce disdain . 630
 The fiery courser snaps the brittle rein :
 He snorts, he foams, he plies his spurning heels ;
 Again in air the feather'd monster wheels
 Retiring swift ; again th' assault renews
 With pungent nails, and circling round pursues 635
 The generous steed, who worsted in the fight,
 Forsakes th' unequal fray and speeds his flight :
 Swift to the neighbouring wood Bayardo flew,
 Where thickest trees with tangling branches grew,
 While with quick sight impelling from above, 640
 The winged monster good Bayardo drove
 From shade to shade, till now a gloomy cave
 To the tir'd steed a welcome shelter gave.
 The track here lost, and baffled of his aim,
 The pest ascends to seek a different game. 645

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
 Were like two sails.----

Fairy Queen, Book i. c. xii. st. 10.

When king Gradasso and Rinaldo view'd
 Bayardo's loss, no more their hands pursu'd
 A fruitless strife; but either knight agreed
 With separate course to seek th' affrighted steed;
 When he, whom Fortune favour'd first, should bring 650
 The beast recover'd to the crystal spring;
 And there, in single trial, man to man,
 Conclude the combat they so late began.

The fountain left, the knights prepar'd to trace
 Bayardo's flight, but soon his rapid pace 655 }
 Had left each knight behind in hopeless chace.
 As near Gradasso's side Alfana stood,
 Her seat he gain'd, and spurring through the wood
 Soon left the Paladin with doubt oppress'd
 The chance revolving in his careful breast. 660
 Bayardo's track full soon Rinaldo lost,
 Bayardo, that in devious windings crost
 The thorny maze, and sought the thickest shade,
 And hollow rocks, and through deep torrents made
 His furious way, from that dire fiend to fly, 665
 Whose griping talons urg'd him from the sky.

Now here, now there, Rinaldo rov'd in vain,
 Till to the fountain's side he turn'd again;
 There paus'd awhile in hope (as each agreed)
 To see Gradasso thither bring the steed: 670
 But when all hope was vanish'd from his thought,
 Alone, on foot, the Christian camp he sought
 Pensive and sad---But turn we now to tell
 What better chance the rival knight befel;
 Whom fortune led with favour'd course so near, 675
 Bayardo's neighing reach'd his joyful ear,

Till in a cavern deep immers'd from sight,
 He found him trembling, fearful of the light :
 He durst not issue forth, but there remain'd
 Till him the Pagan's eager hand detain'd ; 680
 Who while he knew his promise given, to lead
 The courser back, yet little seems to heed
 His plighted faith, but to himself he cries :
 Who covets strife, with strife may win the prize :
 Why should I risk the chance of arms to gain 685
 What fortune bids me now in peace retain ?
 From furthest east I came with great design
 To make this generous steed Bayardo mine ;
 And much he errs who thinks I shall forego
 What chance vouchsafes so aptly to bestow ; 690
 If e'er Rinaldo would his steed regain,
 As I to France, let him with equal pain
 To India bend his course, the toil no more
 For him to traverse Sericana o'er,
 Than twice for me to tread on Gallia's shore. 695

He said ; and speaking, by the readiest way
 To Arli hasten'd, where his vessels lay,
 There swift embark'd and with him thence convey'd
 The far fam'd steed and death-bestowing blade*.
 But cease we here,—some other time shall tell 700
 What fortune to the Pagan prince befall ;
 We bid Rinaldo now and France farewell.

* Durindana.

Ver. 700.—*some other time shall tell*] He returns to Gradasso, Book xl. ver. 360.

Ver. 702. *We bid Rinaldo—*] He returns to Rinaldo, Book xxxviii. ver. 55, ver. 505.

Astolpho's voyage let us next pursue,
 Whose steed with rapid eagle-pinions flew.
 When now the knight had Gallia's land survey'd 705
 'Twixt sea and sea, from where far winding stray'd
 The silver Rhine, to where the subject plain
 Joins high Pyrene's foot, he turns his rein
 To where the western mountains sever France from }
 Spain. }
 Thence proud Navarre, and Arragon he views, 710
 While every eye amaz'd his flight pursues,
 Far Teracona to the left remains,
 Biscaglia to the right; and now he gains
 Castilia's realm, then Lisbon's towers descries,
 And next o'er Seville and Cordova flies; 715
 Nor leaves a Spanish city to explore
 That stood remote from sea, or grac'd the shore.
 Gades he saw, and now the bounds he trac'd,
 Which once for mariners Alcides plac'd.
 Now from th' Atlantic wave his course he bore 720
 By Afric's coast to reach th' Egyptian shore.
 The Balcares far beneath him lay;
 Evisa rose conspicuous in his way;
 Then tow'rds Arzilla, o'er the sea he rides,
 The sea that from Arzilla Spain divides. 725
 Morocco, Fez, Ippona, cities nam'd
 Among the First; Algiers and Bugia fam'd
 For wealth and honours, next his eyes behold,
 Not crown'd with empty wreaths, but crown'd with gold.

Ver. 703. *Astolpho's voyage*---] The last we heard of Astolpho was Book xxiii. ver. 116. where he left his horse and arms with Bradamant.

Next Tunis and Biserta's sun-burnt soil 730
 He sees, and Capys, and Alzerbe's isle ;
 To Tripoli and To'omita speeds,
 Bernisca views, and where old Nilus leads
 His fattening streams to water distant meads. }
 Each land he marks from Afric's billowy shore 735
 The rugged Atlas crown'd with forests hoar.
 Then turning from Carena's ridge of hills,
 Above the Cyrenean spires he wheels ;
 And near the confines of her burning sands
 He Abbajada sees in Nubian lands : 740
 He leaves the tomb of Battus far behind,
 And Amon's fane, which we no more can find.
 Another Tremizen he views, whose race
 Th' unhallow'd faith of Mahomet embrace :
 Then tow'rd's a second Ethiopia turns, 745
 Beyond where Nilus pours his fruitful urns :
 His wings he then to Nubia's city plies,
 That 'twixt Dabada and Coalles lies :
 Here Saracens, and Christians there prepar'd,
 With ready arms their country's frontier guard. 750
 In Ethiopia king Senapus reigns,
 Who, for a sceptre, in his hand sustains

Ver. 738.--*Cyrenean spires*--] He means the cities of the Mediterranean in the province of Cyrene.

Ver. 741.--*the tomb of Battus*] The city of Cyrene in Asia was built by Battus: Catullus says,

Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulchrum.

Ver. 751.--*king Senapus reigns*.] The relation which the poet makes of the wealth and power of this prince, called by us (as he afterwards says) Prester John, though blended with fable, is partly historical. Under the name of Abyssinia, or the kingdom of Prester John, were formerly comprehended all the countries between the lake Niger and the straits of Babel-mandel on one side, and all

The holy cross ; who boasts of wealth and power,
 Of towns and subjects to the red-sea shore.
 Our faith he keeps, that faith whose heavenly light 755
 Can lead him from the realms of death and night :
 Here, as the tenets of their law require,
 (If fame deceive not) they baptize with fire :
 Astolpho now to Nubia's palace flew,
 And there alighting near Senapus drew. 760

The seat where Ethiopia's sovereign dwell'd,
 In wealth and beauty more than strength excell'd ;
 The bars and bolts that every gate defend,
 The massy chains that from the bridge depend,
 Whate'er in other cities we behold 765
 Of iron wrought here flam'd of beaten gold ;
 Though mines they boasted fruitful to produce
 Strong metals to apply for every use.

On columns huge, of shining crystal rais'd,
 With matchless pomp the regal palace blaz'd : 770
 Each spacious room thick set with precious stone,
 With red and purple, gold and azure shone :
 Gems of all hues ! where in fair order beam'd
 The fiery ruby, where the emerald gleam'd

between the mountains of the moon and the cataracts of the Nile: the last was the length from north to south, and the other from east to west: Abyssinia had to the south Monomotapa; to the east Zanguabar and the Red Sea: to the south Egypt and Nubia, and to the west the country of Negroes called Congo. Ariosto calls the country of Senapus all Nubia; but it has been before shewn that our author is by no means correct in his geography.

Ver. 758.--*baptize with fire:*] The Nubians relate that their ancestors received the faith from St. Matthew, and that they were baptized with fire, being marked with a burning iron in the face or some part of the body, with the sign of the cross, in allusion to that text of Scripture: "I baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

With softer light, and where the sapphire show'd 775
Its azure tint, or yellow topaz glow'd.
The walls, the roofs, the pavement struck the sight,
Thick sown with pearls, with dazzling jewels bright.
This climate balsam breeds and midst her store
Jerusalem's rich land can boast no more. 780
Hence musk is brought, hence every rich perfume,
Hence amber, hence all Ocean's treasures come.
Whate'er through earth of costly name we prize,
This happy region for mankind supplies.
The Soldan who th' Egyptian sceptre sways, 785
As fame declares, his vassal tribute pays
To this great king whose hand can turn aside,
And bid the Nile in other channels glide;
Whence Famine must her scourge on Cairo spread,
And desolation round the country shed : 790
His name Senapus, by his subjects known,
By us, 'tis Prester call'd, or Prester-John.
Of all that Ethiopia's kingdom held,
This king in honours, wealth, and might excell'd :
But what avail'd his honours, wealth, or might, 795
When wretched blindness veil'd his visual light?
Yet this his least of ills---a deeper woe
This hapless prince was doom'd to undergo,
Who, while his wealth all other wealth outshin'd,
In plenty's lap with endless famine pin'd. 800
When hunger urg'd him to the genial board,
With nectar'd draughts and various viands stor'd,
Scarce was he seated, when th' avenging crew
Of hell-bred harpies, horrible to view,
With ravenous talons seiz'd the savoury treat, 805
O'erturn'd the vases and devour'd the meat :

Their glutton maws surcharg'd, the birds unclean
Defil'd the remnant cates with filth obscene.

The cause was this---In early life so rais'd
Above the world, o'er every monarch prais'd, 810
Like Lucifer with pride his bosom burn'd,
Against his Maker impious arms he turn'd,
And to the mountain led his numerous force,
Whence Egypt's mighty stream derives its source.
'Twas fam'd, that where the hoary mountain rear'd 815
Its head to Heaven, and o'er the clouds appear'd,
Was Paradise of old, those happy bowers
Where Adam pass'd with Eve the blissful hours.
With elephants and camels, with a train
Of countless foot that 'cumber'd all the plain, 820
He march'd, resolv'd whatever race unknown
Might there reside, to bend them to his throne.
But Heaven's high will oppos'd his rash intent,
And midst his host a vengeful angel sent,
Whose dreadful power a hundred thousand slew, 825
And o'er his eyes eternal darkness drew ;
Then to his festive board dispatch'd the band
Of horrid monsters from th' infernal strand.
The wretched king of all relief despair'd,
From what a seer, of foresight deep, declar'd, 830
That rapine should no more his table waste,
Nor ordure mingle with each day's repast,
When on a winged steed a stranger-knight
Was seen through air to guide his rapid flight.
This, passing all belief, had long suppress 835
Each little hope that linger'd in his breast.

Soon as the crowds beheld, with wondering eye,
Above the walls, above the turrets high,

Th' approaching knight, one flew with eager zeal
To Nubia's king, these tidings to reveal : 840

The prophecy recalling to his mind,
For joy he leaves his faithful staff behind,
And with extended arms and guideless feet,
Impatient comes the flying guest to meet.

Astolpho, wheeling many a round in air, 845
At length alights within the castle square :
The sightless monarch, to his presence led,
With lifted hands before him kneel'd, and said.

Angel from God ! thou new Messiah, hear
A wretch, alas ! unworthy to prefer 850

His guilty suit---yet think 'tis man's to fall
In error still, but thine to pardon all !
My crime I know, nor dare I sinful pray
To view, with sight restor'd, the beams of day :
Though sure to thee such sovereign power is given, 855
God's favour'd nunciate from the blest in Heaven !

Suffice, I live in never-ending gloom :
But let not famine still my age consume :
Ah ! stretch thy hand---thy saving help afford,
And chase the harpies from my wretched board. 860

Then midst my palace walls I vow to raise
A marble temple sacred to thy praise,
On every part resplendent to behold
With dazzling gems, the roof and gates of gold !
Thy name shall to the fane a title give, 865
And there thy miracle in sculpture live.

Ver. 845. *Astolpho, wheeling many a round in air,*] See the whole passage---*Con spaziate rote*---So in the ivth book---*larghe rote*.....

Milton adopts a similar expression in the flight of Satan, Book iii. ver. 741.

Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel.....

So speaks the king, who rolls his sightless eyes,
While oft to kiss the warrior's feet he tries.

Astolpho then---From God no angel I,
Nor new Messiah lighted from the sky; 870

But mortal man, like thee to error prone,
Unworthy of the grace that Heaven has shown :

Yet all I can---this arm its force shall prove,
By death or flight the monsters to remove :

If I succeed---to God thy thanks repay, 875
Who for thy succour hither wing'd my way.

For him alone be all thy vows fulfill'd,
To him thy altars raise, thy temples build.

As thus they commun'd, with th' attendant state
Of circling peers that reach'd the palace gate; 880

The monarch bade his train the table spread;
With wine and cates, and life-sustaining bread;

He hop'd at length, long shrunk with pining fast,
To satiate now with undisturb'd repast.

Within a sumptuous hall, beside him plac'd, 885
Alone Astolpho with Senapus grac'd

The regal feast; and now the feast appear'd,
When soon in air a dreadful noise was heard

Of rushing wings; and, lo! the Harpy-crew
Lur'd by the viands round the table flew. 890

Sev'n in a band they came, of dreadful mien,
With woman's face, with features pale and lean

Ver. 892. *With woman's face,---*] Imitated closely from Virgil.

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris

Proluvies, unæque manus, pallida semper

Ora fame

Æneid iii. ver. 218.

With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,

Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean,

With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

Dryden, ver. 232.

Through seeming fast; from every withering look
Fear, worse than death, the boldest bosom shook :
Large were their wings deform'd, their brutal paws, 895
Of ravenous force, were arm'd with hooky claws :
Vast was each fetid paunch, with many a fold
Of serpent-tail behind in volumes roll'd.

They seize the meats, o'erturn the golden vase,
And leave their loathsome ordure in the place, 900
While their foul wombs a horrid stench exhale,
That choaks the sense and loads the tainted gale.

Astolpho now his shining falchion bares,
And swift t' assault the dreadful crew prepares;
Now on their neck, or tail, his weapon tries ; 905
Now on the breast, or wing, his force applies :
As from soft wool returns the bloodless sword ;
The fated plumes and skin no pass afford.
Meanwhile of every dish and vase they make
Their greedy havock, nor the hall forsake, 910
Till each, with rapine has the viands shar'd
Or filth polluted what their hunger spar'd.

Senapus in the duke his hope had plac'd
To see the harpies from his table chas'd,
And, now his hope deceiv'd, again he mourn'd, 915
Again he sigh'd, again despair return'd.

At length, his magic horn recall'd to mind,
From which such aid he oft was wont to find
At all assays, the duke resolv'd to prove
Its virtue now the monsters to remove : 920
But first he bade the king and nobles near
With ductile wax to bar the listening ear
From all access—else each, with fear aghast,
Would fly the palace at the dreadful blast.

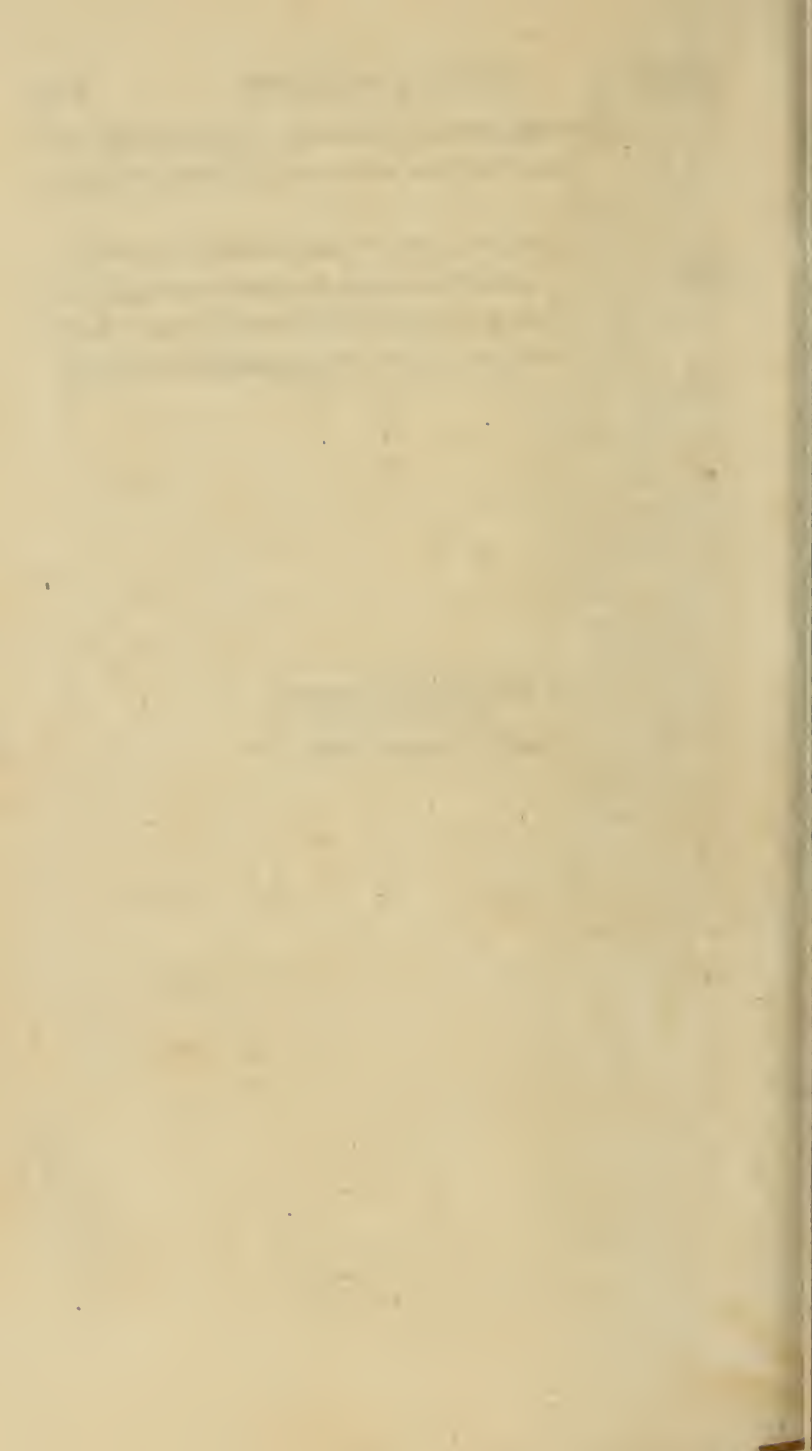
He mounts the griffin-steed, one hand sustains 925
The polish'd horn, one holds the straiten'd reins :
He bids, by signs, the seneshal replace
The savoury viands, and the plenteous vase.
Then, in a new saloon, the train prepare
The festive table spread with costly fare, 930
When swift the harpies to their prey return,
As swift Astolpho to the rattling horn
His lips applies ; when, with unguarded ear
The fiends receive the sound, and struck with fear
Each backward shrinks, and stretching to the wind 935
Her pinions, leaves the feast untouch'd behind.
To chase their flight, the champion spurs his steed,
That spreads his strong-plum'd wing with ready speed.
He quits the hall, from court and city flies,
And soaring drives the monsters through the skies. 940
Astolpho swells each note with double force,
While tow'rd the burning zone with headlong course
The harpies speed, till now the hill they gain,
Whose towering head o'erlooks the subject plain,
Whence, (fame relates) the Nile's first fountain glides,
And gladdens Egypt with its fattening tides. 946
Beneath the mountain, opening deep and wide,
A cave descended in its rugged side,
Through which ('twas said) a dreadful passage led
To reach th' infernal mansions of the dead. 950
The band of spoilers hither flew to meet
From every new research a safe retreat ;
And sinking pierc'd to black Cocytus' shore,
Where that dread-dealing blast could sound no more.
At this dire mouth that op'd the secret way 955
To those who lost the cheering beams of day,

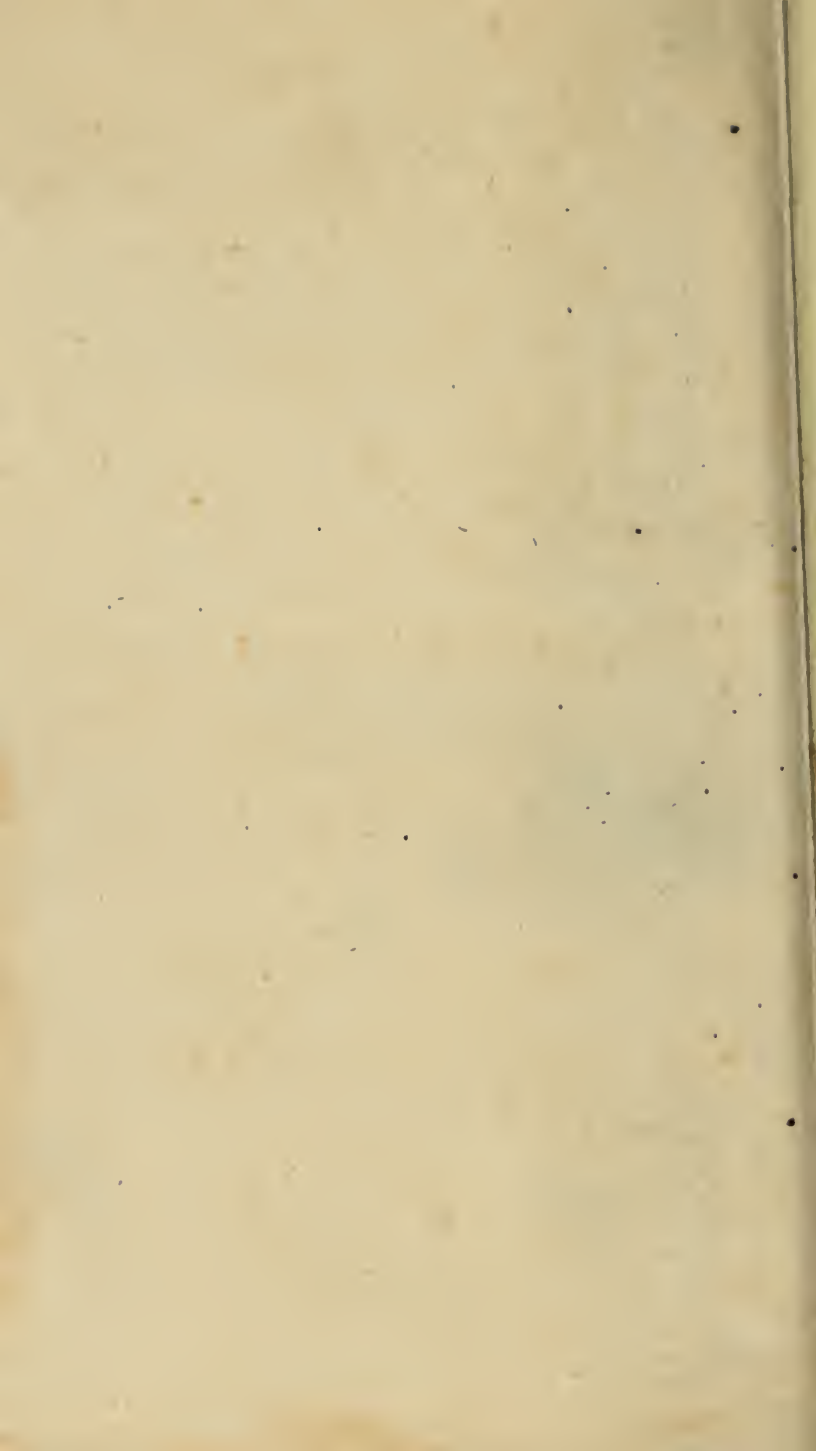
The glorious duke his horn's deep clangor ceas'd,
And clos'd the pinions of his winged beast.

But ere I further shall his steps pursue,
To keep the custom of my tale in view,
Since every leaf is fill'd, the book I close,
And here concluding seek awhile repose.

960

END OF VOL. IV.





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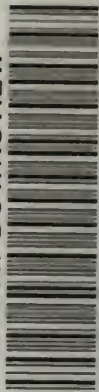
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